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The article by Frank Swinnerton, "Novelist-Baiting," published in this number, is the first of at least four articles by Mr. Swinnerton which will appear in the magazine within the course of the year.

William McFee's article this month, "The Return," will be followed in an early number by another paper, quite different in character, called "The Secret." This second article is very amusing in treatment and has a decidedly humorous literary point.

Within the next several months will appear an article by Gilbert K. Chesterton on the brilliant school of English journalism of which his brother, the late Cecil Chesterton, was so leading a figure.

Arnold Bennett will shortly begin a series of very unconventional papers on the theatre.

Don Marquis, who this month becomes a BOOKMAN contributor, will follow his characteristic "Into the Literary Big Time" with a series of sketches of Marquisian satiric wisdom.

A second chapter of rich "Literary Reminiscences" of William Webster Ellsworth, formerly president of the Century Company, will be published in an early number.

A new feature begins in this number, a New York causerie, "With Malice Toward None," by a popular American essayist who here chooses to sign himself "Murray Hill."

The next BOOKMAN paper by Thomas L. Masson is called "Putting Our Literature on a Literary Basis."

Fresh and fascinating material is presented in forthcoming articles by Arthur Bartlett Maurice, "The Paris of Thackeray and Dickens" and "Guy de Maupassant's Paris."

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"Literary Editors," by Grant M. Overton, literary editor of the New York Sun.

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# THE RETURN

BY WILLIAM McFEE

It is inevitable that the writer whose work has stood still for four years, when he comes up out of the blue and gold of the Levant and pushes his way shyly through the dank, wet fog enfolding his native isle, should experience a sort of mild astonishment that art and literature, in their fundamental principles and practice, so far from sharing in the grand, triumphal progress toward the millennium, remain very much as he left them. He is inclined to say, "Can this thing be?" As he passed a meditative eye over the stacks of expensive "cheap" editions in the shops of Cairo, of Suez, of Salonika, and of Alexandria, he had noted the remarkable unanimity with which publishers had declared (on the colored jacket) that the volume inside was the product of genius, a masterpiece, a classic, a thrill unique in life! Ever and anon this same meditative eye was caught by the "poems" of a cavalier or a colleger, the "rhymes" of a private or of a Red Cross orderly, or of some other participant in the Great Affair. Literary journals assailed him with solemn articles assuring him that the great common people were becoming articulate at last: the art of literary expression was almost universal; "mute inglorious Miltons" were being dragged out of every trench and mine-sweeper; and the war had provided the one thing necessary for their evocation—a subject. Poetry bubbled from the troops in irrepressible streams. Miracles of descriptive imagery were discovered coming from all ranks of the service and of society.

It really appeared that, had it not been for the censor, the whole British navy and army would have burst into song and story. The age of minstrelsy was not dead. Each regiment had its bard as well as its mascot. Volume after volume of letters from the trenches was obtruded upon the customer, and he was instructed to believe that each was a vivid portrayal of the very soul of the fighting man; eloquent; not only life but literature; "marking an epoch", and placing its unhappily defunct author in the front rank of the immortals. Very often he sighed as he reflected upon the hardy nature of the gentlemen who, so the publishers boomed, had written their amazing poems or letters "under fire"

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or "in action"; and he wondered whether war in days to come would not lose much of its horror—when the people, fully articulate, would not only go into battle singing, but writing their songs and typing them for publication. And more than once he concluded that if the war was making the world safe for democracy, it was also making it somewhat precarious for the author, and he resigned himself to a future of ignoble penury and futile achievement.

So it appeared to him of whom I speak: a man interested, more than anything else in the world, in letters, in books and the technical problems involved in the making of them—in his art, in short; but whom the war had carried away into Asia, and Africa, and the secret places of southern Europe, so that he was obliged to submit, however reluctantly, to the part of a rather preoccupied spectator of the Universal Review—wondering whether, when the war did finally get itself finished, there would be anything left to write about.

But it seems there is! Almost incredible after four years of delirious war fiction, war history, war emotion, and war poetry; but the fact remains that the great body of literature regards the whole business of Armageddon as a merely ephemeral inconvenience. It may be that the great body of literature is for once at fault in its conclusions. It may be that literature, like other despotic monarchs, will have to abdicate, and that the new world will enthrone the cinema or the gramophone in the ancient temples. There may have been a sinister motive behind the proposal to install a Government Department in the British Museum. But the fact remains and must be recognized. The returned wanderer, seeking the solution of this paradox, will find it, I think, in the fact that war, while it may be the furnace which popular phraseology makes it, does not necessarily melt down everything in its vicinity. Fire not only melts; it hardens, it calcines, it vitrifies, it crystallizes, it evaporates. Our hasty assumption that the great furnace of war was going to melt down our habits, our institutions, our vices, and our prejudices, and that we should all emerge purified and more or less perfect beings, seems to have been an error on the side of optimism, at least. Just as the war, so far from destroying the peculiar social structure of English life, has confirmed and solidified it, making the various "classes" more clearly defined than ever, so we may say that the smoke and debris of war have only obscured for a moment the indestructible features of art.

And when one thinks it out quietly, that is what might have been foreseen. The creative artist was as prompt to answer his country's call as any other man; but his soul remained his own. He accepted service as an officer, but he did not accept the extraordinary codes and customs of the officer class. He joined up in the ranks, but he declared no allegiance to the preposterous ideals of artisans and unskilled laborers. On the other hand, the callow youths who succeeded at patriotism and asserted that art knew no nationality, proved conclusively that they were not only bad patriots but bad artists. Art is never anything else but national. The fanatical fools who clamored to have the memorial tablet removed from the house in London where Heine lived, showed how easily men may forget the very principles for which they are professedly willing to die. And those men of letters who deemed it an in-

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tegral part of loyalty to traffic in petty and spiteful slanders, to pander to the public desire for cheap and hasty melodrama, have laid up for themselves much treasure, no doubt; but they have also in store a heavy burden of regret for the future.

It would be a mistake to assume, from the foregoing paragraph, that the creative artist is debarred from using the fresh material which the war has presented to him during the past four years; but he must make sure that it *is* fresh, and not simply "old stuff" with a top-dressing of militarism. Many men urge that since the war has been fundamentally a death-grapple between the forces of right and wrong, between the powers of darkness and light, the artist was obliged to offer himself up—body, soul, and spirit, a living sacrifice for one or the other. This is very fine, but it only obscures the issue. It assumes the very fact which these enthusiasts deny—that the artist has a choice between good and evil, between truth and error, honesty and obliquity. He has no such choice. He had so little choice that he of all men saw, years before the honest citizen, that the Teutonic mania for material efficiency and regimentation of human life was a mania destined to rot the very heart out of the nations whom it had made mad.

But the business of an artist is to create works of art, and the fact that he is willing to suffer and die—either gloriously or obscurely as his fate decrees—for the liberty which is indispensable to his existence, does not relieve him from the austere obligations which his vocation has in all ages imposed upon him. He is concerned only indirectly with the march of events. The honor of his country, the well-being of his family are matters that touch his manhood but not his art. In politics he may be a socialist or a monarchist, a democrat or an aristocrat; but in his attitude toward his material he is profoundly and inevitably alone. No one can help him. Amid the dust of conflict and the multitudinous murmurs of the millions around him, he remains in secret possession of his own soul, watching alike for the incalculable moment and the elusive phrase, and adding in almost imperceptible gradations to the work which is the real preoccupation of his life.

A point which it is fitting to make here refers to the doubtful value of hurried production to meet a new and unanticipated market, so that the artist's individuality is spread thin, like a veneer upon the surface, and does not penetrate into the heart of his work. Very often there is at the back of such production a tendency to economize, to conserve one's imaginative output for some future design, and to job off upon an indulgent public second-rate work. Perhaps the war has been too much for many of us. The emotional stress and the editorial insistence have been too sustained. But in precise proportion as an artist ignores the dictates of his conscience in this matter, so is he destined to a wholesome regret. The fact is, he has very little choice. His happiness is contingent upon giving himself to the very uttermost to the work in hand. No silly fear of "writing himself out" or "running dry" or "wasting ideas" must prevent his putting every ounce into the job. The artist must necessarily write himself out every time he attempts to interpret his soul in terms of the phenomena amid which he lives. There is something to be said for the theory that imagination "grows by what it feeds on". It is much more

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illuminating, in the case of the artist, to say that the imaginative faculty, like the bodily muscles, develops with strenuous exercise.

And so it appears, upon reflection, that the artist, so far from having been transmogrified into a kind of recording angel by the war, retains all his weaknesses, all his opportunities, and all his obligations. So far from admitting that every soldier's knapsack contains an academical crown instead of the traditional field-marshal's baton, he leaves the countless scribblers of the war to the demobilizing department, and retires to his own study. He will have much to say, as time goes on. Not necessarily about the war, it should be remembered. Already the theory has been advanced that the millennium, so far from following Armageddon, came before; and we may expect works of romantic realism dealing with a golden age in which we ourselves were dwelling without realizing our good fortune. The inevitable readjustments of society's components—the new-rich bourgeoisie and agriculturists, the rejuvenated noble landlords and jaunty *pensionnaires*—will receive the attention of some Balzac now at school.

Such forecastings are fascinating to develop; but they are available to anyone who avoids the mistake of assuming that literature is about to become Bolshevized, that every man will be his own author, and that the arts in some mysterious fashion are to take a prodigious bound forward into a region of chaotic license and fantastic fecundity. We shall continue to climb Parnassus on foot, for there are neither royal roads nor *wagons lit* on that route. The Great War is ended, and the world, we are assured, has been made safe for democracy. But the artist is never safe; not even when he is dead. He is forever at war with the enemies within his gate—his own circumstances, his own laziness, his own abominable waywardness of impulse. He is in love with his work, which is to say he is fascinated by it and hates it; he forsakes it and flies back to it; he lives in it and by it, yet sacrifices everything else to it. He may conceal his passion with an assumption of worldly sagacity or bohemian dissipation, but if he be a true artist it is the one permanent consolation of his existence. In literature as in life, without love there can be no understanding.

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# JOHN BURROUGHS

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

The river flowed lazily at the foot of the grassy slope, and the bluebirds were like transplanted azure in the near-by vineyard. In the sky were fleecy clouds, and on the earth were patches of vivid green in a setting of rusty brown. All these things I noted as I stood upon the threshold of a small, bark-covered building on the hillside. Then I rapped gently upon the unpainted, weather-beaten door.

"Come in!"

The voice was soft, melodious, familiar. I pressed down the rustic latch, entered a book-lined room, and John Burroughs rose to greet me. He had changed but little since the days when I had tramped with him, for age has rested lightly upon his shoulders. His hair is white, and sparse enough upon his brow to show the contour of a splendid forehead. His long and flowing beard—which he strokes as he talks—is grey. His features index his placid life, and his clear eyes are literally the windows of his soul. He wore a farmer's suit—a thick sack coat, soft collar, and undressed buckskin shoes—and looked like a man of the fields. In fact, he had been out all morning with a hoe.

We sat in front of the old fireplace and talked long of men and things. The pyramid of stone, built from the broad hearth to the ceiling, was decorated with many bird's-nests and other trophies of the woods. A picture of Walt Whitman was conspicuous. The study-table was burdened with books and manuscripts. On the walls were portraits of Roosevelt, Emerson, Carlyle, Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, and of other friends. Well-filled book-shelves lined the walls. It did not require the genius of Sherlock Holmes to discover that the room was the workshop of a man who loved nature and wrote books.

Then we went over to Slabsides, the place built with his own hands, nestled in the hills a mile and a half away, a retreat for quiet thinking. He took the wheel of his automobile and laughed softly as we started. "It took me a long time to learn to run this car", he said, "because I could not realize at first that I had to be its brains. A horse, you know, has intelligence, but this thing has none. It is always difficult to manage a brainless thing." Under his guidance, however, the machine was safely piloted over the narrow highway until we alighted and began our tramp up the mountainside, over the same woodland road which President Roosevelt and Mr. Burroughs once walked together. It was almost the first of April and spring was in the air. The bluejay looked down upon us with friendly eye, and the finches were like tiny shadows amid the hemlock boughs. A turtle, slowly moving from one pond to another, crossed our path. Mr. Burroughs took it up, caressed its rounded shell, and addressed it as if it were human. As we talked, he suddenly halted.

"Wait a minute", he said. "Listen! I hear a mourning dove."

From far away, in the depths of the hills, came the plaintive call, thrice repeated. It was as sad as it was sweet.

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"Spring is here", said Mr. Burroughs, raising his hands; "spring is here."

It was almost like a benediction.

I

John Burroughs has ascended the pathway of life, as he climbs a mountain, with leisurely steps. "In every life", he says, "there is time to be wise and opportunity to tend the growth of the spirit." Thus has he acquired both wisdom and spirituality, to the great gain of himself and of the world. He has not hastened, as though there were naught between the valley and the height; but he has strolled and sauntered, with eyes open for the blossoming flower, and ears alert for the singing of birds. He has had time to listen and observe, to drink the waters of perennial springs, to hold converse with his soul. He knew that in his own good time the summit would be reached; and that when he looked out upon eternity with unshaded eyes, he could also glance backward with the consciousness that the path which he had traveled had not been trod in vain. Surely this is the reason why, at eighty-two years of age, his mentality is unimpaired and his step has lost little of its youthful vigor. His eye is keen—the woodchuck is still the victim of his unerring rifle—his enthusiasm is unabated, and the lure of the woods still holds him in its thrall.

Born on April 3, 1837, near Roxbury, New York, Mr. Burroughs came into the world with the springtime, and vernal freshness seems ever to have rested upon him. The fact that he was born upon a farm does not wholly account for a love of nature which is inherent, and not inherited. His childhood days were closely associated with all the homely facts of the barn—the cattle, the gathering of apples, the sowing and harvesting of crops. He loved the woods and the fields; he belonged, he says, to them; and his substance and taste assimilated them as healthily as his body did its food. He possessed instinct and genius for discovery. The largest berries were for his finding; and the wariest trout was destined for his hook. The tiniest nest in the leafy branches was for him, something open and unconcealed.

His life on the farm ended when he was about seventeen years old and then, like many another country boy, he began to teach school. Today we who love John Burroughs envy the children whom he taught, for there must have been more than reading, writing, and arithmetic in his lessons; but when he visited the old schoolhouse not long ago he learned, with a touch of regret, that his name had been forgotten. "Still", as he said to me, "perhaps this was natural, for I found not only a new generation but a new race—Italians, Poles, and Slovaks." Later, after a term at the village academy, he went west and taught at Polo, Illinois. Two years ago he returned to the little town to revive old memories; "but", he said, with a half-despairing gesture of his hands, "nothing was the same but the sky".

Shortly after the outbreak of the Civil War Mr. Burroughs went to Washington, intending to enter the army but accepting, instead, a position in the Treasury Department. When General Early threatened the capital, Mr. Burroughs shouldered a musket and made his way out to the rifle pits; "but", he said when questioned as to how he ever developed such pugnacity, "I really believe at heart I was a coward. My knees trembled when I looked out into the mysterious dark-

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ness and heard the bullets sing." He did not have to fire his musket, and went back to his desk all unscathed. For eleven years, from 1862 to 1873, he remained in office, so thoroughly detesting the confinement of a clerical position that he bought a little home, literally under the dome of the capitol, where, to quote his own words, he "took an earth bath twice a day". These were the Arcadian days of the capital, "before the easy-going southern ways had gone and the prim, new, northern ways had come in"; when he could drive Chloe, his newly-purchased Devonshire cow, along Pennsylvania Avenue, while she cut capers in front of the White House and kicked up her heels most disrespectfully as she passed the Treasury. "But that night", says Mr. Burroughs, "the long-vacant stall in the old stable was filled, and the next morning the coffee had experienced a change of heart."

Life in Washington was not altogether without its advantages. There was opportunity to indulge in rural and unclerical tastes. It was but a step from the city into the country. From his door he could see the great, green arms of the trees beckon and invite. He loved the soft, mellow atmosphere, the picturesque beauty of Rock Creek, the cool recesses of the woods along Piney branch. The old Marlboro road stirred his instinct to travel, and there was a pleasant warmth in the redness of the Tennallytown highway. But the great episode of his Washington existence was his association with Walt Whitman. He had read Whitman as a boy and had grown to admire him intensely. He still thinks Whitman is the only mountain in our literary landscape. The intimacy between the two men became very close. They were congenial spirits.

"Whitman's large body and noble head, crowned with white hair which fell upon his shoulders, and his luxuriant beard", said Mr. Burroughs, as he talked with me of these olden days, "made him conspicuous everywhere. He used to come to our house on Sunday morning for breakfast. He was due at eight o'clock, but I would watch one street car after another for maybe a couple of hours before he opened the gate and strolled in, with never a shadow of an excuse; but taking it for granted, with real poetic license, that whenever he came he was welcome."

"What writers have most influenced your life?"

"Emerson and Whitman. Probably I should put Whitman first, because in his case the personal equation was a large factor. I met Emerson only two or three times, so that I did not know him intimately, although I have read and reread his essays over and over again. When I first read Emerson I could make nothing of him, but later, when I was out West, I found three volumes of his 'Miscellanies' and then I fell under his spell. With Whitman it was different. I knew the man as well as his books. Whitman gave me a view of the largeness of life. He was cosmic and elemental, almost patriarchal, like the men of the early heroic ages. Much to my regret, I never met Thoreau. I am indebted to Matthew Arnold for clear thinking and clean expression, and I enjoy Ruskin's prose. I cannot read Browning; he makes my mental bones ache. Wordsworth is my favorite among the English poets, because he sees, interprets, and expresses nature with absolute fidelity. Essays always have been, and still are my chief delight.

"A good deal of present-day literature reaches me", continued Mr. Burroughs, "but very little of it grips me. I do not care for fiction. In times like

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these the realities are too absorbing. Most of the nature books tire me. They are sensational or written to meet a supposed want. Our popular periodical publications and Sunday papers seem trying to compete with the moving-picture shows, or to give their readers something that will make as little demand upon their thinking powers as do the movies. The movies are the pest of our times. They are a part of our hurry and shallowness. Look back on our periodicals ten years ago and see how much more solid matter there was in them at that time than at present. The monthly magazine vies with the weekly for the ephemera of the hour, and the weekly vies with the daily paper—so little is there in any of them that a reflective man can sit by his own fireside and read. Taking it all in all, I think that, amid a multitude of books, I go back with most satisfaction to Emerson and Whitman. They give me real mental sustenance and stimulation."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Burroughs is more of a nature lover than he is a book lover. His library is all outdoors, inexhaustible and everlasting, with inviting volumes always spread before him. Why should he seek the printed page when the book of nature is open wide?

II

The genius of John Burroughs could not thrive in repellent soil. With a man of his temperament much, if not everything, depends upon environment. He realized this fact early in his life and, cutting the Gordian knot which bound him to the position of bank examiner, sought a place where he could live close to Mother Earth.

He found his resting-place upon the west shore of the Hudson river, about half-way between Newburgh and Kingston, at a spot now known as West Park. Of the building of his home he has written a prose poem. When he set out to look for a place in the country, he says, he was chiefly intent upon finding a few acres of good fruit land near a large stone heap. The latter he found first and hastened to conclude the bargain. He wanted stone because it is more picturesque than wood, and because all things make friends with the stone house—the mosses and lichens, the vines and birds. The house became a part of himself. His hands helped to build it and almost every panel and piece of wainscoting was cut from a tree that had its individual history.

"From the hearth to the field is a great distance", says Thoreau, but in Mr. Burroughs's house the hearth is the field. Into the walls were built the superb autumn days during which the stone was quarried. "Every load that was sent home carried my heart and happiness with it." The boulders with ragged quartz faces, which were chosen because of their quaintness and "to make the wall a true compendium of the locality", still stand out among their greyer neighbors like exclamation points. These were the treasures that Mr. Burroughs himself secured. "Certain it is", he says, "that no such stone was found as when I headed the search. The men saw indifferently with their eyes; but I looked on the ground with such desire that I saw what was beneath the moss and the leaves. With them it was hard labor at so much *per diem;* with me it was a passionate purpose."

There came a time, however, when the house was too cribbed, cabined, and confined, and so Mr. Burroughs built the bark-covered study out on the hillside, where we sat and talked together. Even this did not suffice. There was

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not sufficient seclusion and privacy. The view was too far-reaching, and on the river there was a constant procession of yachts and steamers. Visiting an inland farmhouse, Mr. Burroughs discovered why he was restless and dissatisfied. He was longing for the inner sanctuary. "Scenery", he says, "may be too fine, too grand, too inspiring for one's daily or hourly view. It tires after a while. It demands a mood that comes to you only at intervals. Hence, it is never wise to build your house on the most ambitious spot in the landscape. Rather seek out a more humble or secluded nook or corner which you can fill with your domestic and home instincts and affections. In some things the half is more satisfying than the whole."

Hidden away in the hills is Slabsides, the place of withdrawal and retreat. The tract which Mr. Burroughs originally purchased comprised one hundred acres, but Ernest C. Ingersoll and one or two others who wanted to be Mr. Burroughs's neighbors, bought small parcels of the land, so that now there are only some ten or twelve acres remaining in his ownership. The cabin is two stories in height, with a comfortable porch, and its exterior consists of bark-covered slabs, the first cuttings of the lumberman—"like the crust on a loaf of bread", says Mr. Burroughs. Worshippers of the author-naturalist, visiting Slabsides, have peeled away bits of bark and carried them away as souvenirs, so that one is reminded of badly veneered furniture. The latch-string is always out, indicative of welcome and hospitality, and a touch of romance is supplied by Mr. Burroughs as he tells of the wedding of a young couple, with the porch as an altar and the wind making cathedral music in the trees.

The interior of Slabsides is thoroughly rustic. The work-table, upon which all of Mr. Burroughs's later books were written, is of plain pine, supported by unbarked saplings. The bedsteads, covered by quilts which are family heirlooms, are built of the trunks of young trees. The partitions are rough boards. There is nothing so artificial as a stove, and cooking and heating depend upon an open fireplace. The decorations are books, bird's-nests and curios from the woods. One of the latter is the bole of a tree, twisted like a screw, and hung over the hearth. Once, when some inquisitive Vassar girls asked Mr. Burroughs how such a twist could happen, he gravely explained that he and the hired man had turned the stick when it was green, holding it in this position until it had dried and set. "And they believed me", said Mr. Burroughs with a little chuckle, "because they knew that I am not a nature-faker. However, when I found out that they were of too great faith, I undeceived them and so my conscience is clear."

As we sat on the steps of the porch, basking in the warm sunshine, Mr. Burroughs told me of the stick, made priceless by the gnawing marks of beavers' teeth, which he had unearthed far below the surface of the ground, but which some iconoclastic preserver of order and neatness had thrown into the fire. Then he pointed out Julian's Rock, the point from which his son had discovered the site of the future Slabsides; indicated the location of the spring, and told how a swamp, at first impassable with a thicket ten feet high, had been drained and made to produce celery, onions, and corn. Opposite us was the almost perpendicular ledge which young Teddy Roosevelt essayed to climb, while Mr. Burroughs stood beneath him with arms extended, should the lad slip and fall. Then we

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went inside again to see Theodore Roosevelt's name in the guest book, and the table where he and Mrs. Roosevelt ate the dinner which Mr. Burroughs cooked. "It was a very warm day", said Mr. Burroughs, "and the President punctuated his sentences by jumping up from the table every few minutes and drinking a dipperful of spring water. He sat there", indicated Mr. Burroughs, "and we had huckleberry pie. The President spilled some of the juice on the oil-cloth table-cover and", added Mr. Burroughs, with a half-shy confession, "I let it stay there just as long as I could."

But the days when no presidential visitor spills huckleberry juice upon the table are, after all, the halcyon, red-letter days at Slabsides. They are the days when, far away from the busy world, Mr. Burroughs communes with nature and interprets her varying moods. They are the mornings when the soft feet of little grey rabbits rustle under the floor, the afternoons when the busy woodpecker taps resonantly against the bark-covered slabs, the evenings when the whippoorwills fill the air with song. These are the days at Slabsides which appeal most to Mr. Burroughs and which give him the joy of life. It is then that the heart of the man beats in unison with the heart of nature.

III

Mr. Burroughs does not know whence came his literary instinct. "My people have all been unliterary", he said, "and I have to go back many generations to find even a minister—to a remote ancestor who was hanged at Salem as a witch." He remembers, he said to me, that when he was at school he used to write the best compositions, and that the editor of a country newspaper thought his boyish effusions were good enough to print. He thinks that the desire to write was the natural sequence of observation. "First", he said, "I saw, and then it followed that I wanted to tell of the thing which I had seen." Two of his essays, "Sharp Eyes" with which every child who goes to school is familiar, and "The Art of Seeing Things", demonstrate his keenness of vision. Moreover, he has the penetrating eye which Thoreau lacked. He sees accurately, which is a gift in itself, and takes nothing on circumstantial evidence. He must see for himself or the fact must be proven to his satisfaction. "See ye first the kingdom of truth", he says, "and all things shall be added."

Mr. Burroughs's first published literary work was not of nature. It was an essay which appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly" in 1860, entitled "Expression"; and to use Mr. Burroughs's own words, it was double-distilled Emersonianism. In fact the editor of "The Atlantic" fancied that he had been imposed upon, and searched through Emerson's writings to find if the manuscript had been copied. In those days "The Atlantic" printed its articles without signature; and after Mr. Burroughs's essay had appeared, some Yale or Harvard professor attributed certain of its sentences to Emerson. "Thus", said Mr. Burroughs as he talked of his early literary experiences, "I deceived the very elect. I realized", he continued, "that I had to get the Emersonian musk out of my garments, even if I had to bury them, and so I wrote crude essays upon the things I knew about—chickens, stone fences, roads—some of which were printed and the most of which were returned with thanks."

Although Mr. Burroughs's first book, "Notes on Walt Whitman", was

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published in 1867, he did not begin his outdoor series until 1871, when "Wake Robin" appeared. This book was written while Mr. Burroughs was a vault keeper in the Treasury Department in Washington. With nothing but a steel door in front of him, his mind went wandering over the hills and fields. "I had very little to do, except to go in and out of the vault", he said when I asked him how he came to write his first book, "and so I began to write down my experiences; I wrote because I had an itching to write. I do not know any other way to express it. I remember I was pleased when the book began to sell, rather slowly at first, but soon with a steady increase." He did not say, what I can say for him, that men and women everywhere heralded the coming of a prophet of nature whose message they could understand. As the years have gone by, the number of his disciples has increased, until now his nineteen volumes, and the innumerable articles not preserved in book form, have given comfort and wisdom to thousands of unwarped and natural souls. The principle laid down by Lord Lytton that a man's first book is apt to be his best because it embodies the knowledge and reflection of his life, while the second embraces the experiences of a short period, seems especially untrue when applied to Mr. Burroughs. He is as exhaustless as the springs of his native hills. The orchard of his mind is always bearing fruit.

The period between "Wake Robin" (1871) and "Field and Study" (1919) covers nearly half a century. It would be strange, therefore, if there was not a noticeable contrast between the earlier and the later work. A volume might be written on the evolution of Mr. Burroughs, but the facts can be condensed into a single sentence. In his initial book, Mr. Burroughs was objective; today he is reflective and introspective. He is still the keen and patient observer of nature, but he sees further into the meaning of things. His mind has expanded. The faculty of criticism and analysis has developed. His thoughts do not lie so much upon the surface, but reach down into the subsoil of his mind. His horizon is wider; the note which he sounds is still clear and distinct, but richer and deeper; and his discernment has been so developed by experience that he possesses almost the sense of divination. He has become more than a mere historian of nature. He has constructed a philosophy of life—a philosophy so sane, so optimistic, so serene, that it fastens itself to humanity like a lichen to a rock. The form of his message wins us with its charming style. He is not mystical like Emerson, nor rugged like Carlyle, nor given to exaggeration like Thoreau. His utterance is a model of simplicity and directness, absolutely steeped in his own individuality. It goes from his heart into ours.

The dominating note of Mr. Burroughs's books is sincerity. The man himself is real and genuine. You can always take him at more than face value. "One may write", he says, "from the outside of his mind, as it were, glibly and learnedly, and make no impression; but when one speaks from real insight and conviction of his own, men are always glad to hear him, whether they agree with him or not." This is the solid foundation underlying all of Mr. Burroughs's work. "I must write from sympathy and love, or not at all." If he felt otherwise, he would have no disciples. We admit that he does not give us what has been described as the wholesome and alluring tang of wildness, and we know

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that others are more tonic and pungent. Nevertheless, we are satisfied to go to Mr. Burroughs for that which is balsamic and soothing, for sympathy and restfulness, for delicacy of perception, and for assurance that the world is not entirely given over to arrogance and greed. "When you bait your hook with your heart", he says, "the fish always bite." He does not hesitate to use his heart for his bait, and the lure is all-sufficient. We acknowledge ourselves captured and yield unresistingly to his persuasive appeal.

Perhaps one reason why Mr. Burroughs writes with such apparent ease is the fact that his thoughts lie fallow in his mind for long periods. "I ruminate and saturate", he said to me, adding that frequently he will think over an essay for three or six months before he attempts to put his ideas into written form. Even then he will rewrite an essay many times before he regards it as a finished product. Nor can he write to order. When about to sail for England some years ago, he told me, the editors of a well-known magazine said to him that there were many matters they wanted him to write about. His reply was both truthful and epigrammatic. "I told them", said Mr. Burroughs, "that if I wrote what they wanted, very soon they would not want what I wrote." He could not say otherwise and maintain the freshness and spontaneity that is his charm. He finds his subject as he finds the flowers and the birds—by wandering whither his footsteps may lead; but he is certain always to discover where the hidden treasure lies.

Passion and extravagance, impetuosity and turbulence are foreign to all that Mr. Burroughs thinks and does. "Sensational, intemperate books", he says, "set the world on fire for a day and then end in ashes and forgetfulness." He is content to be simple and wholesome, like bread or meat or milk. One does not go to his books for condiments or confectionery. Instead, there is the fragrance of the pine and the flavor of the wild strawberry. His sentences stir the heart rather than the blood, but their stimulus is none the less healthy. "Only absolute sincerity can stand the test of time." This motto is graven upon every page that he has written. No wonder that he ran full tilt against the nature-fakers! There are times when even his gentle soul must rebel against the men who deliberately commercialize nature through misrepresentation.

Even the most general characterization of Mr. Burroughs's literary work would be incomplete without reference to his poems, collected and published in "Bird and Bough". It is but natural that a man so gifted with poetic instinct should find in the forms of poetry a vehicle for the expression of his fancies, but as he laughingly remarked, "I have always thought that there was more truth than poetry in my poems". With this frank and semihumorous confession we may agree without the least disparagement of the author, because his verse, thoroughly natural and unstrained, would undoubtedly receive more attention if he had not written so much better prose. The latter is often thoroughly poetical. Paragraph his apostrophe to the apple, for instance, and observe its Whitmanesque style:

> You are company, you red-cheeked spitz, or you salmon-fleshed greenling.
>
> I toy with you, press your face to mine, toss you in the air, roll you on the ground, see you shine out where you lie amid the moss and dry leaves.
>
> You are so alive.
>
> You glow like a ruddy flower.
>
> You look so animated, I almost expect you to move.
>
> I postpone the eating of you, you are so beautiful.

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How compact! How exquisitely tinted!
Stained by the sun and varnished against the rains.

One poem, "Waiting", will survive. It was written when Mr. Burroughs was twenty-five and is well known, especially the first verse:

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time nor fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

The blessings of life have come to Mr. Burroughs mostly unsought, never unearned. He has waited with folded hands, not in idleness, indifference, or despair, but in order that he might see clearly the coming event or the path to the mountaintop. Then he has calmly welcomed the occasion or gone forth confidently upon his way. He knows that the tide of his destiny is controlled by irrevocable law.

IV

"I am bound to praise the simple life", says John Burroughs, "because I have lived it and found it good."

As we sat in the little summer-house on the bluff overlooking the Hudson, Mr. Burroughs talked of the long, long years that have passed and of what the future held in store. He has lived simply and sanely and has no regrets. "As I look back", he said, "I feel that I have lived a happy life." Satisfaction and fulfilment have been his portion because he has not struggled to attain them. He has been content to be the brook in the meadow rather than the torrent on the mountainside. "My years have come to me", he said, "because I have lived sanely and moderately and regularly, and because I have fortunately possessed the vitality which is the gift of the gods. Do you remember that long ago I wrote to you and said that, if you would continue in your love of outdoor life, it would keep the iron in your blood? Well, I felt it then and I know it now. Because I have lived with nature and have loved nature, I have continually renewed my youth. I have never felt the need for stimulants. My nerves, I think, are too near the surface. I have never used tobacco and I can get tipsy on a glass of water after a good night's sleep."

But the simple life does not mean an idle life, as the volume of work accomplished by Mr. Burroughs abundantly testifies; nor does it mean a hermit's existence, for Mr. Burroughs loves companionship and has gone on many journeys. "I am a reluctant traveler", he said; "I dislike the mechanics of travel, the noise and the discomfort. I remember that in one of my books I asked what I had sowed in California and Florida that I should go there to reap. I remember, too, that I had to force myself to go to Alaska and Honolulu, but I am glad now that I went. I enjoyed the new impressions and it delighted me to see nature in a new dress. I have been twice to England, but now I think I will go there again and live for a year out in the country among the people. I think I would really thrive in England."

So this man, with more than fourscore years behind him, still has a wide outlook upon life. He has been philosophic in the past and will be until the end. Naturally a lover of peace, he does not fret when wars occur. "They are like earthquakes and tornadoes", he said; "we cannot reason with them; we must accept them. Every cataclysm is the progress of nature toward perfection." He has the same equanimity of view regarding the future. There may, or may not, be immortality of the soul. "I am not sure", he says, "that I want

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endless existence. If death does end all, we shall not lie in our graves lamenting our fate. If it does not, so much the better."

John Burroughs has been the forerunner of a new dispensation—a dispensation of love and humanity in nature. Unlike Thoreau who spurned goodness, asked no favors, and sought no friends, Burroughs has taught a pleasanter and saner, a warmer and more genial creed. He has been neither stoic nor recluse. He has not shunned his fellow men, but has journeyed with them toward the consecrated places where he has found solace for his own soul. He has done this with all sincerity and simplicity, with a womanlike tenderness, and with a faith that, in the broadest and best sense, is deeply religious. He has been a teacher without dogma, a priest who needed no masquerading gown, a prophet who uttered wisdom with gentle voice. Above all, he has been eyes for the blind and ears for the deaf, so that he has enabled us to see and hear the things which, before his coming, were hidden behind the inner veil.

## THE OWL AND THE SWAN

BY ENRIQUE GONZÁLES MARTÍNEZ

[*Mexico*]

*Translated by Muna Lee*

Wring the neck of the lying-feathered swan
That gives a white note to the fountain's blue.
Its prettiness is well enough, but on
The soul of things it can't say much to you.
Flee from every speech and every fashion
In which deep life's latent rhythm does not live;
Only life itself adore with passion,
And make life feel the homage that you give.

Observe the sober owl that takes his flight
From Olympus and the refuge Pallas made,
And gets himself in silence to that tree:
Although he has no swan's grace, you can see
His restless profile sharp against the shade,
Interpreting the mystery of night.

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# NOVELIST-BAITING

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

Periodically, in a dull season, when fewer books of literary interest than usual have been written or published, some kind and well-disposed person comes to the rescue of young authors with a game—quite an old game—that saves them from even temporary oblivion. The game is called "Baiting the Younger Novelists", and I gather that it is as good a game in America as it certainly is in England, where overcanvassed reputations are indigenous. In the last few weeks there have been two articles of the kind I have in mind—one of them in "The Times Literary Supplement" and the other, Amy Lowell's "Casual Reflections on a Few of the Younger English Novelists" in the April number of THE BOOKMAN. Both articles happened to reach me upon the same day, and this present series of remarks has been suggested by a perusal of two such pleasant and typical examples of the game to which reference has been made. For the formula is the same in most criticisms such as these. The obvious weaknesses of our young writers are indicated, and some qualities summoned from the vastnesses of their work; but in almost every case the critic finds solace in contemplating the novels of one, and one alone, of the group. All alike as they are candidly admitted to be, there is one of their number who towers above the others. In the case of the "Times" the chosen novelist is James Joyce; in Miss Lowell's article it is Dorothy Richardson who bears the palm. Neither critic mentions the other's choice. While the "Times" contents itself with animadversions upon writers of an older generation—Mr. Bennett, Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy—Miss Lowell goes straight to the young ones at whom the "Times" critic glances only obliquely, naming no names at all, which is the safer and less courageous course. Miss Lowell takes these young ones and very candidly mentions the diseases from which they chiefly suffer. She has them all analyzed, and her article is cheerful even in its most devastating moments. Nobody, I think, could possibly take exception to its cruelties, although they are there, carried in its candors. I disagree with practically everything Miss Lowell says, but not with hostility. If such articles are to be written at all, Miss Lowell is clearly the author called upon by natural gift to perform the horrid task.

But I wonder whether such articles, beyond standardizing or confusing popular taste, have any real force for good. We all have our favorite writers, and we are all apt to find in their work qualities which are not apparent to everybody else. That is inevitable. If we are ourselves writers we shall, according to our temperaments, like best those writers who are either doing work similar to our own, or work as unlike as work in the same form can be. I personally have few favorites among modern writers, although I greatly admire some of those who are treated rather harshly by Miss Lowell (either with faint praise

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or with total exclusion from her lists); and I know from experience that although they are supposed to be so much alike, the theories of these young writers are as far apart as theories can well be. So, indeed, are the writers themselves. Besides which, I have the misfortune to disagree with Miss Lowell about her favorites. I cannot get away from the fear that Miss Richardson bores me. She may be a poet, as Miss Lowell suggests, but I somehow do not see her as a novelist. Of course I am wrong, and the shortcoming is mine; but I like to feel that I am going somewhere in a book. Perhaps that is why, to use Miss Lowell's phrase, which has given my friends a new term of ridicule, I "set my face and plod ahead with bulldog heroism and pathos"! Miss Richardson's books, as far as I know them, do not take me to the land of enchantment. I am sure that if they were lyrics they would be much more entertaining. But this is a purely personal view, and nothing is to be gained from its expansion. The writer in the "Times" singles out James Joyce with as much confidence. He, too, has his preferences. They are very healthy things. We need as many as we can get expressed.

It is, therefore, neither with the preferences nor the imperfect sympathies of the two critics that I am disposed to quarrel. It is with this terrible and endless examination and reexamination of our young writers. They are always the same young writers. Whenever I read an article about the trend of modern fiction, or the shortcomings of authors, or the future of the novel, I tremble. It is not that I fear to find my own name there or not there. If it is there I pity the poor critic, who is so hard-driven for names that he has to bring mine in. If I am not there I do not sulk. What appals me is that the list is always of the same names. Our critics are not discovering any new talents. If they see a Miss Richardson or a Mr. Joyce, it is as far away as they get from the inevitable half-dozen. How tired I am of those names! For years they have been the staple of all notes on the modern novel. For years their names have been the pegs upon which critics have hung their preferences. Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Cannan, Mr. Beresford, Mr. Lawrence. . . .

Can it not be seen what a devastating effect all this assessing and reassessing has upon the minds of those who are assessed and reassessed? Is it not evident that the most modest of men will in the end be driven morbidly to subscribe to a cutting agency? It must to some minds be unendurable to have a day pass without some comment from the outside world upon the present grandeur of their fame. Imagine the young writer whose post does not bring him invitations to tea-parties, cuttings from newspapers, letters from grateful readers, letters from eager publishers, letters from editors, etc., in addition to communications from his agent concerning sales and cheap editions and cinema rights and dramatizations. Small wonder that the work of some of the moderns seems sterile. It is written in exhaustion, with self-consciousness, and not as the happy, spontaneous outpouring of nature. It is written with an eye to reputation. The statistical craze that has ruined English cricket by making men play for their averages, that has ruined English football and made it a question of points in a league table, is at work even in English literature. Many young writers

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are as jealous of the precedence of other young writers as any woman snob calculating the order in which she should go in to dinner.

In England, too, we have coteries of young poets who suffer in the same way. These young men are so beset by hostesses who wish to decorate their tables with the latest talent, and they are so occupied in watching their reputations growing, and in criticizing other young poets, that the days pass in thought unconnected with poetry, and the evenings in debates and comparisons that would try the patience and even destroy the appetite of any normal person. The poets have no time to write poetry. The novelists have no time to write novels: both sections are too busy in studying things with which they ought never to be worried. It is this fact that is responsible for so much of the materialism and lack of idealism that is observed in our creative literature. In modern England, and perhaps in modern America as well, one is either ignored or one is "talked about". When one is talked about one is no longer a free agent. The spectacle of "career" dazzles the young mind. It is intoxicating to feel that prosperity lies ahead. In that prospect lies death to the artistic impulse. Creation then becomes a habit or a hobby. Then one's name begins to appear in regretful articles in "The Times Literary Supplement" as that of a writer who has not set the Thames on fire, or, still more terrible, as that of the one writer in a particular genre whose work has genuine value. This last is the worst that can happen. It implies that one has been singled out for one of those horrible admirations that from time to time spoil the generally even pages of English criticism. Men have always been subjected to this penalty. Stevenson is still suffering from his personal charm; Leonard Merrick is at the present time being forced into a prominence which will inevitably carry its severe reaction. It is bad for criticism, and it is also bad for literature. We do not want admirations: we want scrutiny that takes work in bulk and appraises it, not in the light solely of its period or as a reflection of literary fashion, but as work sincerely done by human beings who must while they are writing also be suffering the trials of life itself.

That is a great point which is ignored by too many critics—that the young writer is also a human being. He is living rather fast, rather superficially, learning from day to day, being the hero of his own romancings, loving and giving to those who love him as an individual, and at the same time obsessed by this painful self-consciousness that his work is being taken too seriously. He is never allowed to write without thought of his readers. Older writers began later in life, or their early work was frankly regarded as prentice work. They had nothing like the encroaching publicity that the modern writer has to endure. If you will take the novels of all these young men who are in the early thirties, you will find that most of them have been writing since they were in the early twenties. Most of them have been the heroes of coteries since they were merely embryonic authors. They have been examined as the successors to the then-reigning favorites since before they could walk. They are now reaching years of maturity without ever having had the beautiful joys of conflict with adversity. The searchlight of scrutiny has been upon them for years, and they have been grouped and regrouped by their ad-

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mirers until nothing remains unknown except their sources of inspiration. We have watched their progress from immature promise to less promising performance. We have sterilized their qualities. It is less that, as Miss Lowell humorously says, one is always aware of "thou shalt not" in anything they write; it is much more that one feels in the tortured pages the thought "I must!" They must keep up their production, and they must try always to remain consistent with their earlier work, lest, if they were too daring, readers should say, "This is not the Johnny Perkins that I know and admire". Readers do not like any variation in the style of book written by their favorites.

It is the same with intellectual readers as with their commoner brethren: only the kind of novel is different. And we who criticize novels as they come wet from the press are very largely responsible for this reason for the decline of our favorites. We drive them to sterility by the mere fact of our presence. They know we are there, watching, timing their literary pulses, ready with our micronomes, our thermometers, our tape measures, and our insatiable appetites. We want more, we have nobody to put in place of any deposed favorite; all we do is to grumble, and to say one week that Mr. Mackenzie is the best of them, and another that Mr. Mackenzie is a spent force, not to be compared as a creator with Mr. Somebody-else, and another that, bad as Mr. Mackenzie is he is still better than Mr. Cannan, and another that bad as Mr. Cannan is he has still more brain and artistic sincerity that Mr. Walpole, and another that bad as Mr. Walpole is he does, at least, grasp the business of the novelist, which is to tell a story, which in turn is more than Mr. Cannan has ever learned, and so on. It is endless. Mr. Mackenzie retires to Capri and cultivates his "prose", Mr. Cannan stays in London and looks with scorn upon the tropes of the conventional life, Mr. Walpole goes to Russia or to Cornwall and cultivates the healthier arts of the novel. But we, in London or elsewhere, go on with our blasting analysis. It is we who are unchanging in our corrosive scrutiny. We are the vicious ones. We will not let the novel take its course. We must keep the novelists up to the scratch, like nagging wives watching the failures of our well-loved husbands, who must eventually fly from us if they are to have any life at all.

It is true, as the "Times" says, that the modern novel is material and without poetry. Miss Lowell says much the same of it. I have never noticed much poetry in the ancient novel—at least, until we discovered the Russians. I do not think the novel is or should be a poetic form. Roughly it has always been a prose reflection of its age. The present age is a self-conscious age, an age of material striving, of jazz and excitement artificially generated. It does not seem to me to be a beautiful age, but it is assuredly a most absorbingly interesting age. It is full to the brim with marvelous manifestations of human nature. It is crammed with events and conflicts and arguings and inextricable wonders to the brain and the eye and the heart. Every minute of the day seems to have its mood and its new perception. But—whether I am dulled or not I cannot say—I hear no music and I see little beauty in the ordinary life that is lived around me. We all seem to be pursuing our own ends, hopefully, or despairingly; but we do not seem to be ascending to view the glories of Pisgah. Suffering, endur-

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ance, sacrifice, yes; but unpicturesque, requiring a sombre brush and an almost cruelly merciless graver for their delineation. I can imagine, no less than Miss Lowell, a great artist transfiguring all this suffering, but to paint suffering one must have endured it. Which of us in these days will willingly go back to the memory of suffering when the days are so crowded with matter of interest, when we are living our own romances, busy and happy and occupied with the goods of the world? Is it not a fact that the rewards of life are to those who pursue the immediate good? Where among us is there one who will sacrifice all for the sake of art? The utmost we can do is to gather around us a little crowd of admirers, fascinated by our new gesture, but entirely unperceptive of the torment from which our inspiration is drawn.

The shortcoming of our artists is that they are children of their age, that they are not above or before their age. When Miss Lowell or any other critic comes along and debates the qualities of her young contemporaries, she should remember always that a material age produces the art it rewards. So long as we have success counted by material prosperity, so long shall we have a materialist art, for art that runs counter to the spirit of its period is art rewarded by posterity alone. If there be artists at this time who are writing masterpieces from the depths, their work is probably unpublished owing to its bizarre characteristics and its unlikely chance of success. But I do not see such art, even among young people who are working as yet in secret. All I see is work in imitation of the writers at present in vogue, pathetically immature, but still materialistic in tone. I do not think you will have a really revolutionary art until you have a changed universe. And if there is one thing more clear than another, it is that the largest war known to mankind has left the world with unchanged views as to the nature of reward for merit. Reward is still calculated on a cash basis.

So long as this is so, you will have unsatisfying spiritual food from your creative artists. They draw sustenance from the same sources as yourselves. They are flesh and blood like yourselves. They are not mysterious creatures above the influences of their days and their environment. You may be dissatisfied, but at best the critic can only point to one artist at a time and find in the work of that artist a quality perceived by that critic alone. The best hope I can see for the novel is to let the novelists work out their own salvation as well as they can. If they are allowed for a space to forget that they are constantly being compared to other artists, they may be induced by this subtle pressure of silent sympathy to follow their bent and produce work less competent but more profound. But they must be let alone for that. It is no good for us to tell them that the new vein is a mistake. It is no good to say that the tendency to experiment is amateurish. We must let them go free, and do as their natures dictate. There must be no saying that this sort of thing is sterile or vulgar or silly. We must have faith. I do not think Miss Lowell has much faith, except in Miss Richardson; and even there her faith seems to be based on the belief that Miss Richardson is an imagist, which for some reason is a kind of artist greatly admired just now; but imagism is perhaps a kind of art that may not endure for longer than a day's fashion. We must have greater faith

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than that. We must be patient, and fold our hands, and await the sending of the gods. We must not look gift horses in the mouth, as though they were something that we had bought from the stores.

After all, it is a hard thing to write a novel of any quality at all, or a poem. It is harder yet when the work has to be snatched from days spent in a round of fêtes and press cuttings and celebrations, from moment to moment, of the progress of talent and reward. If we want good work, we must be patient with the workers, and not watch them the whole time. Watched children become prigs or cunning and vicious tricksters. Watched pots never boil. Watched novelists become sterile and self-conscious. They begin to suffer from what Miss Lowell effectively calls dry-rot. They write novels with their brains, and not from their hearts. To a novelist who has brains, his brains are perhaps the most dangerous possession in the world. His brains and his vanity. Miss Lowell must leave his colossal vanity alone, and his brains must rest, and his childish enjoyment of his own imaginings must return, supported by experience and the knowledge of pain and sorrow. While he is so happily busy he cannot move us. He can only provide material for the barbarous sport of novelist-baiting.

## POEMS

BY DAVID MORTON

There is no lyric can surpass
Morning wind in orchard grass,
That dips and swells and dives along,
And winnows out a silver song
Of sun and air and orchard grass:
This no lyric can surpass.

There is no epic that can be
Half so epic as the sea
That chants in caverns green and old
A story that is never told,
Of cities dead and ships at rest,
And moons that rode upon her breast.

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# INTO THE LITERARY BIG TIME

BY DON MARQUIS

Kurleigh Caper—to give him the name that belongs to his soul—is so known and noted, so admired and so established, so eminent an explicator and practitioner of the neo-song that has neither rhyme nor rhythm, that he can no longer hope to escape exposure. It is a duty that I undertake not without joy, for Kurleigh Caper is now selling disjointed fragments of the dictionary, resembling the product of an overworked ad writer suffering from aphasia, for one dollar a line, as poetry; and he does not need the money because he has a rich wife.

Kurleigh Caper (to hurl my bomb at once) is an accident. Bad as are his so-called poems, he never even thought of writing them himself. He was compelled to do it. Kurleigh Caper is a joke. He is a bad joke. He is my bad joke. I—this is a confession, as well as a revelation of his beginnings—I made him. He was a jest of mine that was taken so seriously that I have finally had to take him seriously myself.

He arrived in New York about eight years ago with a straw suitcase, a pair of wide grey egotist's eyes, a dislike for work, fifty clippings from his home paper, a shiny black vest with little red figures in it, a round haircut, and a self-appreciation that stuck up above the surrounding egos as the Woolworth Building rises over the City Hall. His cousin Mable had a husband who edited a trade paper of some sort; they inhabited a house in cisterior Flatbush; and Kurleigh, explaining that he was a genius and had come to New York to win fame and fortune, descended upon them and began to eat. Kurleigh is one of those tall persons who jazz through a bill of fare like a circus band through a little village, and then look hungry. His look of hunger is to this day mistaken by enthusiastic women with art-jewelry minds for the expression of a yearning spirit. And when Kurleigh is thinking about a steak, his eyes dim with desire, he is supposed by his disciples to be joy-riding, in the astral body, upon Pegasus, leaping through and over the triple rings of Saturn. At such wonderful moments a hush falls upon the elect who gather about him in his Greenwich Village studio.

After Kurleigh had been eating for six months and doing little else in a material way, his cousin's husband, Tom Parks, came to me one day and begged me to get Kurleigh a job.

"Get him one yourself", I said.

"I have", said Tom. "Eight or ten of them."

"Well?"

"Well", said Tom, "I'll say this for Kurleigh: he's a good loser. A cheerful loser. He loses a job with as much good humor as most people show when they get a promotion."

"What can he do?" said I.

"Nothing", said Tom. "Nothing at all."

"What does he want to do?"

"Nothing", said Tom. "Nothing but write poetry. You see, Kurleigh is a genius. He knows it. The pastor back home, and the women's club and

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the editor of the home paper have all been telling Kurleigh he was a genius since he was fifteen years old, and Kurleigh believes it. He has the kind of mind that is receptive to theories of that sort about himself. And he is outraged at the idea that a genius should need a job. He came to New York to get his genius recognized and become rich and live happy forever after; and he is hurt and surprised that people want him to work at anything else besides being a genius. He wants to write poetry all the time when he isn't eating."

"Can he write poetry?"

"He cannot", said Tom, positively. "He is the worst poet on earth. J. Gordon Coogler is as far above him as Milton is above Gordon Coogler. He can't write prose, even. I tried him on the trade paper. He can't write anything. He never would learn how. He hasn't sense enough. And he doesn't want to write anything but poetry."

"I thought", added Tom, "you might get him a job doing something on a newspaper."

It seems to be a general belief among their relatives that persons too defective mentally to make a living otherwise might show extraordinary brilliance in journalism, if they were given the chance; and my connection with a certain newspaper leads me to the acquaintance of many such. But let that pass.

Suddenly the Great Idea struck me. Free verse was just then coming into its own. There were on my desk a dozen anæmic volumes of it. "He cannot write", I mused, "and he thinks himself a genius. He believes in himself, and he doesn't want a job. It looks to me, Tom, as if we might do better for him than merely a living wage—a boob like that is either a great success or a beggar. I'm going to try to put him across into the Big Time. It will be my joke on New York, my own little joke, if I can do it—no one will know it but you and me. I'll make him famous!"

"Do you", I continued, handing a couple of the thin volumes to Tom, "know anything about vers libre?"

"I do not", said Tom. He read through the books with the growing bewilderment of a man who is beginning to wonder if his eyes and liver are going, or whether it is his brain. When he had finished he said again: "I do not know anything about free verse; but whoever wrote these has been listening to Kurleigh's mind."

"Kurleigh", he went on, meditatively, "has a mind, if you want to call it a mind, that gets right out in front of everybody and scrambles like an egg. I wouldn't bother with him, but his father was kind to Mable's father and she is always for giving the boy another chance. If he could write anything at all, it would be this free verse stuff. And I've got to get him off my hands. With the price of food what it is now, I've *got* to! This free verse stuff, now—it isn't a joke, is it?"

"Joke!" I cried. "It's the literary sensation of the day—of the century—of the ages! It's the rebirth of art and letters. It's the only real thing that has happened since Moses came down from Sinai! Get him off your hands, Tom? Why, if he is as big an ass as you say he is, we'll make him one of the wonders of the world!"

And we did. But there were difficulties, to begin with. We went out to Tom's house at once, taking all the free verse books with us; and on the way I chuckled over my plans and detailed them to Tom.

But Kurleigh was inclined to balk.

"I don't want to write free verse",

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said Kurleigh. "I've seen some of it and I don't like it. I don't understand it. There's nothing to it. There's no sense in it."

"You will write free verse", said Tom, rising in wrath, "or you will quit eating! I like you, Kurleigh Caper, but I've pampered you too much. You will take these twelve books over into Prospect Park, and you will read them through, and you will write some stuff just like them, or you will get no dinner!"

"But if he can't write it, Tom?", begged Mable.

"He'll write it anyhow, whether he can or not!" said Tom.

"It's too cold to go over into Prospect Park", said Kurleigh, "and write without an overcoat. And I haven't got any overcoat."

"You'll take my overcoat!" roared Tom.

"The sleeves of your overcoat are too short for me", pleaded Kurleigh, "and my wrists would get numb and cold. And nobody could write with his wrists all numb and cold."

"Go to your room!" thundered Tom. And he packed Kurleigh off and locked him in with the free verse. "Dinner will be ready in an hour", he said, "and there will be steak and onions. But you'll get not a bite of it unless you have shoved out from under the door at least one free verse poem in that time."

Then we waited. Within forty minutes Kurleigh kicked on the door and Mable let him out. He descended to the living-room with not merely one but six vers libre poems in his hands and the light of a great triumph in his wide grey eyes. Kurleigh Caper had found himself.

"Listen!" he cried. And he read his great poem entitled "Doors", which, as all men know, begins with these lines:

Doors—doors—doors—
Some of them are open,
Some of them are closed—
Some of them have knobs—
Some of them are locked and there is no key—
When I come to a locked door my Genius bursts it down—
Doors—doors—doors—
How wonderful that there is always something on the other side of a door.

Tom looked at me. I nodded. "It doesn't mean anything much", said I, "but it sounds as if it might, and plenty of people will think it must, and that's the main thing. It will do."

"Doesn't mean anything!" cried Kurleigh Caper, rising in anger. And I saw that a strange thing had happened. Kurleigh had gone into that room a skeptic, filled with the notion that there is "no sense in" free verse. He had written a little of it, to get his dinner; and no sooner had he written than his egotism had seized upon the thing produced and begun to worship it.

"Doesn't mean anything!" cried Kurleigh. He paused, and his eyes took on that brooding look that is now familiar to so many devotees and disciples—that look of the creator, ranging chaos for raw material out of which to build new bits of cosmic order and beauty. "Why", said Kurleigh, "my genius has found the medium for its expression!" There is always something about Kurleigh's own genius somewhere in each of his poems.

He was made. The details would take much space. I know a number of editors; I write for several publications; Tom is widely acquainted among advertising men; we got a little group together and let them into the secret, and in season and out of season we boosted Kurleigh Caper. In

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less than eighteen months the thing was done—he went across into the Literary Big Time. And he never had, never has had, never will have any idea that it was not all due to his own genius. Kurleigh is like that; he believes in himself.

And I chortled at the joke; the jest that I had perpetrated on the literati of a continent. His very asininities increased his fame. His emptiness confirmed it. For the human mind, like nature, will not assent to the idea of a vacuum; public and critics alike insist on seeing in the Kurleigh Capers what they would like to be themselves.

I chortled at his fame for a year or two. When he married the daughter of a millionaire I began to take him a little more seriously. At the end of three years I found that all the members of the coterie that had helped make him were also taking him seriously, in spite of knowing how he had started. "We know", they would say, "but Caper has developed!" Which is, of course, rot; there was never anything in Kurleigh to develop. Tom Parks held out for five years, but now Tom believes in him, too.

The other evening, when I met Kurleigh and his wife coming out of the opera house, where they have a box every second Thursday, I began to take him more seriously myself. I wondered if a self-belief such as his may not actually be genius after all. Kurleigh was kind to me on that occasion.

"Still writing little things for the daily papers, aren't you?" he said. "Mrs. Caper and I read your squibs with a good deal of interest."

And I made him! Is it any wonder that now I ardently desire to unmake him?

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# SOME LITERARY REMINISCENCES

BY WILLIAM WEBSTER ELLSWORTH

When "Scribner's Monthly" began in 1870, American literature, except for that furnished by the group of men writing in or near Boston, was at a low ebb, and even in Boston very little fiction was being produced. Professor Pattee in his "History of American Literature Since 1870" says:

> No wonder that the book reviewer of "Harper's Magazine" for May, 1870, with nothing better before him than "Miss Van Kortland", Anonymous; "Hedged In" by Miss Phelps; and "Askaros Kassis" by De Leon, should have begun his review: "We are so weary of depending on England, France and Germany for fiction and so hungry for some genuine American romance, that we are not inclined to read very critically the three characteristic American novels which lie on our table".

Poe, Irving, Cooper, and Hawthorne had passed; Mark Twain had just begun; the nearest that Howells had come to fiction was in the poem "No Love Lost; a Romance of Travel", published in 1868. Bret Harte's first book of fiction, "The Luck of Roaring Camp and Other Sketches", came in 1870. It is easy to see why Professor Pattee began his study of modern American literature with that year, for it marked a dividing line between the old and the new, and "Scribner's Monthly", born in 1870, did a goodly share toward helping on the renaissance.

The plain people in America were only just beginning to find out that they could write. Great fiction writers had been living and writing in England—Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, Charles Reade, Trollope. (Dickens died the year that "Scribner's Monthly" began.) The output of these writers was so remarkable that they may be said to have kept back the rest of the world. And yet I heard an author say not long ago that it was his belief that if anyone sent to a publisher today the kind of novel that Thackeray and Dickens produced, it would be declined, nor would the public care for it if it appeared. I could not agree with him. When I was reading book manuscripts, if a new "Vanity Fair" or "David Copperfield" had turned up among them, I could not imagine hesitating very long over it, nor could I imagine a public that would not extend a welcoming hand.

When "Scribner's Monthly" came into being, "Harper's Magazine" had been for years printing the novels of these writers in serial form, paying good prices for advance sheets with right of use. There was no international copyright in those days; any publisher could bring out the book as soon as the last instalment appeared in a magazine. The Harpers paid £1,250 for serial rights in "Great Expectations", and Charles Reade was considered nearly as much of a card as Charles Dickens, for he received £1,000 for "The Woman Hater". Thackeray evidently was not very highly regarded, for he had only one hundred dollars a month for "The Virginians". These relative prices are interesting today, after the place

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of each author has been fixed in the world's esteem.

It is said that just after the Civil War, "Harper's Weekly" fell off in circulation to such an extent that its owners considered the advisability of discontinuing it; but the publication of Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend" kept the "Weekly's" head above water for six months, and then Wilkie Collins's "Armadale" was begun. With the very first instalment that great mystery story began to send up the circulation until it soon reached its wartime figure. Dickens and Wilkie Collins are not in the same class today, but in life Collins was the better circulation builder of the two.

"Harper's Magazine" had run Macaulay's "History of England" as a serial, and had balanced that great piece of historical writing with John S. C. Abbott's "Napoleon", criticized even on publication for its "fairy tales of history". But what could be done with an author who sent word to his publishers that "he made every line he wrote the subject of prayer, and what he wrote he believed to be the truth, and he could make no changes"?

Those of us who were brought up on the bound volumes of "Harper's" will remember also the papers by "Porte Crayon" (David Hunter Strother), who had come out of the Civil War as a brevetted brigadier-general in the Union army—delightful descriptions they were of life in the Virginia mountains, with the author's own quaint illustrations.

The new "Scribner's Monthly" was to be a force in building up American literature; but for its first year's serials, to so low a point had native fiction fallen, its conductors had to look to Great Britain. George MacDonald and Mrs. Oliphant, both Scotch by birth, were engaged. The first number opened with an anonymous poem (it was written by Dr. Holland) "Jeremy Train—His Drive". It covered, with its thirteen illustrations, seventeen and a half pages. Bunner's "The Way to Arcady", which, years after, was turned down because of its length, would not have occupied one-third the number of pages.

The first prose article was instructive, "The Bottom of the Sea", and there were others of a similar character. Rebecca Harding Davis began a three-part serial, "Natasqua"; there was a very heavy gun fired by W. C. Wilkinson, "The Bondage of the Pulpit". An announcement of the new magazine was the first item in Dr. Holland's department "Topics of the Time". The editor's chief interest was in this department, where he could print his lay sermons which had been so well liked by great numbers of people in Timothy Titcomb's "Lessons to Young People", "Lessons in Life", etc. His long poems had been astonishingly successful.

Dr. Holland was a natural teacher, and "Topics of the Time" gave him an opportunity for all the rest of his life to speak his messages of uplift to thousands of people.

Of that first edition of the magazine forty thousand copies were printed and there were never fewer. The circulation increased rapidly. Gilder had a department, "The Old Cabinet", lighter than Dr. Holland's, where he said whatever came into his mind whether prose or verse. Other departments were added from time to time, "Culture and Progress", "Home and Society", "The World's Work". The latter was edited (and written) for many years by Charles Barnard, and I can recall his article suggesting photography as an occupation for amateurs. That certainly seems a long

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time ago. On the strength of Barnard's suggestions my wife bought me a photographic outfit, and I took pictures of everything in sight.

Some years later I made a trip to the Mediterranean with my family, and I took with me the first kodak I had ever seen—a long, oblong box which made only round pictures, and you pulled a string to do it. In Tangier the natives dislike photographs—a reproduction of one's Mohammedan self in a picture may make trouble for the original in another world—and I carried my kodak done up like a brown paper parcel, a small hole in the end for the lens, another for the string. It worked fairly well except that the click sometimes betrayed me.

Dr. Holland's early "Topics" would not be liked today—nor would he write them—but he broadened as the years went on. Life in New York, where he rubbed against all kinds of people, and above all the unconscious, sweetening influence of his young associate, Gilder, did much to change his point of view, opening up the Puritan prison-house which he had built for his soul—at any rate putting a piazza on it. He always appreciated Gilder. Here is a letter from Dr. Holland to Roswell Smith, written the year after the magazine started:

> Gilder ought to have $2,500 a year. All of this sum over and above $1,500 he ought to leave in our hands until the close of the year, when it should be presented to him in a good bond that will become a source of income. He is twenty-eight years old and it is time for him to begin in earnest about a fortune.

Neither Gilder nor any of the "younger men" in the place ever made a fortune or thought about it. They worked in a happy atmosphere of mutual respect and devotion—they were interested in great things and in important movements. If Dr. Holland's idea had been carried out and two-fifths of their salaries had been held back for the purchase of "a good bond" at the end of the year, perhaps they would have saved more money; but families increased, home life broadened, entertaining was a part of the job, using the money seemed more important than putting it into bonds, and the "younger man" who saved much out of his income was a rarity. It did not seem that there could ever be a rainier day. The young men had a chance to buy stock from time to time, always at a fair market price.

The chief contemporaries of "Scribner's Monthly" at its beginning are its contemporaries today, "The Atlantic" and "Harper's". It may be interesting to look over a list of the writers who furnished the material for these three magazines at the time "Scribner's Monthly" began its career—not all of the writers, for most of them are forgotten; but here is a list of the contributors to the volumes for the year 1871, whose names may still be recalled by most of the older magazine readers of today:

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY

| | |
|---|---|
| Elizabeth Akers Allen | J. G. Holland |
| Hans Christian Andersen | Helen Hunt Jackson |
| | Edward King |
| S. G. W. Benjamin | G. P. Lathrop |
| John Bigelow | Benson J. Lossing |
| Horace Bushnell | George MacDonald |
| Alice Cary | Mrs. Oliphant |
| Titus M. Coan | Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt |
| Susan Coolidge | Abby Sage Richardson |
| Rebecca Harding Davis | L. Clark Seelye |
| | E. C. Stedman |
| Mary Mapes Dodge | R. H. Stoddard |
| Edward Eggleston | W. O. Stoddard |
| Thomas Dunn English | Adeline Traften |
| Washington Gladden | H. T. Tuckerman |
| Gail Hamilton | Charles Dudley Warner |
| J. R. G. Hassard | |
| I. I. Hayes | W. C. Wilkinson |
| J. T. Headley | N. P. Willis |

There were more than one hundred and fifty of them in all.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

| | |
|---|---|
| Lyman Abbott | Benson J. Lossing |
| J. S. C. Abbott | Justin McCarthy |
| Junius Henri Browne | "Petroleum V. Nasby" |
| S. S. Conant | William C. Prime |
| Moncure D. Conway | John G. Saxe |
| Dinah Mulock Craik | Harriet Prescott Spofford |
| James De Mille | |
| Thomas Dunn English | R. H. Stoddard |
| Julian Hawthorne | Bayard Taylor |
| Thurlow Weed | |

The leading serial novel in this volume of "Harper's" was "The American Baron" by James De Mille. Lyman Abbott's contributions were practical, "Glass-Blowing as a Fine Art" and "The Recovery of Jerusalem". The "Editor's Drawer" then as now was wide open, but its cheerful items began usually with those somnolent phrases, "We are indebted to one of the leading ———— for the following", or "We have from a Georgia correspondent", or "Another from the same source". In our day jokes are born we know not where, but in the 'sixties and 'seventies somebody was responsible for each of them.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

| | |
|---|---|
| Thomas Bailey Aldrich | Helen Hunt Jackson |
| Edward Atkinson | Henry James, Jr. |
| Bret Harte | Clarence King |
| Alice Cary | Lucy Larcom |
| R. H. Dana, Jr. | Henry W. Longfellow |
| J. W. De Forest | Louise Chandler Moulton |
| George Eliot | |
| James T. Fields | Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt |
| John Fiske | John G. Saxe |
| John Hay | E. C. Stedman |
| T. W. Higginson | Bayard Taylor |
| Oliver Wendell Holmes | Celia Thaxter |
| W. D. Howells | Col. George E. Waring |
| John G. Whittier | |

John Hay's "Castilian Days" was printed serially and there were serial novels, "A Passionate Pilgrim" by Henry James, Jr., and a forgotten novel by J. W. De Forest. Bret Harte wrote three short stories, including "A Romance of Madroño Hollow". Howells's "Their Wedding Journey" was an unforgotten feature, and Holmes's "Dorothy Q" another. There was much in that volume of "The Atlantic" that is alive today; indeed of the three magazines, "Harper's", "The Atlantic", and the new "Scribner's Monthly", certainly "The Atlantic" ranked first in literature.* Mr. Alden, editor of "Harper's", wrote of the friendly competition which soon developed between his magazine and "Scribner's": "If you are driving a spirited horse and another mettlesome steed comes alongside, your horse naturally leaps forward, rejoicing in a good race."

"Scribner's" from the first number printed the author's name in the monthly table of contents (not with the contribution), and at its beginning some of the magazines were doing the same; but they had not always done so—the individuality of authors had not been regarded in the past as a very important matter. The earlier magazines printed no authors' names at all; later a *nom de plume* was in fashion, "Waverley", "Boz", "Elia", the easiest to recall. Sometimes the names appeared in an index at the end of the volume; not always, for editors wanted you to like their

*In a review of the booklet, "The Atlantic Monthly and Its Makers", recently issued, The New York "Evening Post" of January 7, 1919, printed the following:

"When we think of the founding of 'The Atlantic Monthly' we think of that marvellous first issue which contained contributions from Longfellow, Motley, Emerson, Lowell, Charles Eliot Norton, Holmes, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Trowbridge, and Parke Godwin. We do not start magazines nowadays with such poetic contributions as Longfellow's poem on 'The Lady with the Lamp', Whittier's 'Tritemius', Emerson's 'Days' and 'Brahma', Lowell's 'The Maple', and such prose as 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' and Emerson's essay on 'Illusions', all in the first number. Holmes began with the words, as every reader of 'The Autocrat' knows, 'I was just going to say, when I was interrupted ——'. It has often been recalled that a score of years before, he had been interrupted in somewhat similar essay-chat by the failure of the magazine which accepted his writings. But what a familiar, pleasant way of beginning a serial in a brand-new magazine! And what a pleasantly clubby atmosphere was imparted by having several authors represented by a number of contributions—Emerson by no less than five!"

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magazine—never mind who wrote it, sometimes they wrote it all themselves. James Russell Lowell, when an editor, in 1859, said: "I have always been opposed to the publication of authors' names at all." Looking back one can see that the publication of authors' names must be an incentive to better writing, a fair stimulus to an honorable ambition. And yet there was plenty of good writing in the days when individuality was no more considered in magazines than it is today in the newspapers.

In the second year of "Scribner's Monthly" came Charles Dudley Warner's "Back-log Studies", which, if "Ik Marvel" had not written "Reveries of a Bachelor", might be read now. I was a boy in Hartford when Warner's "My Summer in a Garden" appeared as occasional articles in the Hartford "Courant", of which he was one of the editors (perhaps they were printed regularly—was it not Monday morning, when news was apt to be scarce, that they were run in?). Hartford was amused over these gardening episodes, where the author fought "pusley" as if it were original sin, but Hartford had no idea that it was reading literature. Perhaps, after all, Hartford was right, for although the papers, when brought together in a little book, made quite a literary sensation, yet they have not lived; in fact at the present writing none of Warner's work is much read. His name has been dropped from late printings of Brander Matthews's "Chronology of American Literature", and the public of today knows him best from "Warner's Library", a collection of prose and verse of which he was editor-in-chief. And yet Warner wrote much that was good and should be enduring: "Saunterings", "My Winter on the Nile", "The Golden House", and his studies of America—"journalistic", the critics call them. His part in "The Gilded Age" did not equal Mark Twain's—the play, "Colonel Sellers", was made up from Mark Twain's chapters. Charles Dudley Warner may come back, as others have done before him, and some day take enduring rank among American writers.

Saxe Holm's first story "Esther Wynn's Love-Letters", and Frank R. Stockton's first "Scribner" story "Stephen Skarridge's Christmas", were in this second year of the new "Scribner's", and there was a Lancashire story, "Surly Tim's Trouble" by Fannie E. Hodgson, who was later to become Frances Hodgson Burnett, and under that name to do much good writing—and seldom a bad villain in her books, for Mrs. Burnett's personal belief in happiness has tempered all her literary work.

It was in November, 1873, that "Scribner's" began its first important series of papers, "The Great South", by Edward King, who made a trip through the southern states in the interests of the magazine, accompanied by J. Wells Champney, artist. The end of the Civil War was not ten years away, and in these papers the North was made acquainted with the vast resources of the South, and the South was pleased and flattered by the attention. The result was most helpful in creating good feeling between the sections, and this feeling was further increased by the War series fifteen years later.

A by-product of King's trip, of more importance to the world than "The Great South", was his discovery of George W. Cable, the first American to use his own surroundings for a background in what was real litera-

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ture. Bret Harte was a pioneer and should have the credit of a pioneer, but George W. Cable was a great literary artist. He had been a clerk in the New Orleans custom-house, and at seventeen a private in the Confederate army; later an unsuccessful newspaper man. When King reached New Orleans, Cable was working by day in a cotton-factor's office; and at night, in his own time, beginning to write his marvelous tales of the Creoles of Louisiana. King sent some of Cable's work to Dr. Holland. "'Sieur George" appeared in October, 1873, and others came within the next few years—"'Tite Poulette", "Jean-ah Poquelin", "Café des Exiles", and more; revelations of a new world peopled with Spanish aristocrats; French of the *ancien régime*, men of stately grace, women as delicious as Dresden china figures touched by a god with life. The book containing them came out in 1879. It must have been just after this that Cable journeyed to New York by steamer from New Orleans, and I met him as he landed, a foreign-looking, slight man, delighted with the wonders of the northern metropolis. We rode in the "elevated"—it was quite new then—and Cable sat in the last seat of the last car, looking out on track and buildings with all the delight of a boy. In November, 1879, "Scribner's Monthly" began the publication of Cable's first novel, "The Grandissimes". He was one of the greatest "finds" of the new magazine.

I am not writing a history of American literature—simply endeavoring to record my personal impressions. It is a temptation to go through the old volumes of the magazines of that day, but I refrain, for I did not know personally many of the writers. One I knew, William Dean Howells, who still lives and writes as these pages are written. Some of his most popular novels, including "A Modern Instance", "A Woman's Reason", and "The Rise of Silas Lapham"—the latter his best-selling book today—were published serially in "Scribner's Monthly" and "The Century"; but in 1886 he made a contract to write for another magazine. He sent me recently a letter which he had found in his files—it was from Roswell Smith, written to Howells when he left us; a fine letter, full of appreciation for what he had done for our magazine and bidding him Godspeed in his new relation. It was a great satisfaction to the conductors of "The Century" to have this splendid writer, dean today of American letters, come back into their fold with "The Leatherwood God" in 1916.

One of my first jobs in the office was to dispose of a Christmas story which Bret Harte had sent us too late for use in our Christmas number; but as he had already arranged for its publication in the Christmas issue of an English magazine, it had to be printed in this country at once. I took it to Mr. Charles Anderson Dana, of the New York "Sun"—the only time I ever saw Mr. Dana—and I got a most delightful impression of him from the interview. Yes, he would take the story at $150 if the money could go to Mrs. Harte, whom Bret Harte had left in America. It was so arranged, by cable with the author, and the Sunday "Sun" printed the story, paying Mrs. Harte. In those days the contents of the Sunday "Sun" often ranked as literature.

It was ten years before this, in 1868, that Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp" had appeared in "The Overland Monthly", and the publishers of "The Atlantic" had at once asked

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Harte for a contribution, later making him an offer of $10,000 a year to write exclusively for them. For "The Luck of Roaring Camp"—that remarkable Dickens-like story of a baby born in one of the roughest and most masculine of mining quarters—marked a new era in the history of American literature. Poe had written short stories, great ones, too, but he might have been French or Russian. The new California Dickens was a man who knew the world about which he was writing, knew his characters, had lived with them. And Andrew Lang said of him:

> Of all the pupils of Dickens he is perhaps the only one who has continued to be himself, who has not fallen into the trick of aping his master's mannerisms. . . . He is almost the only American humorist with sentiment.

Harte and Noah Brooks, when "The Overland" was starting, had agreed to write a story for "The Overland's" first number. Brooks was the only one to have his story ready in time, although there had been four months in which to prepare. Harte had written a poem, and while Brooks's story has been forgotten we still remember,—

> Serene, indifferent of Fate,
> Thou sittest at the Western Gate,

Bret Harte's tribute to San Francisco.

It was in the second number of "The Overland", August, 1868, that "The Luck of Roaring Camp" appeared. Shall we ever forget the embarrassed Kentuck looking at his finger—"he wrastled with my finger, the damned little cuss"? Sentimental, yes, but there was poetry in it. Professor Beers has written: "There was a time when Irving seemed sentimental and Cooper dramatic, yet they survive".

When Harte accepted "The Atlantic's" offer and went to live in the East, he gave that magazine for its $10,000 four short stories and five poems—none of the latter containing the faintest suggestion of the taking quality of "The Heathen Chinee" which had swept the country from coast to coast:

> Which I wish to remark—
> And my language is plain—
> That for ways that are dark
> And for tricks that are vain,
> The heathen Chinee is peculiar:
> Which the same I would rise to explain.

Many of the phrases of "The Heathen Chinee" passed into the slang of the day—and even of later days, for I have just read a novel published in June, 1918, containing the sentence, "and yet his musical soul was child-like and bland". "Child-like and bland", Harte's characterization of the "Chinee"! It is easy to know afterward that a poem is "taking", yet Stedman wrote to Howells about this one soon after publication: "I don't believe that either you or I would have printed 'The Heathen Chinee', coming from an unknown author; it is so very different from the polished level of Miss [Helen] Hunt, Mrs. Thaxter, etc. Yet it would have been a good thing to print."

In spite of the fact that Dr. Holland did not quite approve of "Truthful James" and some other of Bret Harte's creations, the conductors of "Scribner's" persuaded Harte to write a novel for them; and with a great flourish of the publishers' trumpets, "Gabriel Conroy", its author's first novel, began its serial course in November, 1875. Dr. Holland balanced it with his own novel, "The Story of Sevenoaks"; and indeed the latter was the better of the two, for in spite of the wealth of material in "Gabriel Conroy", Bret Harte failed to make a convincing story of it. "Gabriel Conroy" has been called "at the same time the best and the worst American

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novel of the century". Professor Pattee in his "History of American Literature Since 1870" truly says that the kind of story that Bret Harte could write must be brief.

> He who depicts the one good deed in a wicked life must of necessity use a small canvas. At one moment in his career Jack Hamlin or Mother Shipton or Sandy does a truly heroic deed, but the author must not extend his inquiries too far. To make a novel with Mother Shipton as heroine would be intolerable.

Here is a letter to Roswell Smith from Harte evidently referring to a story the price of which had already been agreed on and at less than $250. It is undated except for "Sunday Night, 7.30":

> MY DEAR MR. SMITH:
>
> I've been working at the Christmas story since I sent you that line Saturday, and have written and rewritten over 80 pp., of which all I have to show now is what I leave for you. It closes the second episode. There will be about ten pages of MS. more to complete, which I shall send you from Chicago, Tuesday night. I shall try to write at it in the cars, but at any event I have a clear day in Chicago to give it.
>
> It has given me a vast deal of trouble, and I have written enough MS. to make four stories of the size. It is something that could not be hastily done, as the effect depended more on the treatment than the dramatic incident.
>
> Now, if you are a man as well as a publisher, you will send your cheque for $250 to my sister, payable to her order, to receive it on the following morning, early.
>
> I have told my sister that you would send her the cheque. . . . I know you will send it and have faith in
>
> Yours,
>
> BRET HARTE.

The letter bears no indorsement, but I imagine the cheque was sent.

Bret Harte's literary partner in the early numbers of "The Overland", Noah Brooks, was one of the group which included Charles Warren Stoddard and Mark Twain. He spent the last twenty years of his life in New York and was much in our office. He had been sponsor for Will Carey and got him his place there—I found recently a letter from Noah Brooks to Roswell Smith, telling of an "upright, honest, steady lad" for whom he wanted to find something to do, preferably in the printer's trade. It was Will Carey. Brooks wrote "The Boy Emigrants" and other good stories for young people, which came out first in "St. Nicholas", and he wrote for "The Century" interesting articles on Lincoln, whom he had known from 1856, and whose secretary he was to have been if Lincoln's death had not defeated a plan which Lincoln had formed for keeping Brooks near him. Probably the faithful Nicolay and Hay were to be moved up higher.

Not only did Dr. Holland disapprove of "Truthful James", but when John Hay produced his "Pike County Ballads", in their strong dialect of the Southwest, Dr. Holland could not bring himself to excuse their "Universalism", as expressed probably in the famous last verse of "Jim Bludso":

> He weren't no saint, but at Jedgment
> I'd run my chance with Jim
> 'Longside of some pious gentlemen
> That wouldn't shook hands with him.
> He seen his duty—a dead sure thing—
> And went for it thar and then;
> And Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard
> On a man that died for men.

In Thayer's fine life of John Hay he says that the idea of a thought drawn from the heroism of Jim, and not merely a recital of the act, was the suggestion of Whitelaw Reid, who also in the same way was responsible for the last line of "Little Breeches":

> And I think that saving a little child,
> And fotching him to his own,
> Is a derned sight better business
> Than loafing around the Throne.

While not refusing to Jim Bludso his admiration and even his "hope", Dr. Holland wrote:

> . . . for the doctrine that one virtue can compensate for the absence of another—that

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bigamy can be condoned by bravery, or infidelity to one's wife be atoned for by fidelity to one's business—we have only horror and disgust.

Dr. Holland took Jim Bludso very seriously.

As for dialect "Scribner's Monthly" had plenty of it, and at that time negro dialect was perhaps more welcome than that of the Pike; but later it was felt that the public was tiring of negro dialect, and Thomas Nelson Page suffered thereby. His "Marse Chan" was allowed to stand unprinted for four years. It was in such pronounced negro dialect that many words had been changed almost beyond recognition, and the editors were rather afraid of it. It finally appeared in 1884, and was one of the magazine's most talked of short stories. Undoubtedly the delay kept Page back in his writing, but he never laid it up against the editors.

I remember when Page came to New York on his wedding tour, a young Richmond lawyer. It must have been soon after the appearance of "Marse Chan".

I saw a great deal of Dr. Edward Eggleston in my early years in the magazine office. His "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" had come out in 1871, and from that time until the appearance of his last novel, "The Faith Doctor", just twenty years later, he was one of the busiest of writers and editors. The trial scene in his novel "The Graysons" with Abraham Lincoln one of the lawyers—the famous Jack Armstrong case—is a fine example of good imaginative writing based on history.

A number of letters from Dr. Eggleston are in my files:

Please always compliment me by calling me by my name, pure and simple. When "Rev." is at one end of a man's name and "D.D." at the other, it seems as though the name needed a bladder to float it. . . .

I leave the matter of pay to you. I wanted to get back into the magazine again and to show my appreciation of the manner in which you have all treated me. And I wanted most of all to preach the sermon which I trust this story will preach to many if you like it well enough to publish it.

Once he was offended by a poor portrait of himself which appeared in the advertising pages and he told me very plainly what he thought about it. He was sorry later and wrote:

If my earnestness about that picture annoyed you, I sincerely beg your pardon. I had been stirred up by criticism of it. It is really of no consequence, and I am ashamed to have shown so much worry over it. I think too much of you to want to make you uncomfortable in a matter in which you did as well as you could with your material. . . . To humbly beg your pardon, my good friend, is all that I can do.

Sincerely yours,
EDWARD EGGLESTON.

It was a happy life we lived. If anyone hurt another's feelings, he was always so sorry that we were better friends than ever when the trouble was over.

It was in the late 'seventies that the young genius, Irwin Russell, was being appreciated and encouraged by the magazine editors. His "Christmas Night in the Quarters" is unsurpassed. Russell died in 1879 at twenty-six years of age of yellow fever, which is the epidemic referred to in the following letter. Thank God, that great cause of suffering and death in the South has been removed by the healing touch of modern science. It is a discouraged letter, written the year before his death:

Office of
Irwin Russell
*Attorney*
PORT GIBSON, MISS., *Sept. 28th*, 1878.
Editor Scribner's Monthly,
New York.
DEAR SIR:
You are very kind to consult me about

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using what is altogether your own. I shall feel complimented by your including anything of mine in your purposed volume.

My own projected book is abandoned. The epidemic, besides taking away my best friends, has utterly ruined my business, and I am forced to seek employment—hoping to find a "sit" somewhere as a printer.

Very respectfully,

IRWIN RUSSELL.

It was in August, 1883, that John Hay's "The Bread-Winners" began its brilliant serial course, and for more than twenty-five years the secret of its authorship was well kept. I think only Gilder of the office staff knew at the time who wrote it. It is the story of a struggle between labor and capital, with plenty of love and with characters who seem very real people. But the author is on the side of capital, although perfectly fair to labor, and he doubtless felt that to have it known that he was the author would be a business injury. In fact Hay stated at the time that his standing would be seriously compromised if it were known that he had written a novel at all.

The secret of another anonymous serial has been even better kept. I may have my suspicions, but I do not know certainly to this day who wrote "The Confessions of a Wife". All dealings with the author were through a lawyer.

# CURRENT TASTE IN FICTION: A QUARTERLY SURVEY

BY JOHN WALCOTT

Any guess at the temporary condition of our national taste in fiction, or in anything else, has to rest a good deal on majority reports. What most of the people like at any particular moment we can find out, with a fair degree of certainty, from the booksellers and the librarians. It is they who are in practical first-hand contact with the public demand. They can tell us what the people who are willing to spend time and money on books at all are asking for—or, it may be, accepting. For the booksellers and the librarians are or should be, *ex officio*, not arbiters but guides of the public taste. That they have this function seriously in mind is clear from the reports of the booksellers all over the country with whom the writer has been in touch for some time.

The striking thing about the booksellers' reports, from Hell Gate to Golden, is their unanimity as to the special tendencies of the post-bellum book-buyer. The book-trade has increased largely in volume since a year ago. People are reading more. For one thing, a by no means inconsiderable increment is due to the reading our soldiers have done abroad. Men have learned to use books who never before got beyond the newspaper and the cheap magazine. They are coming home to patronize the bookshops and the libraries. Many of them have learned the practical use of books to them in their special lines of work or interest. Others have learned to find in them a true recreation in contrast with mere restless amusement. As for the stay-at-homes, who are after all in so tremendous a majority, they also by all accounts are turning to

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books—and especially to fiction—for diversion, or for heartening, or for interpretation of the perplexing thing we call (and are seen by) life. Their tendency, very recently, is to turn a shoulder on books of haphazard personal experience at the front during the war. If their impulse is not to escape from the business altogether, they want to get at its meaning as a whole, rather than to be harrowed further by pictures of its detail. They have had plenty of photographs of the trees: now for a plan of the wood.

From various quarters comes the report that there is more buying of novels, and more inquiry for novels of solid merit. A voice from Minneapolis puts vigorously what is more politely breathed from New York and Chicago and San Francisco: "The public are very tired of mediocre fiction; and when you realize that the publishers are asking from $1.75 to $2 for the 'junk' that has been coming out the last few months, with a few possible exceptions, the dear public are not going to 'fall for it' much longer." Readers of THE BOOKMAN will have seen in the May number an article called "The Bookseller: The Reader's Best Friend". I should say the reader has at least five best friends, according to circumstances: the author, the publisher, the bookseller, the librarian, and the critic. But there is no doubt of the bookseller's important place among them; or that, in most instances, he realizes his responsibility. His is a risky game, as risky as the publisher's: the more honor to him that he should be increasingly concerned with the quality of his wares, and not merely with their salability. The bookseller's problem, as the above-cited article suggested, is largely a problem of distribution. He must contrive to keep an ample supply of the best stuff available on his shelves, and must make it attractive to his customers. There are many booksellers who succeed in doing this, and who by personal recommendation are able to turn the buyer's attention from books that merely happen to be selling and therefore to be more or less talked about, to books that are really worth buying.

The librarian's case is easier. He doesn't have to be always casting a balance between his profits and his conscience. He is totally disinterested unless as he may happen to be influenced by personal taste or prejudice. Nobody can be more disinterested than this: not the professors whose dry-as-dust methods excite the scorn of free intelligences like H. L. Mencken; not a "Mencken" himself, since no man capable of making a cuss-word of the innocent adjective *academic* can be said to have freed himself from mortal limitation. The librarian's pocket, at least, is quite disinterested in the contents of his shelves; and there are signs, even in New England, that he is beginning to get his personal conscience under control and to curb its activities as arbiter of what the public shall be allowed to read. Like the good publisher and the good bookseller and the good reviewer, he is chiefly interested in helping the people get at all the different kinds of reading they want, and to get at the best things available in each kind. His function is not to give them bread for taffy, but to offer them both, in the hope that they may take what is best for them in the long run.

Now it is well and even essential that this should be his policy, since, for one thing, we have no cause to believe that by instinct or at a glance the librarian can always tell bread from taffy. He can tell a hawk from

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a hand-saw, like the rest of us: hence the convenient classification of fiction and non-fiction in the library catalogues, and the booksellers' lists, and THE BOOKMAN'S "Monthly Score". But the old idea of fiction as something trivial, and of almost any other kind of writing as something "solid", is a battered relic in these days. We all know that many a book of fiction is bread, and many a book of non-fiction a very thin sort of taffy. And it is dawning on us that the story-tellers of the day, a surprising number of them, are providing us with a record and a commentary on contemporary life hard to match elsewhere, either in range or in vividness or in genuine insight. Here, in short, is a place where the categories don't work, when we go a little under the surfaces of appearance and tradition. The literature that is bread isn't, thank Heaven, a "solid", and "improving", and "educational" affair. It is the kind of writing that, however moulded, of whatever texture, really helps to satisfy or assuage some permanent hunger in us for wisdom or beauty or happiness. And, of course, the kind of literature that is taffy is the kind of literature which has a pleasant but passing flavor and effect; which perhaps "dopes" us, perhaps merely blunts the acrid savor of experience and observation for a moment; but which doesn't in either case help us to get anywhere or to be anything, or to know or dream anything of value—as any kind of honest and creative art is bound to do. It might be worth while to look at the current "Monthly Score" with this distinction in view, and to speculate as to which among these books, whether novels or not, are of the sort merely to tickle or inform us, and which are of the kind to nourish and "stay by".

Nine novels have been in special demand, quantitatively speaking, during the month of March. The foremost is of course "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse", now for the fifth month on the list and more strongly in the lead than ever, the country over. Mentioned once is "The Cabin" by the same writer. This book had the handiest chance to follow up the success of "The Four Horsemen"; it appeared in English about a year ago and proved to be the sort of book which, under normal conditions, there would be an ardent few to praise and a respectable few to buy. It bears the relation to the later story of a small careful drawing to a big canvas. It is the big canvas that caught the American eye; we shall be interested to follow the fortunes of those versions of Ibáñez's other work which the publishers are now tumbling over each others' heels to bring out while the iron of the author's vogue is hot. No doubt there are traces of the accidental and the meretricious about any sudden vogue of the kind. A book is like any other commodity: its popularity grows by what it feeds on; and when it gets to the point where you and I are ashamed to admit we haven't read it, there is no farther to go from the publisher's point of view. But "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is a really big book, and we American buyers and borrowers have genuinely distinguished ourselves by our acceptance of it. There we have something more than a straw to show in what unexpected directions the wind of public taste may be induced to blow. No manner of doubt, at all events, that "The Four Horsemen" has served for bread to us in a hungry hour.

The eight other books on this larger list are all American. "That's Me All

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Over, Mable", is plainly marked taffy; it appeals frankly and successfully to the citizen in all of us who responds more or less furtively to the lure of the comic supplement. "Dere Mable's" young man has had many imitators, but by all signs is likely to have few more. Too many of our fighting Romeos are back home—and there is the general reaction against war books to be reckoned with. " 'Shavings' ", "The Tin Soldier", and "A Daughter of the Land" supply taffy on a more generous scale; they resemble what in the bright lexicon of youth are (or used to be) called "all day suckers". They are what the reader's palate and digestion make of them, and far be it from me to assert that they do not contain nutriment of a sort. You never can tell where a protein or a carbohydrate may not be lying in wait to do you a good turn in these days. Even King Alcohol—but that is a closed subject. . . Here is " 'Shavings' ", whose popularity in the East has crept westward till it reaches second place, by the testimony of the libraries at least, for the whole country. Primarily, it is "a new Lincoln" as "A Daughter of the Land" is a new Stratton-Porter, or (be it whispered) "The Magnificent Ambersons" is a new Tarkington. Secondarily it is a tale deliberately wrought out of the familiar Cape Cod materials. It runs true to form and is therefore delightful to the huge constituency that asks only to recognize an old friend spinning a new yarn—or running a new vaudeville. The element of recognition must play its part in a somewhat different way in the wide acceptance of "The Tin Soldier"—this time not so much of the performer as of the "act". The action is based upon that stand-by of the romancers and playmakers—the duty of the hero to sacrifice all in order to keep a senseless promise which has been wrung from him by his dying mother, and which honor forbids his explaining (according to the shabby suggestion of common sense) as an excuse for his unpopular conduct—in this case his failure to enlist in the late war. This, like "A Daughter of the Land", is taffy of the feminine sort, made by women for women, with great earnestness and to great applause—a literature liberally "doped" with that sentimentality which both authors and readers honestly mistake for high emotion.

"The Desert of Wheat", "In the Heart of a Fool", and "The Magnificent Ambersons" make up a group that is of interest to our inquiry because all three represent (well, I suppose "A Daughter of the Land" does, too) serious attempts to interpret some aspect of our national life and character. In "The Desert of Wheat" Zane Grey is as usual torn between his desire to do a solid piece of creative fiction and his instinct for melodrama. In consequence he appeals, as always, to a very large number of readers who don't mind an author's fiddling for his own satisfaction with an idea, so long as he continues to "put over" the usual story. There is some fine description in "The Desert of Wheat", but the persons are as usual rather over-colored types more than characters, and the action is an affair of cogwheels and levers. The taste of the majority, when it is out for amusement, still runs to the comfortable, familiar mechanisms of the story-telling trade and is largely unable to distinguish them from the fresh and living organisms of the story-telling art. Taffy *is* bread, as far as they know, and if what they like is good enough for them, why shouldn't it be good enough

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for anybody—is the general inference.

There is good bread in "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "In the Heart of a Fool"; but whether it is the bread itself, or the taffy that is baked into or spread over it, that has attracted so many customers, is an open question. Both of these writers, whether consciously or unconsciously, have mastered the truth that you may succeed in feeding a very large public something of what you think it needs if you will at the same time feed it a good deal of what it knows it wants. They have told stories here of a highly romantic and even conventional character, in the very act of conveying vividly and faithfully the color and texture of the middle-western scene during the past half-century. For the latter fact, at least, both books are thoroughly well worth the attention of American readers. They help us see ourselves in perspective. Our enjoyment of Ibáñez is partly in the recognition of ourselves under the skin and behind the accent and gesture of another race. Mr. White and Mr. Tarkington hit us where we live.

Of the non-fiction books in special demand, according to our current list, two-thirds are "war books" of personal experience and comment; ranging from Harry Lauder's "A Minstrel in France" to the records of ex-Ambassadors Gerard and Morgenthau. Of the rest, Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond" evidently meets a special human need intensified by the war. The appearance on the list of the "Letters of Susan Hale" and Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Recollections" shows that the late "Victorians" still retain their charm for a good many of us. Joyce Kilmer's Literary Remains, as the Victorians would have called Mr. Holliday's book, has a twofold appeal, the intrinsic interest of Kilmer's work being reinforced by the fact of his sacrifice in the war. Notably, at the head of the list of all non-fiction books asked for all over the country stands, as it has for months, that extraordinary autobiography of a distinguished American, "The Education of Henry Adams". Plainly, the "highbrows" cannot be in so humorous a minority as the "lowbrows" fondly allege.

And this brings us to the particular thing I want to say at this time, which is that however useful majority reports may be in summing up the situation of the book-trade or the preferences of the many-headed and many-pocketed, a real survey of current taste has to take other matters into consideration. There is the current taste of the writing public, for instance, of the people who make the novels. That ought to be of some account, since these people, the best of them, have a way of pleasing their public by pleasing themselves first. Unluckily, our estimate here cannot fall pat in point of time, even in these days of rapid production, since the books we are getting now were conceived a year, perhaps years, ago. But we can fairly take into account the indications of the relative support given by a considerable number of buyers or borrowers to certain kinds of work, in comparison with the support they were giving the same kind or analogous kinds of work, say a year ago. And here our evidence supports the testimony of the booksellers that the recent tendency among book-buyers has been not so much to get upon the book of the moment in order to be in fashion as to find something fresh and sustaining, from any quarter, with which to build up the tissues, mental and spiritual, which have been exhausted by the strain of the war: or by means of which a clue may be had

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to the solution of the political and social puzzle in which the world seems to have been left by the war. For this impression we cannot quote figures; it must be mentioned and left as a tendency unmistakably felt by all sorts of book-people.

For the rest I do not gather that the general feeling bears out our animated deponent from Minneapolis. It agrees that the public—the best public—shows signs of boredom with mediocre fiction, but it doesn't agree that the output of the past few months has included an uncommon or overwhelming proportion of "junk". It cannot deny that there has been some sort of public for most of the junk, despite its costliness. The people who like lowbrow junk are, as a class, the people who despise anything better as highbrow bunk, and there are lots of them in any land. England can match us, Dell for Porter, whenever you challenge her. But advances in national taste have always proceeded from the minority, if we mean anything by taste but what the public, meaning the majority, wants. From any other point of view it is more significant that a thousand readers should now be reading, say Hugh Walpole, where half as many were reading him a year ago (I don't know that this is so, but it may well be) than that "A Daughter of the Land" is leading "The Tin Soldier" by fifty thousand copies (if it is). In short, the important thing is the extent to which the leaven of taste is spreading from the minority, which has learned to enjoy the best, to the majority which, left to itself, seems condemned (and condemnedly happy) to make the best of what it, or its neighbor, happens to "like".

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# THE LONDONER

LONDON.

I do not know whether anybody has yet thought it worth while to write a study of precociousness, but I am quite sure that such a study, if well done, would have considerable interest for psychologists, both amateur and professional. We are all psychologists nowadays, and the amount of attention that is given to the examination of the child mind increases with every realization of the importance of the newer methods of education. Of old it used to be the notion that the young idea must be taught to shoot. At present we watch its manifestations with an awe that our ancestors would have thought quite morbid. I have recently come across a novel written by a girl of nine years which is altogether remarkable. The author is no longer nine, and she has given up the practice of authorship. Her letters give no indication of anything more than typical skill in self-expression. But the novel, as to the authenticity of which there can be no doubt whatever (I have seen the original MS.), is a truly astounding product. It is shortly to be published in England, and I have no doubt will be issued also in the United States; and it describes, under the title of "The Young Visitors", the adventures of a certain Mr. Salteena and some friends who come from the country and mix with the highest in the land.

When I say it is a remarkable performance, the words must be taken in their gravest sense. The book, preposterous as the fact is, is notable for the seriousness and the skill with which its theme is followed to its romantic conclusion. When it appears in England "The Young Visitors" will enjoy the advantage of a preface by J. M. Barrie, which is bound to draw attention to its extraordinary excellence. It is a work which no American who loves children and nonsense can afford to neglect, and the student of child psychology will find in its pages whole hosts of new questions to be solved. The author is a Miss Daisy Ashford. She is the daughter of a onetime War Office official, who at the time the story was written was resident at Lewes, the county town of Sussex; and she ascribes the early pursuit of letters to the fact that she and her sisters (who also wrote stories sufficiently surprising in their precociousness) lived very much with older people, and had an unusually free and unharassed life, in which their mother, a most original woman, took a whimsical and impulsive lead. Whatever the cause, "The Young Visitors" is a masterpiece, a unique work.

* * *

So there are two Robert Lynds! I do not mean in the sense of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; but something more in the sense of the two Winston Churchills. The American Robert Lynd edits, or used to edit, "The Publishers' Weekly"—which is a much more stimulating trade organ than its English equivalent "The Publishers' Circular"—and writes, or until recently wrote, in that paper criticisms notable for their clarity and restraint. The English Robert Lynd is the literary editor of the most literary London daily newspaper, "The Daily

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News". The Lynd I know is a most charming Irishman. He is a critic of altogether exceptional sympathy and ability, whose work ought to be known to Americans. In his own paper, in "Land and Water", "The New Statesman", and "The Nation", he carries on a truly admirable work in pointing the way to the best things in English literature, ancient and modern. In his work, and almost alone in his, I see what is meant by "constructive criticism", which is a term generally in use in England nowadays. Most writers mean by the term praise of their personal friends and heavy blows, or neglect, for those not in their own clique. Lynd is different. He praises his friends when they do good work, but he is never fulsome. And nobody that I ever met complains less of that common thing, misunderstanding of the writer's aim. In a man who does as much criticism as Lynd, the fact is sufficiently noteworthy. His wife, Sylvia Lynd, is also a writer, an essayist and novelist of great promise. An author of great reputation once complained to me that the wives of English literary men were too often inferior adventurers in the same field as their husbands. This, however true in general, does not apply in the case of the Lynds, for Sylvia Lynd has a talent in its way as genuine as that of her husband. They have two little girls who are the envy of every young mother of their acquaintance. These little girls are so remarkably well-behaved, without any suggestion of budding priggishness, that it is a privilege to enjoy their esteem. I do not pretend to this distinction myself: I merely record the fact.

* * *

Speaking of children reminds me that John Masefield's little daughter, living remote from the whirl of the town in a small Buckinghamshire village, is being educated in a manner which should commend itself to all lovers of the poet's humane charm. While the children of other distinguished writers often receive education fitting only for their continuance among the idle rich to whose level they have been borne by a parent's genius, Masefield's daughter attends a school kept by Miss Fry, a member of the great cocoa-manufacturing family, where the pupils (all of them, or nearly all, belonging to the "gentle" classes) are taught, without any nonsense, to clean and cook and manage the house in a thoroughly practical manner. I wish this plan might be followed freely in England, for the general level of knowledge in these departments is in my country much lower than it is in America. The ignorance of domestic affairs which I find among girls who anticipate marrying for a living is extraordinary. It has impressed me so much that whenever I hear of a young man's becoming engaged to "a most charming girl", I always callously ask: "Can she cook?" Will it be believed that the reply most frequently made is an indignant "I don't know. She's a magnificent pianist!" As though that cut any ice!

* * *

I have not yet read Gilbert Cannan's new novel, announced under the title "Pink Roses", but I am told it carries a step further that portrayal of modern London which has been a feature of Cannan's recent work. Some of its scenes, at any rate, take place in the Café Monico, of which Cannan may almost be called an habitué. I hardly ever go to the Monico, which is not a favorite haunt of mine, without seeing Cannan lunching or dining. He is in the habit of meet-

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ing there Martin Secker, the young publisher who has done more than anybody else to establish the reputations of the younger English intellectuals. It was Secker who "discovered" Compton Mackenzie. He also has had his share in distinguishing such writers as Hugh Walpole, Gilbert Cannan, Brett Young, to whom I referred last month, Viola Meynell, Lascelles Abercrombie, Frank Swinnerton, Norman Douglas, William McFee, Oliver Onions, etc. He is the English publisher of Artsibashev and Sologub. A few years ago it was the ambition of every young English writer to figure in Secker's list, and naturally so. I speak perhaps feelingly, because it was Secker who gave me my first commission. He wrote that he wanted a book upon a certain subject, and that he thought I was the man to write that book. At that time we had no acquaintance. At first he had no acquaintance with any of the writers whom he gathered to his standard. It was simply that Secker brought to the trade of publishing a sense of literature, and a lively intelligence. He was fresh, and he knew exactly what he wanted. That is a gift possessed by few English publishers. When the literary history of the years 1910-1914 comes to be written, it may surprise many who are not expert in finding their way among publishers to discover what a peculiar impetus Secker's presence gave to writing of a particular stamp. I am not pretending that Secker created this writing; but by gathering these young novelists and critics into one list, he gave their work an air of solidarity which has been of inestimable value to the individual writers as they have progressed from performance to reward.

Cannan had written two other novels when Secker published his "Round the Corner", but of course it was this book which established his reputation. And a month later Secker published Walpole's "Fortitude", which, coming as it did after that noteworthy little drama "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill", was bound to attract the attention it deserved. For a time, literary London could think of hardly anything else but this wonderful young publisher who had made a corner in all the young talent of the day. That was an amusing time, before the war. As far as Cannan's work goes, I have not always liked it as well as I liked "Round the Corner". It is variable in quality. He is rather given over to the idea that the novel is the modern form of pamphleteering, which is rough on the novel. But while his work arouses in some bosoms the most unholy antagonism, it is never negligible. As a very good critic wrote to me a little while ago, apropos of "Mummery": "I found it unsatisfactory, but with much of genuine revolt from ugly circumstance and aspiration after something better!" This, it seems to me, is the correct view to take of Cannan's work —that it is the quite honest product of an idealist at war with shams; and that even at its most intolerant it is full of a love of beauty which one would wish to find in the writing of others who sin less hardly against the conventions and "conveniences" of current standards as they govern the fiction market.

* * *

Among the books to come this spring I notice "The Gervaise Comedy", by J. D. Beresford. I shall look forward to this, for Beresford, who figures among the "younger" novelists by a curious fatality, is a writer with quite distinctly personal aims in novel

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writing. He has "caught" the prevailing taste for experiment in the cult known as "psychoanalysis", but he does it in a truly scientific spirit, which cannot be said of some practitioners in the craft. This cult began with Freud, whose ascription of everything abnormal to the activities of the suppressed wish attracted enormous and deserved attention years ago. It spread to Jung, who threw over the purely sexual character of Freud's interpretations, and established new principles which, as far as I can see, leave the value of all psychoanalytical interpretations and researches entirely to the imaginative or intellectual power of the individual analyst. It is upon the work done in the study of abnormal psychology by Jung that Beresford draws, and hardly at all upon the narrow system of Freud; so that his novels bear the impress of his own personality. They are not ridden by a system, but are genuinely psychological.

The only defect that I can see in the method is that upon such a foundation the novelist would be compelled to restrict his subject-matter almost entirely to the abnormal. This means a breaking away from the modern preoccupation with the normal. That is, whenever a novelist really lets himself go, he will have to make his principal characters less typical than convincing in their own purely individual aspect. If it is done, the result will be curious and revolutionary. It will be a reversion to the old method of defiance to one's readers' experience; but it will substitute for romantic canons a new system which may catch a lot of unwary and easily impressed people—the sort that are attracted to all sorts of fake religions—and which may land us in a morass of problem novels. In the hands of Beresford this will not be the fate of the novel. He has far too good a judgment. I should say he was about as sane a man as it was possible to find in the British Isles.

Beresford is a "reader" for the big English publishing house of Collins. He has for years lived out of London, although at one time he had a flat in that eminently literary suburb, Hampstead. First at St. Merryn, a tiny Cornish village, and latterly in a charming old house in a distant corner of Buckinghamshire, he has deliberately lived the life of a reflective and detached observer of human affairs. It is possibly this remoteness from the common stress that has led to the increasingly philosophical note in his novels. At one time an architect, and later engaged in advertising work, Beresford has had a varied experience. His earlier work, at least one book, was strongly influenced by H. G. Wells, and a still greater influence has been that of Arnold Bennett. The later books are different, as one would expect.

* * *

Speaking just now about Wells reminds me that he has a new story appearing serially in an English review. It is called "The Undying Fire" at present, but I am rather hoping that this title may be changed when the story appears in book form. It does far from justice to the theme, which is nothing less than a recasting of the Book of Job in modern dress. Seeing the immense dramatic possibilities of the theme of the Book of Job, Wells also felt that such a theme gave him peculiar opportunities for gathering much that needs to be said upon the general suffering undergone throughout life, by human beings of this as of all other days. More than that, he perceived that here was a

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noble basis upon which to build an illustration of the unfailing endurance of man. The book, which is powerfully and reverently conceived, ought to be called frankly, "The Second Book of Job" or "The New Book of Job". Besides writing this novel, Wells has been engaged upon an amazing work about which it is perhaps too early to give any information. It is not a work of fiction, but an immense contribution to the educational system of the future. I have not seen any of this book, but if it corresponds at all to the brilliant, generalizing talk of its author, it may well be his masterpiece. I shall return to the subject in a later causerie, when I shall have fuller details and the knowledge that these may be given freely. Wells has written an introduction to the first novel of his friend, Sir Harry Johnston, which is to be called "The Gay-Dombeys". As the title may suggest, the book reintroduces the family—or rather, later generations of it—immortalized by Dickens. It is an extraordinary piece of writing, bristling with personalities and "indiscretions" which certainly have little relation to the Dickensian plan; but these provide an additional interest, because some of them will make the hair of the ultradiscreet stand erect upon their heads. I should not be surprised to learn that this feature is one of the things that make Wells like the book so much. That he does genuinely like it I am positive.

Another preface which Wells has written (his New Year's resolution was "to write no more prefaces") is to a remarkable human document, entitled "The Journal of a Disappointed Man". I can vouch for the authenticity of this book, although I have no personal acquaintance with the author. "W. N. P. Barbellion" is, of course, a pseudonym; but while deletions and slight verbal variations have been made in the text, either for the sake of disguise or for the sake of the author's literary vanity, the book is in almost textual integrity the genuine confession of a soul which has passed through the agony of finding bitter circumstance too hard to be borne without the employment of a diary. The story, however, is sufficiently tragic, for the writer of the diary is in reality a dying man. He records with painful accuracy the stages of his illness, which one can almost foretell from the increasingly misanthropical character of his judgments. More than anything else, the book is notable for the extraordinary picture which it presents of his courtship—a courtship full of pain and mistrust, proved, in the sequel, so unjustified. Strangely enough, I was with Wells at the time when he was reading the book, and heard from his lips many of the comments upon it which are made with more literary finish in his remarkable preface. There is much in the book that is repulsive to any sentimental lover of things as they are not; but to those with strong stomachs it has its considerable fascinations. And I can assure American readers that it is substantially true, that the author did in fact pass through the states of mind which he has so mercilessly recorded. That is what gives the book its value. "W. N. P. Barbellion" is preeminently what Beresford, following Jung, would call an "introvert"—one whose eye is turned ever inward to the study of his own nature—and to minds impatient of self-analysis he will seem a very unheroic figure. He is morbid, certainly; but even morbidity is a part of the modern self-conscious and self-studying temperament. I

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have little patience with those who pretend to be so healthy in mind that they must decry as "unnecessary" anything of which they do not approve. A great deal of their hostility to such writing is due less to health than to a feeling of discomfort which is purely selfish in origin. The "healthy" critics say that a thing is "unnecessary" in the same spirit that people rail against any attempt of the idealist to present the living conditions of the proletariat in any form not definitely that of a sociological treatise which they can ignore. They do not want to be made uncomfortable. So I am prepared for a great outburst of indignation at the morbidity of "Barbellion". It is a pity that the man's egotism gives such openings to critics of that stamp. Nevertheless the book should find its own public, not among the prurient-minded, but among those who are strong enough to bear a revelation of human nature, undiluted by sentimentality.

SIMON PURE

# THE MONEY RETURNS OF AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP

BY EARL L. BRADSHER

The honor of being our first professional author is usually accorded to Charles Brockden Brown; but in reality it lies elsewhere. Brown appears before the public in 1797. Fourteen years before, Noah Webster had begun his long career of successful authorship. One hesitates, though, to assign Webster primacy among our professional men of letters. His course appears at first to have been marked by vacillation. Such was not the case with Jedidiah Morse, the "father of American geography", whose "Geography Made Easy", New Haven, 1784, proved such a treasure-trove that the author quickly followed up his first success with several other works in the same field. The domestic nature of much at least of their contents and, as a consequence, the superiority of their information over that of British writers, aided his books powerfully. Then, too, as a rule, the people who had lately won their physical freedom on the battlefield were eager that their children should imbibe lessons of political independence through their schoolbooks.

But when Brown attempted to write novels for them, that was a different matter. He was forced to declare in 1800: "Book-making is the dullest of all trades, and the utmost that any American can look for in his native country is to be reimbursed his unavoidable expenses". The patriotism of the American people did not, to any marked degree at least, as yet extend to books intended merely to give pleasure. The prestige of an older civilization, with all its richness of association, legendary, historical, and social, and its long roll of illustrious authors, worked against him. True, the proportion of men who could buy books to their hearts' content was much smaller in the days of Brown than at present. But there were book-buyers enough to have made authorship a means of wealth if not of riches to an author of his genius, had

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he not been handicapped by the spirit of colonial subserviency, a spirit which was to be a powerful factor in the reward of the American author for a third of a century.

The very utmost which one could hope to attain financially in the humanities during Brown's time is shown in the case of Robert Treat Paine, who for more than a decade was considered our greatest poet. In 1798 he wrote "Adams and Liberty", a song of seventy-four lines that had a tremendous vogue. Apparently so lightly did he hold the value of literary property that he made no effort to obtain a copyright. One was secured for him, however, by a "friendly and provident printer", so that he realized from the poem more than ten dollars a line. This, wrote a literary historian as late as 1829, "is a rare instance of remuneration for literary labours in this country". Freneau might well speak for all his tuneful tribe of Paine's day when he says that the poet is financially worse off than the tinker,—

For the tinker has something that people will buy.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, in spite of his comparative vogue, no doubt agreed with Freneau; for his entire returns for the labors of a literary lifetime of some forty-six years were but $17,500. And this was the man who was told about 1820 by a prominent New York publisher that save Irving he was the only American whose works he would risk publishing! Just a few years later, Bryant made perhaps the only undignified remark of his career: "Politics and a belly-full are better than poetry and starvation". What poetry meant financially to Bryant may be guessed by the facts that in 1823 he was accepting two dollars each for his poems and that he contracted in that year to furnish an average of one hundred lines a month for two hundred dollars a year. It is asserted that when he came to New York in 1825 he found no literary man not an editor who was living entirely by his pen.

But if the poet in the early days of the republic was having a hard time of it, even when patriotic verse was open to him, the prose writer, save he be an historian or a grinder out of text-books, was much harder hit. Essays and special articles were practically unknown to him as a source of income. At least such was the case until the establishment of "The North American Review" in 1815. That the "Review" was no gold-mine may be gathered from the fact that even as late as 1844 it paid its contributors but one dollar a page, save in the case of the more popular ones, who received two dollars.

Nowadays we look upon the novelist as the lucky heir of all the scribbling brotherhood. But a century ago, he was precisely the most unlucky. He could not publish a serial in a magazine. He had to dilute his pages with rhapsodies on the seven deadly sins and the plain man's pathway to heaven, for the puritanical instinct of a large part of his audience was ever on the watch. If he pleased the religiosity of the pillars of society, the rising generation or the more frivolous might see where the sugar coating was worn through, and shy from the bait. So a Mitchell of talent and a Hentz of genius after one or two unrewarded efforts sink from sight.

But the chief reason for their going was the unending flood of fiction that was pouring in, duty free, from Great Britain. Mackenzie, Mrs. Roche, Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. More, Miss Porter,

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and, later, Scott, were so popular that there was little chance that American novelists, save those of transcendent genius and with some means of paying their monthly bills, would ever receive encouragement enough to cause them to mature in their art.

So skeptical in fact was the American public about the possibility of the development of a literature in this country that Cooper, yielding to the spirit of the time, tried to pass off his first novel as a British production. Goodrich, the publisher, Hawthorne, and Barker, the playwright, record in vivid passages the same pervasive atmosphere of skepticism and indifference under which our humanities were struggling to develop while the American public read the latest European success, pirated or imported.

Perhaps one reason why the public of the first quarter of the last century did not recognize the American author more fully was that he often carefully obscured his own personality. This diffidence was an echo in part of the attitude of the ruling poetic favorite, Lord Byron. Primarily it was the reflection of the moral disapproval with which a large part of the American public regarded all imaginative prose narrative, especially the novel. In many cases the author neglected the most elementary aspects of advertising his productions. Halleck, for instance, had been before the public for more than ten years before he allowed his name to appear upon the printed page. In 1822 Percival wrote: "I know of no more contemptible being than an author who writes for money. He converts the only shrine where mind can find a sure asylum into a huckster's shop." One has but to examine any bibliography of early American literature, especially of the novel, to see how frequently our authors failed to attempt to make a previous work help sell a succeeding one.

Thus they played into the hands of the publisher, and the publisher in some cases was not averse to taking advantage of the opportunity. For example, Horatio Bridge estimates that for every dollar Hawthorne got for "Twice-Told Tales", the publisher received in excess of four and one-half dollars. But even at that, Hawthorne doubtless considered himself lucky; for being an American attempting to appeal through a copyrighted book to an American audience, he had more than once failed altogether of a publisher. Moreover, Hawthorne was fortunate in that he came late enough to be able to write juvenile books, a source of income to which Brown could not have turned without impairing his chances of ever being taken seriously by the reading public.

During the first quarter of the last century, American publishers had been issuing, largely without question or scruple, the books of European, especially British, writers. American authors as a class were not strong enough to make themselves heard, even though, powerfully aided by the War of 1812, there was throughout the period a growing sense of intellectual independence, a weakening of the chains of colonial subserviency. Gradually an influential portion of the public was beginning to realize that if America was to be a free land in truth, its ideals must be moulded by no alien pens, but through the words of its own men of letters. In 1837, the first step on record in the United States was taken toward international

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copyright. And then on the same day in 1838 the "Great Western" and the "Sirius", the first steamers to cross the Atlantic entirely by steam, dropped anchor in New York harbor. Incidentally it might be remarked that their coming went far toward sealing the doom of Philadelphia as our literary capital. New York was henceforth, after a brief reign by Boston, to be our intellectual bridgehead and center.

But to the financial hopes of the American author, the arrival of the steamers was for a period nothing less than disastrous. In the quick connection which they established with Europe, a certain class of our publishers saw an opportunity to publish the books of European authors in newspaper form. These they hawked about the streets in that eager age of reading as one would now circulate the news of some great battle.

In May, 1838, Willis, then easily one of the three or four most popular of our living authors, wrote in the prospectus for "The Pirate" that he was going to,—

> . . . convey to our columns the cream and spirit of everything that ventures to light in France, England, and Germany. As to original American productions, we shall, as the publishers do, take what we can get for nothing (that is good), holding, as the publishers do, that while we can get Boz and Bulwer for a thank-ye or less, it is not pocket-wise to pay much for Halleck and Irving.

Halleck and Irving were, alas, not the only American authors who suffered through being hopelessly undersold by the works of European writers to whom no copyright need be paid. If a complete novel of James, Marryat, Bulwer-Lytton, or Dickens cost in periodical form only a dime, in some cases, why pay two dollars for a copyrighted book by Irving, Hawthorne, Neal, Cooper, or even Willis himself? In a short while the situation became so desperate that the better class of publishers, who had been making some sort of payments to the European authors they republished and who had invested too much in American ones to be lightly lost, were forced to begin a war of underselling with the pirates. Their sounder financial basis brought them victory in the end. But in the meanwhile our authors were crushed between the warring interests. Irving was forced temporarily from the market. Cooper indulged in more than one lugubrious wail.

The two authors who fared passably well financially in the third and fourth decades, Prescott and Willis, by their exceptions but illustrate the rule that the American man of letters could hope for no adequate returns. Prescott, in the first place, seemed gifted with business ability of a high order. History in a new country that had made so much history itself in the last century was extremely popular, and in two cases at least Prescott chose highly opportune new-world subjects. In November, 1855, he was able to write that in the last six months he had received seventeen thousand dollars from "The Reign of Philip II" and his other works.

Against this must be matched the facts that the entire income of Emerson for a literary lifetime was only about thirty thousand dollars and that Hawthorne, having lost his position in 1849, returned to his wife to say, "I have lost my place. What shall we do now for bread?" Two years later he felicitates himself upon the fact that if all goes well with him in his literary undertakings, he will soon be able to buy a home at perhaps as high as two thousand dollars. And it was in this year of 1849 that the man acclaimed by many as the greatest literary genius we have ever

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produced, Poe, died in abject poverty. Literary gossip records that in these palmy days of publishing peace when literary property is protected by international copyright in nigh all the lands between the seven seas, one periodical has been known to pay as high as five thousand dollars for a single short story. It is safe to say that Poe did not receive that much for all his short stories combined.

That Poe had a career at all in American literature was made possible largely, if not entirely, by the magazines. In the long and desperate warfare which the American authors waged for decent financial returns, in the face of stolen wares, until the victorious international copyright bill of 1891, it was the magazines that in large measure determined the possibility of a continued American authorship. In 1886, Dana Estes, member of a prominent Boston publishing firm, said before a Senate Committee on Patents:

> It is impossible to make the books of most American authors pay, unless they are first published and acquire recognition through the columns of the magazines. Were it not for that one saving opportunity of the great American magazines, American authorship would be at a still lower ebb than at present.

Yet in spite of the comparative high prices of "Godey's Lady's Book" and of "Graham's Magazine", it was but a pittance the magazines paid. Willis, who for a while made almost five thousand dollars a year, mostly through them, was a conspicuous exception. Longfellow for many years accepted two dollars each for his poems. Whittier, the abolitionist, found their columns largely closed to him. In no adequate measure could they be made the medium for the genius of Lowell, Prescott, Bancroft, and Whitman; and these men were driven to superintending the publication of their own works. How many men and women of promise, gifted with less tenacity of purpose and less business ability than these, were driven despairingly from the field after their first unrewarded efforts, no one can say. But when we realize that Irving was forced in the middle of his career once entirely to abandon literature, we are justified in believing that they must have been many.

One publisher of standing has asserted that a fairly recent novel brought its author not less than sixty thousand dollars. Literary gossip has it that another one realized $245,000 from an effort now fortunately forgotten. Did Cooper in those dark years of the 'forties when his works were selling for twenty-five cents a volume, look forward to what he would have considered the millennial days of the present? Did Bayard Taylor dream of them in 1873 when he wrote, after more than a quarter of a century of authorship, that his literary income for the last two years was naught?

The spread of tolerance and the march of science have put to flight puritan repression. And now that we have a true spirit of Americanism in our literature and in our reading public, so that our own men of letters may receive the reward of praise and pelf that is due them, let us go back and thank Noah Webster, Neal, and Emerson, such powerful factors in bringing it about. And let us especially thank those men, C. Matthews, G. P. Putnam, Bryant, Lowell, Gay Stedman, W. H. Appleton, Simms B. Matthews and others who from 1837 to 1891 waged war against piracy and finally had it recorded as the spirit of our law that, as Lowell said, "There is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly come by".

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# THE WORLD'S FIRST THEATRE

BY OLIVER M. SAYLER

Constantin Sergeievitch Alexeieff reached out a large, warm hand and his furrowed face broke into a cordial smile as my Moscow host, himself a man of fine tastes and keen pride in the Russian theatre, started to introduce me in the little dressing-room to the rear of the stage of the Art Theatre. My letters had preceded me —letters telling how I had come all the way from America into the shadow of the Terror just to sit in the playhouses of Moscow and Petrograd and carry back to my own country a brand of inspiration from their defiant ruins. As the name in the letters and the name from the lips of my host flashed their identity across the mind of the artist, I felt the thrill of suddenly increased pressure on my hand, the smile vanished from his face, and tears came into his eyes. For seventeen thousand miles I had persisted on my errand, relying on my own faith, a blind faith which I could hardly analyze. Now I was face to face with an answering faith. I knew why I had come, and the knowledge of my responsibility almost overwhelmed me.

It was thus that I met Stanislavsky, president of the Council and first artist of the world's first theatre. Alexeieff he is in life, but all Russia and the world knows him by his stage name, Stanislavsky. All Russia knows him, and his name and his influence are written all over the record of the Russian theatre the last two decades.

Under the iron-grey soldierly guise of Vershinin, the reserved but sensitive lieutenant-colonel in Tchekhov's "Three Sisters", I first saw him that evening of the day the theatres reopened after the Bolshevik Revolution. In the afternoon "The Blue Bird" had cast its spell over me and I had yielded to Stanislavsky, producer—the master artist of the active modern theatre. Maeterlinck's *féerie* had stood forth for the first time as its creator had intended, simply but richly, without the sentimental trappings of the western productions. Now it was Stanislavsky, actor, to whom I had surrendered, an actor distinguished for poise, for subtlety of shadings and for keenness of intellect, but above all for the beauty of his spirit.

Five days later I saw him again in his dressing-room to discuss my plans and this time I sat in the presence of the genial, easy-going, middle-aged Gaieff of Tchekhov's "The Cherry Orchard". The call-bell rang before we had finished and so I returned after the final curtain. At the mirror sat a man with silver hair. I was in the wrong room. My host had caught up with me by this time and turned me back at the door—to face Stanislavsky after all, Stanislavsky the man. At the age of fifty-five his hair is white. But that is the only sign of years. His huge square frame is vigorous and alert, his eye keen and kindly, his grasp of detail and his capacity for work thoroughly un-Russian. I believe he is the busiest man in Moscow, not excepting even the tireless People's Kommissars. At least, he is the hardest man in the city to find. Not so hard, though, if you

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are as persistent in your task as he is in his! But in spite of this refusal to "let down" like the majority of his countrymen and most foreigners who live long in Russia, Stanislavsky is splendidly Russian. I don't know why I had expected to find in him more of the man of the world, speaking English, perhaps, and surely French fluently, and possessed of the confidence and authority to which his position entitled him. I don't know, unless it is because for so long he and he alone has personified outside of Russia the world's first theatre. On the contrary, he speaks with difficulty when he leaves his native tongue. His heart and soul are in Russia and in his work. Transplant him, as you could a man of the world, and he would perish. Most of all is he Russian in the gentleness and simplicity of his ways, in the beauty of spirit which inheres alike in the artist and the man.

Once more I saw him in his dressing-room, this time as Satine, the strange, groping soul in Maxim Gorky's masterpiece, "The Lower Depths", who, stung by the tragedies of that dim underworld, rises from his planks and flings out a flaming declaration of his belief in life. In this face is none of the quiet dignity of Vershinin, none of the placid sensitiveness of Gaieff. Instead, is the smoldering terror of the lost soul who refuses to admit that he is lost, the defiant glint of the eye, the nervous twitching of the mouth standing out from the frame of tattered beard and hair. I couldn't avoid the feeling that here was Satine himself, the Satine I had seen from my seat in the auditorium, although this Satine was telling me what I should see in the Studio playhouses of the Art Theatre and was calling in the young men in charge of them to introduce them to me. Such is the persuasive mastery of the craft of makeup which the Russian has achieved. At the Art Theatre, this natural gift is applied with even more startling exactness than in the other playhouses of Moscow, for the practical absence of footlights permits the actors to dispense with all exaggeration and assume the semblance of life.

Several other times I met Constantin Sergeievitch, in the theatre or at the Studios, those lusty children of the parent institution which will keep it always young and which their founder loves, I am sure, even more fondly than the Art Theatre itself. Toward the end of the winter he was seriously ill and I continued my research through Vladimir Ivanovitch Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko, the business brains of the Art Theatre; Rumiantseff, the house-manager; Berthenson, the new stage-manager from the Alexandrinsky in Petrograd, and Lazarieff, a gracious member of the company entrusted to me as a kind of diplomatic plenipotentiary.

Still, it is Stanislavsky who personifies the Moscow Art Theatre to me. I like most to remember him as I saw him the afternoon of the dress rehearsal of "Twelfth Night" at the First Studio. Here were his pupils, his children, ready to reveal the product of their patient labors to their master and to the assembled pillars of the Moscow stage. All of the pillars were there—hale and hearty Prince Sumbatoff, regent of the Small State Theatre, the home of classic drama; Pravdin, his most distinguished actor; Anderson, the bewitching blonde inheritor of Pavlova's laurels in the ballet; Gzovskaya, once of the Art Theatre and at that time in Sumbatoff's ranks, and many others. On the front row of the tiny improvised auditorium a seat or two to my right sat

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Stanislavsky with pencil and paper in hand to note the transgressions of his flock. These implements, though, were soon forgotten and a broad smile of pride mingled with unaffected and unashamed pleasure spread over his face as these eager candidates for the Art Theatre ranks romped their way through the heartiest, the most truly Elizabethan performance of "Twelfth Night" I have ever seen.

Stanislavsky, Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko; the eighteen-hour session between the actor and the business man in a Moscow café away back in 1898 when the foundations of the theatre were agreed upon; the endlessly patient preparation of its productions; Tchekhov and his plays, "The Sea Gull" and "Three Sisters" and "The Cherry Orchard"—these are the facts and the personalities by which the Moscow Art Theatre is known in America. They are salient facts but they are not the only facts, and it may be well both for us and for Russia to know a few more of the facts about this first of the world's theatres.

You would never suspect the intentions or the interior of the Art Theatre from its business-like façade in Kamergersky Pereulok, a little over two squares from the great open Theatre Place of Moscow. Once it was a business block, and shops still occupy the street-floor front. Inside, however, its architectural ancestry is soon forgotten, for the transformation has been thorough. The Art Theatre has one of the most satisfactory auditoriums of the world's playhouses—a severe but comfortable and quiet enclosure in browns, with wood paneling in place of the traditional stucco and with three floors, each opening by way of spacious corridors into tempting foyers and restaurant and smoking and trophy rooms.

Beyond the public gaze, however, there is a pitiful lack of elbow space. The costume accumulations of twenty years are stowed in two small rooms up under the roof. The scenery has overflowed into all the vacant buildings and lofts opening on the great courtyard at the rear of the theatre. The dilapidated stage-coach used in the first act of the Dostoyevsky play, "The Village Stepanchikovo", is pitched out anywhere in this courtyard between performances, and it is becoming more realistic every week! The Art Theatre is looking forward to a new building some day—the world's first playhouse for the world's first theatre. But there will have to be a new Russia before the Art Theatre has a new home!

How a sober, serious institution such as this has been able to survive the strain of three years of war and nearly two years of profound social upheaval, is a mystery explicable only by an understanding of Russian character. In a previous article I explained the dogged persistence of art, and the theatre in particular, by the fact that the Russian has built his deepest feelings into his art, and to these purging experiences he returns when life becomes too heavy to endure. The ability of the Moscow Art Theatre to preserve the astonishing perfection of its former days under almost insuperable handicaps, is due also to its marvelously efficient and compact organization.

The Art Theatre is an institution. It has its own home, its own company, its own clientele, its own faithfully built past, its own carefully analyzed future. Each year it has a budget which faces facts as relentlessly as the budget of a bank or an insurance corporation. It knows by experience that as long as the citizens of Moscow walk

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that city's cobble streets they will buy all of the tickets offered for sale at its box-office. The only error in its calculations last winter lay in the deficit due to the closing of the theatre during the Bolshevik Revolution. Its players and its staff, many of whom have been with it since it was founded, share proportionately in the income, and they are thus bound not only by loyalty and affection for Stanislavsky and for the structure into which they have poured their lives, but also by a financial assurance which is rare in these days of maddening uncertainty.

Whenever I came back to its brown curtains with the sea-gull device worked on them after I had made a round of the other playhouses of Moscow, I felt ashamed for doubting its preeminence. There was no authority or order at the Great State Theatre, the home of the opera and the ballet. There was utter disorder and confusion at the Theatre of the Soviet of Workmen's Deputies. But at the Art Theatre everyone ticked out his tasks like the wheels of a great clock. Often there was more than one at hand to meet emergencies as they arose.

Although Stanislavsky *is* the Art Theatre, the master imagination who has made it what it is, the organization is so devised as to permit him to devote that imagination to its most constructive ends. The operation of the theatre is divided between the Council and the Direction. The Council decides what plays shall be produced, who shall design the scenery, who shall write the necessary music, who shall supervise the production, and who shall play the various rôles. Its tasks lie behind the curtain. Stanislavsky, of course, is at its head, and its other members include many of the ablest actors in the company: Gribunin, Katchaloff, Massalitinoff, Moskvin, Stahovitch, Sushkyevitch, and Gaidaroff. The Direction, on the other hand, engages itself to carry out the behests of the Council. It undertakes and meets the financial and the business obligations of the theatre, and at its head is Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko, who is assisted by Alexandroff and the manager of the house, Rumiantseff.

It is no wonder, then, that the Art Theatre has been able to attract to its ranks and hold many of the foremost actors of the Russian stage. The more important members of the company number at least fifty, while the pupils of the Studio Theatres, who are often called to the parent stage to play minor rôles, will double that total. The company is especially strong in its men. Six of them in addition to Stanislavsky are artists of the first rank. Any one of the seven would be acknowledged leader of our stage if his gifts could be transferred and made intelligible in our theatres. There is Katchaloff, an actor equaled only by Mansfield in his prime or Coquelin. There is Moskvin, the greatest living high comedian. I thought at first that the Russians did not appreciate Moskvin and his subtle, pointed humor. They did not pay audible tribute as we would. But after a while I discovered that they cherished Moskvin as a supreme artist instead of as a mere entertainer. Our stage has probably never known a character-actor of the breadth and range of Luzhsky. And Gribunin, Vishnevsky, and Massalitinoff have only slightly less surprising gifts.

The Art Theatre is weaker, comparatively, in its women. Olga Leonardovna Knipper, the widow of the playwright, Tchekhov, for whom he wrote the leading rôles in all his plays, is the only one whose range and

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powers can compare with those of Julia Marlowe or Mrs. Fiske, and I doubt if she possesses the incisive comic sense of the creator of Becky Sharp. Still, she is a very great actress, not to be surpassed in the Tchekhov plays; and when in them she appears opposite Stanislavsky, the modern theatre reaches the height of its eloquence and its beauty in the realm of realistic drama. There are others, many others, gifted and intelligent far beyond our own lesser players: Lilina, the wife of Stanislavsky, crisp and penetrating and ingratiating; Butova, powerful in her reserve; Germanova, stunning and commanding in her dark fascination; and Zhdanova, very young and very promising, charming and wistful and light as a feather in her touch.

To these in time will be added the graduates from the Studio Theatres, young players who under the quick sympathy and the rigorous discipline of Stanislavsky are mooring themselves firmly in their art. Occasionally you will hear someone in Moscow ask who will take the place of this player or that in future years, who will play a certain cherished rôle. Possibly no one. Surely no one has been found to follow the mourned Artyom, the inimitable creator of strange old men who died in the first year of the war. But there will be other plays and other rôles for the younger generation. Already the Studios have cast up the flaming genius of Kolin. His Tylette, the cat, in "The Blue Bird" is said to rival the original of Katchaloff, and his Malvolio is already the most whimsical and bitterly tragic I have ever seen. Up from the Studios, too, has come the antic, Smuishlyaieff; the tender and morose Tchekhov, nephew of the playwright; and the impassioned Baklanova, a wholly new kind of genius for the Art Theatre. Somehow it is difficult to see how her trenchant feeling and her colorful methods will find full outlet in the restrained realism of this institution. But it may be that such as she will instil into it new life when it has run its course in its present mood.

The world's first theatre? By what right? By right of its extraordinary personnel? Partly. By right of its imposing and notable repertory? Partly that, too. In twenty years, four of them years of war and desolation, the Moscow Art Theatre has made sixty-two productions—seventy-one plays in all. Of the sixty-two, Russia has provided the plays for thirty-six of the productions. The entire course of Russian dramatic literature has yielded up its treasures, from Pushkin and Gogol and Griboyedov and Ostrovsky down through the Tolstois and Turgenev and Dostoyevsky to Tchekhov and Andreyev and Gorky. With a fine catholicity of taste as well as a loyalty to her native writers, foreign dramatists were sought for twenty-six of the productions: Sophocles and Shakespeare, Molière and Goldoni, Maeterlinck and Hauptmann, Ibsen and Hamsun. The Russian respect for Ibsen is revealed in the fact that nine of these twenty-six productions were of his plays. Almost the entire acting canon of the great Norwegian, with the exception of "A Doll's House", "The Lady from the Sea", and "John Gabriel Borkman", has been played on the stage of the Art Theatre.

The supremacy of the Moscow Art Theatre, however, lies more securely in its perfection and thorough application of a dramatic principle, the principle of realism. The fact that it has reached the end of its tether, that

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it is simply applying that principle all over again with each new play it produces, has served latterly to rouse the charge that it has fulfilled its purpose, that it has had its day. From its earliest years, the adherence of Stanislavsky to the belief in realism as an art method has borne the brunt of bitter attack. Meyerhold quarreled first within the company and then, leaving it, he has spent the last ten years in attacking the theories of the Art Theatre and in making productions as utterly different as the theatre will permit. Alice Koonen, trained under Stanislavsky and the first of the Mytyls in "The Blue Bird", has seceded and with Alexander Tairoff has founded the experimental Kamerny Theatre. Kommissarshevsky has fought the good grey leader with dialectic and with experiment.

But the Art Theatre goes on its way regardless of the epithets dragged from the dictionary to be hurled at it. Once in a while Stanislavsky leaves his chosen path for an experiment of his own, such as the highly imaginative and symbolic production of "The Blue Bird". Or he invites Gordon Craig to come to Moscow to set "Hamlet" on his stage. Even Craig, uncompromising as he is against realism, admits that if you are determined to have realism in your theatre you must go to school to Stanislavsky. And those who have lost interest in the Art Theatre and who have turned their attention to the newer experimental stages, confess that no study of the modern theatre is complete without Stanislavsky. By the mere lapse of time, the Moscow Art Theatre, a revolutionist in 1900, has become conservative. It has settled into a tradition.

The key to the Art Theatre's attainment of realistic appearance, it seems to me, is its stark sincerity and its use of a certain minimization. Some of the minor customs of the theatre have played their part. No applause is permitted, even at the act ends or after the final curtain. The more democratic audiences of the theatre under the Revolution often sought last winter to show their approval in this customary manner, but they were promptly hushed, and the tradition prevailed. Conjointly, there are no curtain calls, no chimes to announce the rise of the curtain, no music between the acts. The impression of a series of cross sections of life is carried out without the slightest artificial restriction.

The final achievement of the Art Theatre, however, is not mere realism, not realism alone brought to a startling mechanical perfection in its representation of life. Rather, it is a spiritualized realism, a use of the realistic form as a means and not an end, a means to the more vivid interpretation of life. Obviously, realism cannot be spiritualized except by artists, supreme artists. And therein, I think, lies the claim of the Art Theatre to the leadership of the world.

Out of Russia today there comes no word but sorrow. Are the theatres still fulfilling their task of purging the Russian soul in its days of deepest anguish? Has Stanislavsky satisfied himself with all the details of "The Rose and the Cross", the new poetic drama by Alexander Block which was in rehearsal long before I left Russia? And has it been brought to birth in the blood of the Terror? Have they revived "The Sea Gull" as they hoped to do for its twentieth anniversary? Have they been able to carry out their plan to produce Tolstoi's "The Light That Shines in Darkness", a light in a darkness greater than even Tolstoi ever dreamed? I do not know. All I

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know is that if there yet remains any gleam of the elder life, that shrine in Kamergersky Pereulok nurtures it. All I know is that the world's first theatre will not, must not perish from the earth!

# FRENCH LITERATURE OF TODAY

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

I

To the lover of French memoirs, perhaps the most important literary announcement of the moment is the completion of a new edition of Saint-Simon. This really important historical work—and one which, unlike most historical works, makes its appeal both to the serious historian and to the man or woman who delights in the purely human side of history—was interrupted by the war, but now comes the publication of the twenty-ninth and final volume of this edition. The three editors claim that they have discovered many hitherto unpublished passages of this famous memoir, which will remain for all time a speaking, moving picture of the greatest epoch of the French monarchy—the reign of Louis XIV. The spiteful, brilliantly clever old duke of Saint-Simon came and went among his contemporaries, taking secret, copious notes. He put down all that was small and least worthy, as well as all that was greatest and most noble that he heard and that he saw. He had his hatreds and his loves—more hatreds than loves, and was persistently and triumphantly unfair to Madame de Maintenon—to give but one example.

To turn to a very different type of *souvenirs*, the famous Roumanian statesman, M. Take Jonesco, has just published a book which will take its place in every future collection of books dealing with the war. It is practically a war diary, and to my mind it is one of the most interesting yet published. One reads with a smile and a sigh M. Jonesco's vivid account of more than one of his talks with the German Ambassador, Prince Lichnowsky. The Prince, having spent much of his youth in Roumania, was well known. Thus it was natural that happening to be in London in the spring of 1914, the Roumanian statesman sought out his old friend to know how everything was going. Lichnowsky declared to him most solemnly that Germany and England were on the very best terms: "I have told my Emperor that England is absolutely set on peace, but that if we wish the sentiment to continue, we must neither worry nor attack France, as, should we do so, England would go to her last man and her last shilling in France's defense."

On July 12, 1914, Jonesco was again in London (his late wife was English). He found that a great change had come over Prince Lichnowsky. The former Ambassador had become uneasy. He had been to Berlin, and had not liked what was going on there. A week later Jonesco again met the German Ambassador, at a private dinner-party in a house noted for its kindly Anglo-German relations. By that time Lichnowsky was terribly anxious, and he was going to see King

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George that same evening. Yet as late as Friday, July 24, the Prince did not believe in European war, and he was so convinced that the danger would be averted that he even spoke of meeting his Roumanian friend at Aix-les-Bains in a few weeks from then!

It is a curious fact, and one of great interest, that as the days went by Lichnowsky began to think that England would after all keep out of the war—if war there was. "Like so many others he was led astray by the Irish question. I saw him for the last time on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 28; he was pained and upset, and told me that the peace of the world was hanging by a thread. I have never seen a man so overwhelmed."

There are equally vivid sketches of the King and Queen of Roumania; of Bethmann-Hollweg, and of his unfortunate brother statesman, Kiderlen-Waechter; of Count Arenthal; Count Mensdorff; Tallaat Pasha; Prince von Bülow, and many other noted figures of the war.

I cannot suppose that another new war book, "Intrigues et Diplomaties à Washington", by G. Lechartier, will interest Americans as much as it has me, for I imagine that it goes over well-worn ground. Be that as it may, the volume gives a curious and vivid account of the Washington diplomatic world during the first years of the European war. The place of honor is given to Count von Bernstorff, and the first chapter in the book deals with his prewar American career; his popularity in the musical, the sporting, and the social worlds; his personal charm, and graces of mind and body. Thence onward we follow every step of the way which transformed America from the greatest of neutrals into a belligerent. The book is written with extreme care, has several illustrations and facsimiles, and an appendix.

## II

How will the European upheaval affect the lighter side of French literature?

The only light-hearted war novel published in Paris since July, 1914, was the moving, humorous (and by no means for the schoolroom) story called by its author, "Les Heures de Guerre de la Famille Valadier". Every other work of imagination told of the piteous side of war as affecting human life and human feeling. Not so this brilliant little study of how *la grande guerre* affected a theatrical family.

I note that the first of a series of so-called essays on love—each essay I take it will form a volume to itself—is already in its sixth edition. It is called "La Magie de l'Amour", and the writer, Camille Mauclair, dedicates this work "To my dear wife, my companion on the wide roads of thought and of life".

Before the war M. Mauclair obtained a considerable success with a book called "De l'Amour Physique". He claims it to have been a serious work, and indeed regrets that he gave it a title which, he says, misled the reader. In this new work he sets out to analyze every type of love and lover, and he very wisely takes certain typical examples of men who lived for love —Don Juan; the poet Baudelaire, who always sought love and never found it; Stendhal—and shows how they attacked this most permanent of human problems. A curious chapter is entitled "The Dogmas of Love"; yet another chapter deals with the part that music has always played in what our ancestors called the tender passion. M. Mauclair gives his views on both Christian and civil marriage, as also

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on *l'union libre*, which he curiously calls *l'amour consenti*. He evidently admires and respects those who think the world well lost for love, for he says with some truth as regards France, that any woman can *marry* without love, but no woman is likely to enter on a *union libre* association unless she is driven thereto by a real and exalted passion.

One of the surprising effects of the war in all countries seems to have been a revival of interest not only in spiritualism, but in all forms of magic. Several books dealing with what has been called black magic will shortly appear, including a work by the veteran student of Satanism, Jules Bois. The first French writer who treated this subject from a serious, and not from a wholly romantic, point of view was Huysmans. The author of "Là-bas" not only believed in diabolical possession, but he was convinced that the invisible world was peopled with evil spirits; and had he survived to see the Great War, he would undoubtedly have regarded it as the outcome of certain diabolical forces acting on, and in, the German Empire.

Few people are aware that Renan was very much interested in the black arts. I remember one of his friends telling me that in answer to a question as to whether he believed in hell, he exclaimed: "I do not know if there is a Hell, but I am quite sure there is a Devil."

To go back to Huysmans—he was quite convinced that Satan worship was a reality in the Paris of his day, and it will be remembered that in "Là-bas" he described several types of Satan worshippers. Russia in pre-revolution days was certainly permeated with this kind of cult. More men than women are now interested in this subject, but in mediæval days there were more witches than sorcerers. Sorcerers were supposed to have what is called "the gift of fascination". A sorcerer would look on a child, a plant, a house—and the child died, the plant lost its leaves, the house fell into ruins. There are now in Paris numerous fortune-tellers who claim that same Mephistic power.

At one time the Empress Eugénie was intensely interested in spiritualism; and one of the reasons given for her being in favor of, instead of against, the declaration of war in the summer of 1870, was said to have been that at a spiritualistic séance she had been told that the fall of the Empire would take place in September, and that the only conjuration of this danger would be France's participation in a war!

It seems fitting that an Exhibition of war books should just have been opened in the Musée du Livre, Brussels. All through the war the gallant little group of writers and thinkers connected with that delightful literary institution continued their work; they held exhibitions, they gave lectures, and, last not least, they continued publishing their bulletin, and managed, without offending the Germans, to yet play their part in the moral defense and defiance of their gallant country during the four years which elapsed between August 2, 1914, and November 11, 1918. Not a single book published in France reached Brussels during that long period of time; but the director of the Musée du Livre lately issued an appeal for books, maps, engravings, and newspapers connected with the war, and the result exceeded all his expectations. In fact, the Exhibition is said to be even better and more complete than that organized

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early this winter by the Paris Cercle de la Librairie.

III

Literary taste is a very curious thing, and, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth. A distinguished young American soldier lately astonished me by the extraordinary knowledge he displayed of the *macabre* and the horrible in American, British, and French literature. We had a most interesting conversation, comparing notes as to what writers best conveyed a sense of fear and of horror, of pity and of terror to their readers. It was agreed that Edgar Allan Poe stands alone, though to my mind he has a rival in a French writer, as yet unknown to my American friend, Barbey d'Aurevilly, whose collection of short stories called "Les Diaboliques" quite lives up to its name, and remains so integral a part of French literature that even since the Armistice a big French publishing firm has begun a new edition. Balzac twice tried his hand at providing his readers with a sensation of creepy horror: in "La fille aux yeux d'or", and "Une passion dans le désert". But not even Balzac achieved so great a masterpiece as Walter Scott's "Wandering Willie's Tale", or Stevenson's "Thrawn Janet". Prosper Mérimée, whose curious, exquisitely written "Contes" form an integral part of French literature, certainly had the power of giving his readers what we should now call "thrills"—and that though he disdained all violent or unusual artifice, and wrote what, for want of a better term, one must call the most elegantly classical French of his generation. Flaubert certainly tried to convey an almost unbearable sense of horror in "Salâmmbo"; but one would give the whole of that book for certain piteous pages of "Madame Bovary". His pupil, Maupassant, delighted in the frankly *macabre,* and again and again succeeded in producing an impression of intense horror—especially, strangely enough, in some of the short stories which during his lifetime he refused to sign, but which since his death have been published in his collected works. For many years before the war, and even during the war, the curious little Paris theatre known as the Grand Guignol played every variety of fearful, frightful, and exciting one-act plays, but on the whole the French masters of romance have avoided dealing with either physical or mental terror. They have left that kind of thing to the secondary writers —for among such writers surely must be classed Octave Mirbeau with his terrible "Jardin des Supplices".

Apropos of Octave Mirbeau, the recent sale of his library recalls a curious personality, and a writer who only just missed being in the first rank of his contemporaries. He was once described by an American critic as "the greatest master of irony and vitriolic vindictiveness since Swift", and it is certainly true that he delighted in the monstrous, the atrocious, and the horrible. Financial success came to him quite late in life. The foreign reader probably first became acquainted with his work through that unpleasant book "Le Journal d'une Femme de Chambre"—perhaps the most powerful arraignment of modern society published, in the form of fiction, in our time. But it was as much to his own surprise as to that of his friends that he suddenly appeared as a successful dramatist. Of his plays the most famous—which was successful in an English form as well as in French—was "Les Affaires sont les Affaires". He died prematurely, as do so many

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French writers—especially those who are also Parisians. All his life he collected both pictures and books, and he was said to have had the best collection in existence of first editions of famous modern novels.

IV

I hear that Pierre Loti is going to publish a book which, while dealing with certain phases of the war, will be quite unlike any other war book. A great many years have gone by since the French Naval Lieutenant who was to strike a new and exquisite note in the literature of his country, wrote to a friend: "Life is hurrying by too quickly for me, but still I hope that much bliss will come my way before I meet with the final catastrophe of death. I have, alas, neither faith nor hope." In those days the shadow of 1870 still hung over the lives of most young Frenchmen, and especially over those among them who had made the army and the navy their profession. But the thought of death has never been very far from Loti's mind, as those familiar with his work will admit.

I first met Loti in the house of Madame Adam, his delightful literary godmother—editor of the "Nouvelle Revue"—who, at once divining the new writer's extraordinary genius, gave him his first chance. Loti was then a slender, melancholy-looking young man with a pleasant, reserved manner—that manner which seems to belong to the naval officer all over the world. He looked and seemed a stranger in the brilliant and amusing literary world into which he had suddenly found himself thrust. I remember, even at this long distance of time, his telling me that unlike almost all writers he found he worked best in the middle of the afternoon—from two to six. At that time he was stationed at Hendaye, his home being on the Bidassoa river, a stream which serves as frontier to part of Spain and France. He also told me, with a queer little smile, that his study could only be reached by a rope ladder, and thus was too accessible to many visitors. For many years past, as all lovers of that wonderful collection "The Book of Pity and of Death" are well aware, Loti has been devoted to cats. French sailors have a prejudice against cats, but he was so popular with his men on board the "Formidable" that they tolerated his pets. After he left Hendaye, Loti settled in his native town of Rochefort in a house filled with treasures of the Far East—indeed, I once heard some of the rooms described as being "almost too beautiful". Rochefort is very proud of her famous son, and the townspeople often linger as they pass by the garden wall, behind which can always be heard day and night (for its tiny hammer swings with the lightest breeze) the music of an annamite bell which is hidden in a bower of hanging plants.

Oscar Wilde had many warm friends in the French literary world of his day. It was in France that he took refuge after coming out of prison, and it was in Paris that he died. At one time, when still a young man and still regarded in his own country as an amusing *poseur* and affected *flâneur*, rather than as a serious man of letters, he announced that he was seriously thinking of taking out letters of French naturalization. This is apropos of the fact that his "Florentine Tragedy" has been translated into French, with some personal recollections by Bernard Shaw. The latter should be full of interest to the admirers of both of these brilliant Irishmen—Irishmen who could have had

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nothing in common with each other except their brilliance, and the fact that they were both destined to enrich English dramatic literature. It is a curious fact that Oscar Wilde's plays have never had any success in France. This is perhaps because in a sense they were *too French*. The same may be said of Bernard Shaw's witty stage pictures of life as he sees it. They do not impress Paris as they do London, paradox being the Frenchman's breath of life, while it remains something at once rare and strange to the average Englishman.

V

Perhaps owing to the closeness of the Franco-Russian alliance, there were at the outbreak of the war many more Frenchmen in Russia than in England. A curious book just published by one of these, a M. Vaucher, is called "L'Enfer Bolchevik". According to the writer the Russian Revolution has already gone through three phases, the first when Moscow rather than Petrograd was the capital of Bolshevism, and when the men who started the Revolution were disciples of Tolstoi. The second he calls "the Commune" phase. To Parisians over sixty years of age, the Terrible Year remains rather the year of the Commune than that of the Franco-Prussian War. But awful as is this Frenchman's picture of the second phase of the Russian Revolution, it pales before the infinitely more terrible description of Petrograd under the Terror. If M. Vaucher is to be believed, Bolshevism means the end and the negation of what we have before been taught to call civilization.

Yet another book which will interest those interested in the subject is called "De Nicolas II à Lenin", by a Russian. Yet a third work, which, however, only covers this last year, is called "Au Pays de la Démence Rouge", by a writer who conceals a well-known name under the pseudonym of Chessin. Of the three this is the best written and in some ways the most authoritative book; and of the many accounts describing Petrograd as it now is, none gives a more impressive picture of the universal desolation and of the progressive effects of growing famine on a great town.

To writers, and I think to most sympathetic readers, a melancholy interest attaches to the prices originally paid to genius in distress. Chance has lately made me acquainted with some of the sums received by Balzac in connection with his "Comédie Humaine". "La Physiologie du Mariage"—which, perhaps owing to its title, has been more read than any other of Balzac's works except the "Contes Drolatiques"—was sold by him outright for three hundred dollars. The same publishers bought the "Peau de Chagrin", perhaps the most famous of his shorter stories, for two hundred dollars. But it must be admitted that Balzac's publishers were often called upon to send him trifling sums, even as little as twenty francs, and he also, when in exceptional difficulty, would call upon them to supply him with wine! There is an entry of three dozen bottles of champagne at three francs a bottle in one of their accounts.

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# COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

## *For the Protection of Authors*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN.

SIR:

A few days ago I received a letter that I think is of interest to all novelists. It is evidently from a lady, and as it is written anonymously I feel at liberty to quote it in full, and to submit it to you for your judgment as the one editor in this country whose journal is entirely devoted to books and book men. The epistle—it is rather more than a letter—runs as follows:

> I am not as a rule given to the reading of novels; but I was intrigued by the title of what I presume is your latest work, and, having to kill many hours of a tiresome railway journey, I took it with me. I will confess that the opening chapters interested me enough to compel me to read on, although your style seemed to me to be faulty, and your use of adjectives somewhat pyrotechnic. But when I arrived at what I presume you call your plot or thesis, and discovered that you had taken the chapter from my life which I regard as completely sacred, and that you had had the impertinence to surround me with several of my most intimate friends without having seen fit to caricature these character portraits in the very least, I sat for the remainder of the journey, I can assure you, on thorns. My own adjectives in attempting to describe my feelings became, if anything, more pyrotechnic than yours; and when I finally arrived at my destination, my one desire was to go straight to the nearest lawyer and bring action against you—not for defamation of character, but for what I call the unethical exploitation of the private lives, personalities, and characteristics of better-class people—and to make the whole world ring with the shame of it. In what manner you were able to discover a series of incidents in my past history which led up to a happy and devoted marriage, I am quite unable to say. How you came to meet these friends of mine, who are all very conservative and fastidious, is indeed a mystery. My father and mother moved in the best society from which were naturally excluded novelists, dramatists, painters and the like, and I am sure that none of my friends ever opened their doors to the tribe of scribblers to which you seem proud to belong. It is very obvious, therefore, that you must have become possessed of the romance of my early years in some nefarious manner—either by bribing the girl who was a maid of mine at the time, or by stealing a bundle of letters which to my horror disappeared from my desk two years ago.
>
> Be that as it may, the fact remains that you have made use of a story of a young girl's early indiscretions, for mercenary purposes and entirely without permission; and thus rendered the lives of several people most uncomfortable and unhappy. I see this book of yours wherever I go, and the very sight of it puts me into a condition of nervousness which I am quite unable to describe. Until it is dead and done with, I shall go about on tenter-hooks, always self-consciously suspicious of having to answer questions in regard to certain episodes that I had hoped belonged only to myself and to a few of my most intimate friends. Apart from the pain which you have caused me, I regard this seizure of myself as illegitimate in the field of letters; and I wish to put on record the fact that I condemn the practice of making books out of the

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secret history of living people as utterly abominable and in the worst possible taste. Why cannot you people draw upon your imagination? Why must you come to life for your plots and your characters? Is there to be no privacy in our homes?

It is with these numerous questions that this emotional letter ends. I have not, of course, the remotest idea who this lady is; and therefore I cannot answer her outburst to assure her on the word of honor of one who, naturally, may not be permitted to meet her socially, that I did not take my plot from the secret history of her past; nor did I surround the character whom she recognizes as herself with those of her friends who would lose caste were they to associate with novelists and dramatists. My plot, such as it is, is a fairy story. The girl and the boy are figments of my imagination, and I hoped and supposed that the adventures through which I made them pass were so new and original as never to have happened in life. I am bound to confess that some of the minor characters of the book were drawn from actual people, and that the place from which I derived my atmosphere is an actual village.

The ethical questions which this lady gives rise to have, of course, been raised before. Dickens and Thackeray, George Eliot, the Brontës, and the other great masters of fiction frequently got into hot water for the exquisite accuracy of their portraiture of living people; and I suppose that there is hardly a dead or living novelist who has not, at one time or another, done precisely what my angry correspondent so strongly objects to. To them there was obviously nothing unethical not only in putting into a novel the actual stories of living people (in such a way, of course, as not to bring them under the long arm of the law), but in seizing upon any living persons whose characteristics were sufficiently interesting, and with a few strokes of the pen in drawing portraits which would be recognizable to everyone but themselves.

According to Webster a novel is "a fictitious tale or narrative in prose intended to exhibit the operation of the passions, and particularly of love"; and he defines a novelist as "an innovator, an assertor of novelty, a waiter of news". The question is, however, what is novelty? And is there anything new under the sun? Some years ago I perpetrated a story, the title of which I will not drag in, which, in the innocence of my heart, I conceived to be founded on a fictitious idea. I spent several months before writing it in the endeavor to make up a plot which should be so new, and so different from anything that I had heard of or met with in actual life, as to cause a sensation and jump into a best seller. Surely a very laudable ambition. In the ordinary course of events the book duly made its appearance.

A few weeks afterward one of my brothers was traveling from Devonshire to London. A man got into the same railway-carriage and presently, in the most un-English manner, opened up a cheery conversation. It was a long journey and, as the train eventually passed through the suburbs of the city, cards were exchanged. When the gentleman who had helped my brother most pleasantly to pass many weary hours read his name on the small square of pasteboard, he immediately changed from an amiable and charming person into a monster of rage and vituperation. "You are the brother", he shouted, "of that scoundrel who has just written such and such a book." The fact was ad-

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mitted. "Are you aware, sir, that the whole plot of that villainous concoction is founded on the secret story of my family?" My brother denied the soft impeachment and stated that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, the book was founded on no one's story, was purely imaginative, and had been written after six months of mental anxiety which made its author a very difficult person to live with. The incident ended—as also did an acquaintance which had seemed quite likely to ripen into a delightful friendship.

A few weeks later I was sitting for the first time in a certain London club to which I had just been elected when a stern-faced individual, only just able to maintain his self-control, marched up to me and demanded that I should follow him to a private room, there to discuss something of enormous importance. With the door closed and the man's voice shaking with emotion, I was accused of having exploited the history of the family of this man, a complete stranger to me; and, during the curious hour which followed, it transpired that my fictitious plot was again true to life in every detail, even to the atmosphere in which it was laid; and that it threw open to public gaze an illegal incident which might easily upset the legitimacy of the irate gentleman who stood trembling before me. This was very disconcerting. It later turned out that this unfortunate story of mine, to which I had given birth in the solitude of my den, applied with equal faithfulness to seven other British families, representatives of whom all called upon me at various times to demand my blood. That was almost enough to put an end to my career. My natural resilience asserted itself, however, and I proceeded to the next book with a certainty that whatever plot I dug out of the interstices of my brain would be quite certain to have its counterpart in actual life.

The question is, it seems to me, not whether people and families are safe from novelists, but whether novelists are safe from people and families. Novels must be written. Women must read and writers must live, and the harbor bar must continue to moan. There ought to be, I think, a society to protect authors against anonymous letters, and irate gentlemen who linger in the mistaken belief that there is anything new under the sun. And if, as Webster asserts, a novelist is "a waiter of news"—a man who goes about with a metaphorical napkin over his arm carrying appetizing dishes from table to table and from group to group,—no one has a right to grumble if, in the dishes that he provides, his meat and vegetables have been dug out of actual soil. According to the doctrines of morality, which come under the heading of ethics, the man in the street should so rule his life that his past, present, and future may contain nothing which shall provide a plot for a novelist. Fiction is nothing but fact, and the imagination nothing but truth. I do not know the lady who writes to me. As a mere novelist it would be impossible for me to approach her. But she is only one of probably hundreds of ladies who claim to be the heroine of the novel which has given her so much discomfort. Every cap has a head to fit it, and in every corner of life there is a "chiel tackin' " notes.

The object of this letter is to ask you, sir, to establish a society for the protection of imaginists in their worthy endeavors to provide the reading public with relaxation; and to re-establish the fact, argued so many times since books have been printed,

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that there is nothing unethical in going to life for incidents and for characters, and that there is no Canute, not even in the guise of the law, who may stand up and say "Back!" to the waves of imagination.

I am, sir,
Yours faithfully,
COSMO HAMILTON.

## *Blazing the Trail Up Parnassus*

Writing for the magazines is becoming one of the most popular and delightful of indoor sports. It offers rare enjoyment to the devotee himself, and affords employment to many deserving editors who might otherwise have to work for a living. Unlike other sports, practice is not required to attain proficiency. Any aspirant with a neglected education, a limited vocabulary, and an impoverished imagination can master the simple rudiments of the game. Where it takes years of preparation and training to make a Ouimet or a Matty or even a fair plumber, one can with a minimum of effort become a Kipling or a London overnight. Why more people have not taken up this thoroughly fascinating pastime has long been a mystery in publishing circles.

It is a particularly fertile field to those who have failed to attain recognition in other more arduous and less attractive pursuits. Aside from the pleasure it affords, the game develops the muscles of the fingers, wrists, and arms, and enables one to remain at home where one's wife can be sure he is out of mischief. There is no whistle to chase, no clock to punch, and no union to join.

In the past many professionals in the game have heaped calumny upon the sport in an attempt to discourage others from an easy livelihood. An ingrate by the name of Chaucer, whose spelling was abominable, began the insidious propaganda by coining this wheeze: "The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne". The truth of that adage is applicable to golf alone. Lamb was another calamity howler who dreaded the thought of competition. His warning was: "Literature is a poor crutch and at best a fair walking-stick". That admonition would fail to deter the present-day literator whose garage is occupied by at least one motor-car. Another professional who basked in the favor of kings and cheated on his income tax, and strove to maintain the market price of his own wares, concocted this grim effusion:

Mark what ills the author's life assail:
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol!

The outfit for the beginner is easily procured. A bottle of ink, a pen, and a supply of white paper are the simple requirements. While an assured income is desirable, it is by no means essential, provided one lives at home and some member of the family has a steady job. Neither is pen and ink essential. Some of the best professionals use pencil exclusively. Editors are partial to handwritten copy—written on both sides of the paper and rolled. A rolled manuscript is always attractive, and when tied with a ribbon is sure to invite comment. Always select a topic which you know nothing about, for in doing so you excite the interest of the reader who may be familiar with the subject, and give him many surprising turns. Above all do not try to be original. Eve tried it and the Lord gave her a rejection slip. It has been said that everyone has a story to tell. There are some who doubt it, but as the

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scoffers are to be found mostly among the personnel of editorial staffs, their opinions are naturally biased.

Formerly the story recipe was something on this order: one secured a plot, which, fired by imagination, was allowed to simmer for a long time, thereby bringing out the vital substances. These might be called color, atmosphere, and philosophy. Dialogue was sprinkled judiciously into the mixture and allowed to cool. Then, served with an attractive title, the dish was placed before the ultimate consumer. Happily that slow and tedious process is now obsolete and one can dispense with plot altogether, although the other ingredients may be used sparingly. In fact, the more advanced in the art claim that plot is superfluous, and a distinct hindrance rather than an aid to a story. That this teaching is growing in popularity is admitted by the majority of editors.

After you have written your first story, it is advisable to read it aloud to a group of admiring friends. If this is done in your own home, after you have set up a good meal and all that goes before and after it, your guests will doubtless praise your handiwork and begin to feel sorry for bush-leaguers like Wells and Bennett and Tarkington.

It is an excellent idea to write to an editor of a magazine and ask him if he buys stories and, if so, what price he will pay. Show him at the start that you are strictly business. The mere fact that a magazine publishes stories should not lead one to believe they are paid for. There is little use in reading over a copy of the magazine in question to get an idea of what it uses, for editors are perverse creatures and change their policies with each issue.

There are many pitfalls dug to trap the unwary beginner, and the purpose of this article is to reveal a few of the nefarious practices indulged in by scheming editors and their hirelings. To begin with, it is the acme of lost hope to mail a manuscript to a magazine. You will never get a fair reading and probably never have the manuscript returned. The magazines collect a large revenue by purloining the stamps you sometimes enclose, and in selling the paper at a good profit to the pulp-mills. If, by accident, your story happens to be read, and it contains an exceptionally good idea, the chances are someone on the staff will use it himself. This is one of the secrets of why so many of the popular writers have served apprenticeships on editorial staffs.

By all means take your manuscript in person, insist firmly upon seeing the editor himself, and when he appears demand his credentials. Often they send a third-assistant of the associate editor to talk with novices. Once you are certain it is the editor himself with whom you are talking—and you may be sure of it if he wears a hunted look and starts guiltily from time to time when the subject of money is mentioned,—insist upon reading your story aloud to him. An editor, even of the most rabid type, appreciates those little courtesies. It saves his eyes and gives him a chance to meditate upon the follies of a misspent career. To begin with, tell the editor your story is a true one. It grips his interest at the start, and once that is done you are reasonably sure of acceptance. If he timidly suggests that you make one or two minor changes in the script, become indignant. Impress upon him the fact that you did not come to seek advice. Always resent criticism. That is one of the cardinal rules to be observed by all

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aspiring writers. It denotes independence, shows a strict adherence to lofty ideals, and places you on a firm footing with the editor. You know as well as he does that, if he were as brilliant as he pretends to be, he would be writing stories himself instead of paying others to do them.

After the editor has accepted your story, has intimated that he will feature it on the cover, and perhaps has invited you out to lunch, prepare to go to the mat with him in regard to price. Tell him you understand "The Monday Morning Pillar" pays ten cents a word, and watch his hair curl. An editor never pays what a story is worth; if he did the publisher would be riding in street-cars instead of a limousine. When you have won, and left the office with a check in your pocket along with a contract to do other stories at a higher rate, spend the rest of the day looking over the new styles of motor-cars and investigating the bond market.

When you see how easy it is to win honors in the new sport, neglect practising. There is little or no advantage to be gained in the study of plot fundamentals, style, or construction. It is a sheer waste of mental energy to analyze the work of the really few other successful writers; you can learn nothing from them as to simplicity, sequence, variety, and climax. Reading would probably lure you to imitancy. Work only when inspired and do not bother to revise or polish, for that is the assassin of style. In writing the mystery story always drop hints along that will lead the reader to an easy solution, for that will save him brain-fag and often spare him wading through to the last chapter. Avoid human interest touches as you would the happy ending; both are pap for the unsophisticated. The tragic and the unpleasant are always desirable in fiction as in life. The episode is preferable to plot, and the eternal triangle offers limitless possibilities. Stories in dialect and those abounding in italics and foreign phrases are eagerly sought. Beginners will do well to remember these few suggestions.

Stories based upon a sport are easiest to write, consisting merely of describing a game in detail and permitting the heroine to clutch with the winner. They should be submitted to technical journals that do not use fiction. Religious publications offer exceptional markets for tales of domestic infidelity, along with stories of the barroom and others of a red-blooded nature. Problem stories will likely find acceptance with juvenile publications. Verse should be offered to periodicals that use none of it. There is always the chance that the editor never had anything worth while submitted to him. Christmas stories are to be submitted early in December, and those dealing with summer fancies along in August.

If your first few stories do not win immediate acceptance, it is probably because the editors are prejudiced against you, or because you have no influence with the advertising manager. If all your stories are rejected, you are eligible to set yourself up as an established critic and to teach others how to write and sell. In a word, writing for the magazines is ridiculously easy, although the cynic may have the temerity to announce that there is a distinction between writing for them and selling to them.

—ROLAND PHILLIPS

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# SOME BRITISH NOVELS

BY H. W. BOYNTON

The real magic of a romantic artist is not producing a rabbit out of his hat; it is producing a handful of cotton-wool and making us accept it for a rabbit. Or no—it is the more practical art of the fellow who can take your small change out of your pocket and hand it back to you as a valued gift. Here, for instance, is the classic situation of love on a desert island. What is more exciting than a man and a girl on a desert island? For the answer we may consult the conundrum about the pig under a gate. Everybody knows that answer, but the story-tellers keep tendering it to us with an air of pleased courtesy, and churls are we if we accept it not with an air of pleased surprise. A Quiller-Couch rediscovered it the other day in "Foe-Farrell", and a Watson in "Where Bonds Are Loosed" and its sequel; and now that thoroughly experienced practitioner, E. Temple Thurston, has the well-founded cheek to use it as a novel situation in "David and Jonathan". More: Mr. Thurston couples the situation, as it was coupled in "Where Bonds Are Loosed", with another sempiternal idea, the return to savagery. What happens to white and civilized persons when they are cast away in the wild, preferably the elemental tropics? Mr. Thurston affects to be greatly impressed with this phenomenon. As he somewhat lumberingly pronounces in introducing his tale:

> Civilization, with the brushes of speech in its hand, the colours of varied manners and customs on its palette, has succeeded in concealing our real purposes, our true impulsory instincts, so that we are now scarcely conscious of the primary motives which, at the root of all, actuate us in everything we do.

It would seem as if, granting that we needed enlightenment on this point, the war, and the after war thus far, might have done something for us. But no, we must have two men and a girl on a tropical island. Reverently, and with an air of mystery, our expositor approaches his theme:

> One of those isolated cases in which two men, and a woman as well, were brought face to face with the absolute and eternal impulses of life, and framed their conduct, worked out their destiny as inevitably and unconsciously upon the fundamental laws of existence as though civilization had but lightly touched them with its brush of speech, as though the pigment of habit and custom had concealed nothing of what they were.

Accepting this as a recondite fact, we may succeed in getting, with the author, quite breathless in pursuit of it. . . The only valid excuse, I must feel, for this sort of rehandling of ancient matter (and the altogether sufficient excuse when, as in "Where Bonds Are Loosed", it exists at all) is that the author should have a veritable sense of rediscovery, and sweep us away with his own emotion about it. Mr. Thurston has merely taken the old materials and in cold blood recontrived them. His elaborate manner does nothing toward reassuring us of his "call" to tell this particular story.

"Mockery" is a tale of more original quality. It culminates in a similar situation—shipwreck, remote island, and all: two girls and a man happens to be the formula. But the island is hardly more than a convenient staging for the final scene of the drama. The

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main action is ironic, its mood a world removed from the romantic conventions that really underlie Mr. Thurston's tale. It has, to be sure, an eccentric hero, and that would in itself be in accord with the best recent fashion. But the queer fellow of Mr. Locke and Mr. Tarkington and the rest is queer because he is so normal, because he tells the truth and does the sensible thing while other people are squirming among the conventions: that, at least, is the "ideal". He is the angel-freak, the golden buffoon of immortal story. To use the word *hero* of the central figure in "Mockery" would be a far vaguer proceeding. That word, of course, is a famous relic of the time when romance had everything pretty much its own way. Thackeray's idea of a "novel without a hero" was regarded as a daring challenge in those days, but there are several males in the story who would rank very well among the thereabouts-heroes of the later novel. Current romance would ask nothing better than a Dobbin. About the youth in "Mockery" hangs no glamour of sentiment. He is a shabby fellow, inside and out. The only excuse we find for him, even at the very end, is based on the sufficiently British consideration of his lowly origin. That is the only excuse he finds for himself, and he is not happy over it. It does not alter the figure of mockery he at last sees himself to be. A cad and a rascal and—a brother: this is what the author has to interpret, and there is no getting away from the relationship. The story-teller goes pretty far with his method. All the other characters, like "Deadly-Earnest", with perhaps one exception, are disagreeable and unlikable from start to finish. As contrasted with a book of conventional sentiment like "David and Jonathan", it is in truth a book of ironic realism.

Civilization and the wild are contrasted also in "The Buccaneer Farmer". Mr. Bindloss has built most of his work upon that contrast, mainly as a contrast between the formal Britisher and the life of the Canadian "Bush". But the present story is, as it were, in compartments; an odd conjunction rather than a mingling of English country life and South American filibustering adventure. This immensely prolific writer is a real story-teller, very much interested in his own rapid improvisations. His people and his action are always human, if extremely British. Class and property, those corner-stones of English fiction, play their customary part in the present story. But they are no longer unchallenged. The squire and the lord of the manor no longer have everything their own way; and we get an impression of Mr. Bindloss as, like Archibald Marshall, squaring up to the unhandy facts and trying to make the best of them. He goes so far this time as to marry the radical young farmer to the daughter of the squire. But first the squire has to be taught a thing or two, and the youth of low degree has to go off adventuring in America and to bring back something of a fortune. Altogether, it is an agreeable compound, with good British countryside romance in Parts I and III and some by no means perfunctory discussion of the problems of the English farmer and landlord; and in Part II is a spirited episode in the Caribbean, with Kit playing lieutenant to his filibustering uncle, "the old buccaneer", much to his ultimate profit.

"Glenmornan", by Patrick MacGill, represents an advance in art upon its predecessors, "The Rat Pit" and "The Red Horizon". It is equally vivid in

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its interpretation of Irish peasant life, and has greater simplicity and firmness of structure. Indeed, its quality as a story is so high that the questions of its exact relation to the author's experience and opinions are questions of curiosity rather than importance. Doalty Gallagher is not Patrick MacGill, however close their kinship, nor is Glenmornan a slice of Irish landscape served plain. It is a true thing because it is *not* bare fact. Its very illusion of simplicity and almost of casualness belongs to it as a clear distillation of things and scenes and persons known and held in the alembic of memory. Glenmornan is itself a tiny place and humble, like Barrie's Thrums, and yet a place of magic—a glistening drop in which a race and a world are mirrored. In the foreground and clearest to the eye at a glance, is the little picture—the hamlet midway of the Glen, with its narrow farms running uphill from the river. The meadow-land along the river is too wet and too much exposed to flooding for cultivation; the clay of the hillsides washes down with the rains and has to be carried up again. Life is hard, and food of the simplest—chiefly bread, potatoes, and stirabout. There are local customs not held to, farther up or down the Glen. One fact is noticeable at once. These people do not get the value of their labor, are oppressed by landlord, and priest, and gombeen man. But they feel no moral indignation at this; it is merely not their luck to be at the top. They have no instinct for a free democratic existence. Their own pitiful community life is rigidly snobbish. Mr. MacGill presents the fact, as usual, without comment:

> The people live frugally and are for the most part very poor. Most families have sufficient land to keep two cows and some can keep more. A household is judged by its stock, and a family with four cows' grass to its name will not marry into a family which can only boast of three cattle . . . There are three Protestant families in the Glen, but religious rancor is not known. The class differences are more pronounced than the religious differences. The Quigleys, with one of their family a priest and the other a nun, hold themselves as much aloof from the poor Catholics as from the poor Protestants.

From this place has gone out into the world Doalty Gallagher, one of the ten children of Maura The Rosses, a widow of substance. He is a London journalist with a career before him, when a sudden revulsion against city ways and city work takes him back to Glenmornan, as he thinks, for good. He is happy at the farming, falls in love with a Glenmornan girl. But he is neither wise man nor fool enough to find acceptance there. He has outgrown the Glenmornan superstition and servility, and a word from the venal priest he has defied strips him of home, and love, and native land. They are not for him, not worthy of him, and yet he belongs to them: what hope is there for either, with the water between them? And with that wistful query of the self-exiled Irish suggested rather than uttered, the tale closes. It has bestowed upon us some memorable portraits: Maura The Rosses, to whom—hard woman that she is—the will of her unscrupulous parish priest is the will of God; Dennys The Drover, Sheila; above all, old Oiney Leahy—the kindly, the indomitable, the enslaved.

Certain reviewers of the English press are quoted as saying extravagant things of "Martin Schuler", with as much justification as is usual when such superlatives are used. The London "Daily News" declares it to be astonishing, imaginative, calm, simple, straightforward, and overwhelming; the London "Times" prefers to think

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it surprising, disconcerting, intriguing, "but certainly convincing". "The Westminster Gazette" is content with nothing short of finding it "the most remarkable analytical work ever written by an Englishwoman". Alas, poor Jane! . . We need not doubt that American reviewers may be found to supply the adjectives not represented above, namely, compelling, vital, virile, gripping, and—that seems to complete the list. Waiving the legal right of the reviewer to tender this sort of verbal wampum, let us fumble for an honest copper coin of criticism. This is an old story, the story of the erratic genius, the monster of "temperament", who becomes a god of art by playing the devil with the decencies of human relationship: the super-cad through whom the beauty of the universe chooses to speak to the hearts of men. I have little patience with this fable, for I believe it rests on a vulgar fallacy and not an established truth: on the fascinating but idle notion (long ago assailed by Carlyle) that the creative impulse springs from weakness and queerness and incontinence and egotism, and not from health and strength. Great men are fallible, but they are not great on that account. If you can believe that there was a youth named Martin Schuler, and that he was a genius and born to produce at least one musical masterpiece, you have still to believe that his temperament—that is, his egotism and eccentricity—did the trick. If the story was to be retold, this writer has done well in telling it as if it were totally new; and she has a naturalistic touch and a turn of style sufficiently un-English, a product of the literary internationalism of our period. What would our "younger English school" be without the Russians?

Being the picture of a very gallant gentleman; the adventures of his spirit in war and peace; the tale of his daughters, his son, their friends; of their loves and miseries; of the way of the world through the great war into the unexplored regions of peace—

such is the full subtitle of "Blind Alley", which W. L. George, that cosmopolitan tilter against British conventions, believes to be his best work. "Most cosmic" is the phrase he uses, not altogether intelligibly. If one work of art could be "more cosmic" than another, it would not be the complex, sophisticated, balancing, many-sided commentary on life, but the simple, boiled-down interpretation of it. I find more of the universe in a "Glenmornan" than in a "Blind Alley", perhaps because I do not look upon the universe itself as a blind alley. Mr. George, like so many of his brilliant contemporaries, is at his best as a debater on the negative side. Sir Hugh, the "very gallant" middle-aged gentleman of this narrative, is a person with whom we grow as familiar as we did with his contemporary Mr. Britling. We are called upon to be almost indecorously intimate with the minutiæ of his mental and moral toilet. We follow every spiritual gesture, assist at every intellectual and emotional reaction. We agree that he is a fine fellow in his way. His gallantry as a gentleman does what it can for him, and he has more mind and heart than most of his class. But his progress is from one disillusion to another. His family, his England, his cosmos, his own soul, are all stumbling in the blind alley of life as war exposes it. The only stable thing in his consciousness is the cat Kallikrates, supreme in his indifference to God and man. And joined to this study of man, the ineffectual, is Mr. George's favorite picture of woman the unmoral, the parasitic and predacious, worshiping the physical brute in man, and con-

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tributing to the muddle of his experience. The episode of Monica and her insufferable Cottenham, to whose crude approaches she responds with the facility of a housemaid, is typical of this writer's notion of the relation of the sexes.

On the whole, Mr. George might be described as a Wells without the pharmacopœia. He is equally ready with the diagnosis, but not with the new and magical powder or bolus which Dr. Wells has always just discovered for our benefit. In the hands of Dr. George, we are to avoid Victorian plum pudding, and to keep our windows open to the continental airs, and he will call again. By a not too strained analogy, Mr. Snaith may figure to our fancy as a Bennett without the ironic smile. "The Undefeated" has very much the Five Towns atmosphere, but is frankly a story of sentiment. Blackhampton at war is to this writer a moving as well as an absorbing spectacle. He sees in England's devotion itself, in her awakening to generous action and ungrudged suffering, a clue to the path out of the apparently blind alley in which civilization now gropes. His Josiah Munt, the publican who has crowded his way to vulgar success, finds himself arrived at the coveted pinnacle as mayor of Blackhampton at the moment when England turns to face the full brunt of the war. Blackhampton thinks it no accident that it is the exact geographical center of England, for is not its market-place a "nodal point of the local life and the life of the empire"? In doing its part in the war, Blackhampton and its mayor are to be roused from their provincial self-sufficiency to something like a realization of the world they live in. Munt's selfish efficiency is turned into a useful servant of the great cause, and he himself is mellowed and humanized in the process. So also his unowned son-in-law, the slack dreamer, William Hollis, is given a path to follow along which he finds manhood and companionship before him; it leads him willingly to "die a soldier and a gentleman that his faith and his friends may live". Yes, this is sentiment—the sentiment upon which, deeper than our sentimentality or our uneasy skepticism, our hope of the world's destiny still firmly rests.

"The Playground of Satan" is a war story of uncommon scene and high quality. Here is another chronicler who, without blinking her facts, is sturdily hopeful in her interpretation of them. The setting is Poland in the early days of the war. The action centers in a family of the old Polish nobility. Its head, Count Ian, lives upon the ancient estate in what has now long been Russian Poland, with his mother—a *grande dame* without blemish—an orphan cousin Vanda, and an English girl who is Vanda's friend. Ian is a country gentleman, absorbed in the duties of his estate. Vanda he vaguely expects to marry, but they have grown up together, and there is no hurry. Suddenly he is confronted with the fact that two cousins, brothers and brilliant fellows in their different ways, are formal suitors for Vanda's hand. She betroths herself to one of them; but her heart has always belonged to Ian. Out of this situation develops a delicately handled love story. But the book is much more than that. It gives a picture in little of helpless Poland torn between her owners, Germany and Russia, and of her momentary conquest by the worse of these masters. Nevertheless, the final note of the book is sounded from the lips of the rough Cossack Ossap, at the moment when, harried by the

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Hun, the case of Russia as well as Poland begins to be desperate: "Yes; we spit upon life. So we shall win, in the end. And our children shall be freed."

Unluckily for the author of "The Fire of Green Boughs", though essentially a romancer she has set out with an "idea" which embitters her pages without being really embodied in her main action. It is suggested in the title; and is, in effect, that in this war the young have been sacrificed by, and for the advantage of, the old—the old meaning all men above military age; and that the sacrifice has been to the infinite detriment of the world for generations to come. We are to picture all those of all warring countries, who could not, if they would, get into the actual fighting, as sitting home inert; or complacently and selfishly busying themselves with the resumption of that authority, that stupid and bungling tyranny, which the young in this century had almost snatched from them. Here is a young Englishman sent home disfigured but not crippled, who in one breath cries, "God! I wish I'd been old enough to have been killed in one of the first seven divisions"; and in the next mutters: "I'd put up gibbets all over Europe and hang every man who was over military age and then there would be a clean slate". The chief trouble with this youth seems to be not his memories of carnage, or his disfigurement, but a certain clipping he carries about and broods over till it drives him to suicide:

> To many of us the greatest trial that this war has brought is that it has released the old men from all restraining influences and has left (*sic*) them loose upon the world. . . . Just when the younger generation was beginning to take its share in the affairs of the world and was hoping to counteract the Victorian influences of the older generation, this war has come to silence us. . . . Us! This, we are to take it, is the voice of youth, cursing those who are too old to fight and who have found it so luxurious to do their own work and the younger generation's as well, at home. Let us have a war of the generations, by all means, since wars of race, and class, and sex begin to pall upon us! . . The story of Dominic and Sylvia and Willie Kent, and of the England and Ireland they know in wartime, is well worth telling without burdening it with so brutal and foolish and, on the whole, trumped up a "line" of propaganda.

Not that we need deny or bewail the clear tendency of our time to break down the barriers of pompous authority that have stood between the "Victorian" parents of all ages and their offspring. If the notorious British paterfamilias and his American counterpart still lift their heads in pride, let us hit them again, by all means. But why be nasty about it? The satire of "The Pelicans" touches the foibles of the old (that is, of the grown-up) sharply enough, without altogether denying them the charity due to fellow beings. In making herself a bore and a nuisance to her chil-

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David and Jonathan. By E. Temple Thurston. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mockery. By Alexander MacFarlan. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Buccaneer Farmer. By Harold Bindloss. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Glenmornan. By Patrick MacGill. George H. Doran Company.

Martin Schuler. By Romer Wilson. Henry Holt and Co.

Blind Alley. By W. L. George. Little, Brown and Co.

The Undefeated. By J. C. Snaith. D. Appleton and Co.

The Playground of Satan. By Beatrice Baskerville. W. J. Watt and Co.

The Fire of Green Boughs. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Pelicans. By E. M. Delafield. Alfred A. Knopf.

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dren, poor Bertie Tregaskis in the end becomes a bore and a nuisance to herself, without ever quite understanding what has happened—a piteous figure, to whom the author does not deny a certain head-shaking sympathy. The chronicler rather overworks her peculiar vein of humorous dialogue, so that we weary of the petty egotism and the petty malice underlying the extremely wordy intercourse of her chief adult characters. As a satire upon age, the book lacks the sure and restrained touch which marked this writer's earlier satire upon youth, "Zella Sees Herself". The episode of little Frances and her "vocation" stands out as an extraordinarily realistic study of a phenomenon most difficult for the Protestant world to understand.

## ON FIRST READING THE "NEW" POETRY

BY CAROLYN WELLS

I put it off long as I might,—and then
I put it off again—and yet again.
"For",—said I, musing,—"'tis not easy lore,—
I must jack up my slipshod soul before
I strive to reach the heights they stoop to brush
With their great wings of genius. I must lush
My soul in laving fountains. I must use
All aids to listen to the modern muse."
'Twas thus I pondered. Eke I did despair,
Even after days of fasting,—days of prayer,
Of ever getting in a proper frame
To tackle that new poetry, whose fame
Was wafted me-ward by each calling friend,
Each offering me the cherished books to lend.
Well,—I made ready,—I prepared to thrill,—
To feel the shiver of that spinal chill,—
That high soul-pressure. Leveling my head,
Expectantly I sat me down and read.
Read? Nay, devoured! drew in, gulped down, absorbed,—
As gasping, panting, open-mouthed, sound-orbed,
I galloped on! Just pausing here and there
To note a new bad word or novel swear,—
Then,—something seemed upsetting in the talk—
I hurriedly went out and took a walk.

* * *

That first mad reading I shall ne'er forget;
The second? Well,—that hasn't happened yet!

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# WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

NEW YORK, *May*, 1919.

I knew a man who used to do some writing, more or less of it—articles and essays and little sketches and things like that—and he went to another man who was a publisher. (I know all of this because it was told to me not long ago at a club.) And he said (this first man) that he would like to have published a book of some of his pieces. He hadn't done much, if any, writing for a number of years. Matters had been going rather bad with him, and he had lost more than a little of his buoyancy. The spark had waned; in fact, it was not there. (This he did not say, but so the matter was.)

Anyhow, he did say that this collection of material had about it the rich glow of his prime, that it was living with the fullness of his life, that as a contributor of these papers to magazines he had (or had had) a personal following decent enough in size, that the book, by all reasoning, ought to go far, and so on. The volume was published. It was called—no, I have forgotten what it was called. However, I heard that it got a very fair press, and sold somewhat.

Then, in about a year or so, round came the man again to the publisher with another batch of little papers. He had aged perceptibly within this time, and matters had been going with him rather worse than before. No, he hadn't been able to write anything lately. (For a moment a haunted look crossed his face, a look as though in some sad hidden secret he had been discovered.) But (brightening up again) here he had a better book than before; it was a much better book than before, as it was an earlier one. These things breathed the gusto of his young manhood. They were perhaps a bit miscellaneous in character, he had got them out of the files of various journals, but they had a verve, a fire, a *flair* for life, which he couldn't better now. A great deal more he said to this effect.

Times, however, change (as has frequently been observed). What is sauce for the goose is *not* always sauce for the gander. That is to say, other days other ways. I do not know that I gathered (that evening at the club) what was the upshot of the matter in this instance between the man of whom I am speaking and the publisher. But it is to be feared that time had blown upon those things of his of other days as it had upon the temple of his soul and its inhabitant.

Well (so the story goes) the world went forward at a dizzy rate. There was flame and sword. Ministries rose and fell. Dynasties passed away. Customs handed down from antiquity, and honored among the ancients, were obliterated by mandate and statute. And man wrought things of many sorts in new ways.

On a Friday at about half past two (a pleasant day it was, in the spring, with new buds coming out in the parks and a new generation of children all about) again in came our old friend to see his friend the publisher. Well, well, and how was he now, and what was new with him? Why, a rotten bad run of cards had been his ever since he had been round before: rheu-

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matism and influenza, dentist and oculist, wife down and brother dead, nothing much accomplished. He sat for a moment and there was no light in him. No, (you saw it now, quite) he was a lamp without oil.

He undid the package containing his manuscript. Here was a book (those yellow clippings), well, here was a book! This was a *younger* book than either of his others. On it was the gleaming dew of his youth. Perhaps a little scrappy, very brief, and, many of them, rather unequal in length—these things; and very light. Ah, that was the point, that was the point! The lightness, the freshness, the spontaneity, the gaiety of the springtime of life! One could not recapture that. It would be impossible, quite impossible, for him now to write such things as these. He did not now think the same way, feel, see the same way, work—the same way. No, no; there comes a hardening of the spiritual and intellectual arteries. This was a *younger* book, a *younger* book (and as he leaned forward with finger raised, a light, for an instant, flickered again in his eye) than any of his others.

* * *

There was a man at that club when this story was told who remarked: "It is said (is it not?) that Swift rereading 'Gulliver' many years after it was written exclaimed: 'My God, what a genius I had at that time!'"

And another man there at the time reminded us of the place somewhere in the books of George Moore where it is observed that "anybody can have talent at twenty, the thing is to have talent at fifty".

MURRAY HILL

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# JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

*(Continued)*

## CHAPTER X

### The Awakening of Charlotte

§1

Toward the end of the first fortnight's stay at Cow Farm, it was announced that very shortly there would be a picnic at Rafiel Cove. Jeremy had been waiting for this proclamation; once or twice he had asked whether they were going to the Cove and had been told "not to bother", "all in good time", and other ridiculous elderly finalities; but he knew that the day must come as it had always come every year. The picnic at Rafiel was always the central event of the summer.

And he had this year another reason for excited anticipation—the wonderful Charlotte Le Page was to be present. Until now Jeremy had never taken the slightest interest in girls. Mary and Helen, being his sisters, were necessities and inevitabilities, but that did not mean that he could not get along very easily without them; and indeed Mary with her jealousies, her strange, sulky temper and sudden sentimental repentances, was certainly a burden and restraint. As to the little girls in Polchester he had frankly found them tiresome and stupid, thinking of themselves, terrified of the most natural phenomena, and untruthful in their statements.

Girls were stupid, uninteresting, conceited, and slow. He never, in all his life, wanted to have anything to do with girls. But Charlotte Le Page was another matter. She had, in the first place, become quite a tradition in the Cole family. She was the daughter of a wealthy landowner who always spent his holidays in Rafiel. She and her very beautiful, very superior mother had been seen on many occasions by the Coles driving about the Glebeshire roads in a fine and languid manner, a manner to which the Coles knew, very well, they themselves could never attain. Then Mrs. Cole had called, and Mrs. Le Page and Charlotte had come to tea at Cow Farm. This had been a year ago when Jeremy had been only seven; nevertheless he had been present during the first part of the ceremony and Charlotte had struck him as entirely amazing.

He had simply gazed at her with his mouth open, forgetting all his good manners. She was at this time nine or ten years of age, but very small and, as they say of the most modern kind of doll, "perfect in every particular". She had wonderful hair of a bright rippling gold; her cheeks were pink and her eyes were blue; and she was so beautifully dressed that you could not take in details, but must simply surrender yourself to a cloudy film of white or blue with everything so perfectly in its place that it seemed to the rough and ready Jeremy quite unearthly. Of course she had to be very careful how she walked, when she sat down, in what way she moved her hands and feet, and how she blew her nose. It was wonderful to see her do

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these things—she did them so naturally and yet always with a sense of an effort overcome for the good of humanity. Her mother never ceased to empty praises at her feet, appealing to visitors with: "Isn't Charlotte too lovely today?" or "Really, Mrs. Cole, did you ever see anything like Charlotte's hair?" or "Just a moment, Mrs. Cole, I'm sure you've never seen such hands and feet on any human being before"—and it was impossible to tell whether or no Charlotte was moved by these praises because she never said anything at all. She was almost completely silent and once, at the tea-gathering in Cow Farm, when she suddenly said: "I'm tired, Mamma", Jeremy nearly jumped from his chair, so astonished he was.

Jeremy had, during the year that intervened between that visit and this, sometimes thought of Charlotte and he had looked back upon her, not as a little girl but as something strange, fantastic, wonderfully colored, whom it would be interesting to see again. He wondered why Mary and Helen could not be like that instead of running about and screaming and becoming red in the face. He said once to Mary that she should imitate Charlotte, and the scene that followed was terrible. Mary, from that moment, hated Charlotte with an overpowering hatred.

Here this year they were again, Mrs. Le Page with her long neck, her beautiful pearl earrings, her pale watery eyes, and her tapering fingers; Charlotte just as before, silent, beautiful, and precious. There was again a tea-party at Cow Farm and on this occasion Jeremy was asked to show Hamlet. But Hamlet behaved badly, trying to jump upon Charlotte's white frock and soil her blue ribbons. Charlotte screamed exactly as a doll screams when you press it in the stomach; and Hamlet was so deeply astonished at the unexpected noise that he stopped his bad behavior, sat on his hind legs, and gazed up at her with an anxious, wondering expression. In spite of this unfortunate incident the visit went off well, and Mrs. Cole said that she had never seen anything so lovely as Charlotte; and Mrs. Le Page said: "No, had anyone ever?" and Charlotte never turned a hair. The final arrangement was that there should be a picnic and soon, because "Mr. Le Page has to return to Warwickshire to look after the estate —so tiresome but I've no doubt it's all going to wrack and ruin without him".

After the picnic had been arranged the Coles were, frankly, a little uneasy. The family of Le Page was not the easiest in the world to entertain and the thought of a whole day with Mr. Le Page, who was a very black, very silent gentleman and looked as though he were always counting sums over in his head, was truly alarming. Moreover, in the ordinary way, a picnic, which depended so entirely for its success on the weather, was no great risk because the Coles were indifferent to rain as all true Glebeshire people must be. But that the Le Pages should be wet was quite another affair; the thought of a dripping Mrs. Le Page was intolerable, but of a dripping Charlotte quite impossible; moreover the plain but excellent food —pastries, saffron cake, apples, and ginger-beer—enjoyed by the Coles seemed quite too terrestrial for the Le Pages. Mrs. Le Page and ginger-beer! Charlotte and pastries! . . . nevertheless the invitation had been given and accepted. The Coles could but anxiously inspect the sky. . . .

§2

There was another reason why

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Jeremy looked forward to the picnic with impatience. A funny old lady, named Miss Henhouse, who lived near Cow Farm in a little cottage all by herself, called sometimes upon the Coles and told them stories about the people and the place which made them "sit up in their chairs". She was an old lady with sharp eyes, a black mustache, and a double chin; wore an old shabby bonnet, grey mittens, and large shoes which banged after her as she walked. It was from her that Jeremy heard, in detail, the famous story of the Scarlet Admiral. How one night outside Rafiel Cove there was a terrible storm and on the morning afterward a wonderful, smiling calm; and how the village idiot, out for his early morning stroll, saw a splendid ship riding beyond the Cove. As he watched, a boat pushed out from the ship and then landed on the sand of the Cove a wonderful company in cocked hats of gold lace, plush breeches of red, and shoes with diamond buckles. The fool, peering over the hedge, saw the leader give orders to his men and then walk, alone, up the little winding path, to the cliff-top, standing at last upon the turnip field of Farmer Ede, one of the greatest of the farmers of those parts. And here he waited staring out to sea, his arms crossed, his eyes very fierce and very, very sad. Then, a second time from the golden ship a boat pushed out, and there landed on the beach a young man, very beautiful, in a suit of blue and gold; and he, without a glance at the waiting sailors, also slowly climbed the sea-path, and, at last, he too reached Farmer Ede's turnip field. Then he and the Scarlet Admiral bowed to one another, very beautifully, very sadly, and very, very fiercely. So as the sun rose high in the sky, as the cows passed clumsily down the lane behind the field, the fool, with eyes staring and heart thumping, saw these two fight a duel to the death. There could be no question, from the first, how it would end. The beautiful young man in his fine blue suit and his white cambric shirt had despair upon his face. He knew that his hour had come. And the eyes of the little Scarlet Admiral were ever sadder and ever fiercer. Then, with a sudden move, a little turn of his agile body, the Scarlet Admiral had the young man through the breast. The young man threw up his arms and cried and as the Scarlet Admiral withdrew his sword, dripping with blood, the young man fell backward over the cliff into the sea. Then the Scarlet Admiral joined his men. They found their boat, pushed out to their ship—and even as they landed upon her she disappeared. A moment later the fool saw the parson of Rafiel Church coming round the corner for his morning bath, and two minutes afterward nothing human was to be seen save the naked limbs of the parson and his little bundle of black clothes lying neatly upon a stone. Then the fool ran all the way home to his mother, who was a widow; and sat and cried and cried for the beautiful young man who had been slain; nor would he eat, nor taste the excellent Rafiel beer. And he pined away, and he pined away, and at last he died, first telling this history to his mother who, like all widows, was a garrulous woman and loved a good story. . . .

Impossible to imagine with what life and fire old Miss Henhouse gave this history. You could see with your own eyes the golden ship, the diamond buckles of the Scarlet Admiral, the young man's sad eyes, the parson's black clothes. When she had finished, it seemed to Jeremy that it must have

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been just so. She told him that now on a summer morning or evening the Scarlet Admiral might still be seen, climbing the cliff-path, wiping his sword upon the grass, gazing out with sad eyes to sea. Jeremy swore to himself that on the next occasion of visiting the Cove he would watch . . . he would watch—but to no single human being would he speak of this.

This was the second reason why he had looked forward so eagerly to the sea-picnic.

§3

The day arrived and it was marvelously fine—one of those days in August when heat possesses the world and holds it tranced and still, but has in the very strength of its possession some scent of the decay and chill of autumn that is to follow so close upon its heels. There was no breeze, no wind from the sea, only a sky utterly without cloud and a world without sound.

Punctually at eleven of the morning the splendid Le Page equipage arrived at Cow Farm. Splendid it was! A large wagonette, with a stout, supercilious fellow on the box who sniffed at the healthy odors of the farm and stared haughtily at Mrs. Monk as though she should be ashamed to be alive. The Coles had provided a small plump "jingle" with a small plump pony, their regular conveyance; the pony was Bob and he would not go up hills unless persuaded with sugar, but Jeremy loved him and would not have ridden behind any other steed in the whole world. How contemptuously the big black horses of the wagonette gazed down their nostrils at Bob and how superbly Mrs. Le Page, sitting very upright under her white sunshade, greeted Mrs. Cole!

"Dear Mrs. Cole. . . . Such a hot morning isn't it? Lovely, of course, but so hot!"

"I'm afraid", Jeremy heard his mother say, "that your carriage will never get down the Rafiel lane, Mrs. Le Page. We hoped you'd come in the dog-cart. Plenty of room. . . ."

Superb to witness the fashion in which Mrs. Le Page gazed at the dog-cart.

"For all of us?... Dear Mrs. Cole, I scarcely think—And Charlotte's frock. . . ."

Then Jeremy turned his eyes to Charlotte. She sat under a miniature sunshade of white silk and lace, a vision of loveliness. She was a shimmer of white, a little white cloud that had settled for a moment upon the seat of the carriage to allow the sun to dance upon it, to caress it with fingers of fire, so to separate it from the rest of the world forever as something too precious to be touched. Jeremy had never seen anything so lovely.

He blushed and scraped his boots the one against the other.

"And this is Jeremy?" said Mrs. Le Page, as though she said: "And this is where you keep your little pigs, Mr. Monk?"

"Yes", said Jeremy blushing.

"Charlotte, this is Jeremy. You must be friends."

"Yes", said Charlotte without moving. Then Jeremy tumbled into the stern gaze of Mr. Le Page who, arrayed as he was in a very smart suit of the whitest flannels, looked with his black beard and fierce black eyebrows like a pirate king disguised.

"How are you?" said Mr. Le Page in a deep bass voice.

"Very well, thank you", said Jeremy.

To tell the truth, Mrs. Cole's heart sadly misgave her when she saw the Le Page family all sitting up so new

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and so bright in their new and bright carriage. She thought of the simple preparations that had been made—the pastries, the saffron buns, and the ginger-beer; she looked around her at the very plain but useful garments worn by her family; her husband in faded grey flannel trousers and a cricketing shirt, Helen and Mary in the simplest blue cotton, and Jeremy in his two-year-old sailor suit. She had intended to bring their bathing things in a bundle, but now she put them aside. It was obvious that the Le Pages had no intention of bathing. She sighed and foresaw a difficult day ahead of her. . . .

It was evident that the Le Pages did not intend to come one step farther into Cow Farm than was necessary.

"Dear Mrs. Cole, on a hot day—how you can endure the smells of a farm! . . . such a charming farm, too, with all its cows and pigs but in this weather . . . Charlotte darling, you don't feel the heat? No? Hold your sunshade a little more to the right, love. That's right. She was not quite the thing last night, Mrs. Cole. I had some doubts about bringing her, but I knew you'd all be so disappointed. She's looking rather lovely today, don't you think? You must forgive a mother's partiality. . . . Oh, you're not bringing that little dog, are you? Surely . . ."

Jeremy, who had from the first hated Mrs. Le Page, forgot his shyness and brought out fiercely:

"Of course he's coming. Hamlet always goes everywhere with us."

"Hamlet!" said Mr. Le Page in his deep bass voice.

"What a strange name for a dog!" said Mrs. Le Page in tones of vague distrust.

At last it was settled that one member of the Cole party should ride with the Le Pages, and Mary was selected. Poor Mary! inevitably chosen when something unpleasant must be done. Today it was especially hard for her because she entertained so implacable a hatred for the lovely Charlotte and looked, it must be confessed, so plain and shabby by the side of her. Indeed, to any observer with a heart it must have been touching to see Mary driven away in that magnificent black carriage, staring with agonized hostility in front of her through her large spectacles, compelled to balance herself exactly between the magnificent sunshade of Mrs. Le Page and the smaller but also magnificent sunshade of the lovely Charlotte. Mrs. Cole, glancing in that direction, may have felt with a pang that she would never be able to make her children handsome and gay as she would like to do—but it was certainly a pang of only a moment's duration.

She would not have exchanged her Mary for a wagon-load of Charlottes.

And Jeremy, bumping along in the "jingle", also felt the contrast. Why could not Mary wear her straw hat straight and why must she have elastic under her chin? Why did she look so cross and so stupid? Why did she bother him so with her worries? Charlotte would never worry him. She would just sit there, looking beautiful, with her golden hair, blue eyes, and pink cheeks. Next week was to be Miss Jones's birthday and in preparation for this he had bought for her in Polchester a silver thimble. He wondered whether he would not give Charlotte this thimble instead of Miss Jones. He could give Miss Jones some old thing he would find somewhere, or he would go and pick for her some flowers. She would be pleased with anything. He wondered what Charlotte would say when he gave her the

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thimble. She would like it, of course. She would smile. . . . She would open her eyes and look at him. Fortunately he had the thimble even now in his pocket. He had bought it when he was wearing this same suit. Yes, he would give it to her. As he decided this he looked at Miss Jones guiltily, but she was making such odd faces as she squinted to escape from the sun that he did not feel ashamed.

They came to that steep hill just beyond Garth Woods and Bob of course refused to move. The superb Le Page affair dashed past them, shouted something at them, and disappeared over the brow of the hill. The last thing to be seen of them was the fierce despairing glance of the imprisoned Mary. A strange sensation of relief instantly settled upon the Coles. For a moment they were alone; they began slowly to walk up the hill, dragging with them the reluctant Bob. About them was peace, absolute and unstained. The hard glitter of the day shone upon the white road but behind them the wood was dark and cool, a green cloud against the sky. Behind the steep hedges the harvesters were moving. In the air a lark was singing and along the ditch at the roadside a tiny stream tumbled. And beyond these sounds there was a vast, tranquil silence.

The Coles moved up the hill very slowly, only Hamlet racing ahead to find spots of shadow where he might lie down and pant. They would not confess to themselves that this promised to be the happiest moment of their day. They went bravely forward.

On the bend of the hill the Le Pages were waiting for them. What Mrs. Cole had foreseen had in truth occurred. The Le Page carriage would not go down the Rafiel lane. No, it would not. . . . Nothing would induce it to.

"James", said Mrs. Le Page to her stout and disdainful attendant.

"Nothing, ma'am", said James.

"Dear me, dear me", said Mrs. Le Page. "Well then, we must walk", said the deep, despairing voice of the pirate king.

And walk they did.

§4

That walk was, as Mrs. Cole afterward said, "a pity" because it destroyed the Le Page tempers when the day was scarcely begun. Mr. Le Page was, it was quickly descried, not intended for walking. Strong and fierce though he seemed, heat instantly crumpled him up. The perfect crease of his white trousers vanished, his collar was no longer spotless, little beads of perspiration appeared almost at once on his forehead, and his black beard dripped moisture. Mrs. Le Page, with her skirts raised, walked as though she were passing through the valley of Destruction; every step was a risk and a danger; and the difficulty of holding her skirts and her sunshade at the same time, and of seeing that her shoes were not soiled and her hat not caught by an offending bough, gave her face an expression of desperate despair.

There was unfortunately one spot very deep down in the lane where the ground was never dry even in the height of the hottest summer. A little stream ran here across the path and the ground on either side was soft and sodden. Mrs. Le Page, struggling to avoid an overhanging branch, stepped into the mud; one foot stuck there, and it needed Mr. Cole's strong arm to pull her out of it.

"Charlotte! Charlotte!" she cried. "Don't let Charlotte step into that!

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Mr. Cole! Mr. Cole! I charge you—my child!" Charlotte was conveyed across but the damage was done. One of Mrs. Le Page's beautiful shoes was thick with mud.

When therefore the party, climbing out of the lane, came suddenly upon the path leading down to the Cove, with the sea like a blue cloud in front of them, no one exclaimed at the view. It was a very beautiful view—one of the finest of its kind in the United Kingdom, the high rocks closing in the Cove and the green hills closing in the rocks. Unfortunately, at the moment when the Coles and their friends beheld it, it was blazing in the sun. Soon the sun would pass and, during the whole afternoon, half of it at least would lie in shadow; but the Le Pages could not be expected to think of that.

The basket was unloaded from the "jingle" and carried down to the beach by Mr. Cole and Jim. Jeremy, finding himself at the side of the lovely Charlotte, was convulsed with shyness, the more since he knew that the unhappy Mary was listening with jealous ears. Charlotte walking, like Agog, "delicately", had a piteous expression in her eyes as though she were being led to the torture.

Jeremy coughed and began: "We always come here every year. Don't you like it?"

"Yes", she said miserably.

"And we paddle and bathe. Do you like bathing?"

"Going into the sea?"

"Yes."

"Oh no! Mother says I mustn't because it'll hurt my hair. Do you like my hair?"

"Yes", said Jeremy, blushing at so direct an invitation to compliment.

"Mother says I've got to be very careful of my hair because it's my chief beauty."

"Yes", said Jeremy.

"I have a maid, Alice, and she brushes it a whole hour every morning and a whole hour every evening."

"Don't you get tired?" asked Jeremy. "I know I should."

"Mother says if you have such beautiful hair you must take trouble with it", Charlotte gravely replied.

Her voice was so like the voice of a parrot that Jeremy's grandmother had once possessed that it didn't seem as though a human being was speaking at all. They were near the beach now and could see the blue slipping in, turning into white bubbles, then slipping out again—

"Do you like my frock?" said Charlotte.

"Yes", said Jeremy.

"It was bought in London. All my clothes are bought in London."

"Mary's and Helen's aren't", said Jeremy, with some faint idea of protecting his sisters. "They're bought in Polchester."

"Mother says", said Charlotte, "that if you're not pretty, it doesn't matter where you buy your clothes."

They arrived on the beach and stared about them. It became at once a great question as to where Mrs. Le Page would sit. She could not sit on the sand which looked damp, nor equally of course on a rock that was spiky and hard. What to do with her? She stood in the middle of the beach still holding up her skirts, gazing desperately about her, looking first at one spot and then at another. "Oh dear! the heat!" she exclaimed. "Is there no shade anywhere? Perhaps in that farmhouse over there . . ." It was probable enough that no member of the Cole family would have minded banishing Mrs. Le Page into the farmhouse, but it would have meant that the whole party must accompany her.

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That was impossible. They had come for a picnic and a picnic they would have.

"What does everyone say to our having lunch now?" cried Mrs. Cole cheerfully. "It's after one and I'm sure everyone's hungry."

No one said anything, so preparations were begun. A minute piece of shade was found for Mrs. Le Page and here she sat on a flat piece of rock, with her skirts drawn close about her as though she were afraid of rats or crabs. A table-cloth was laid on the sand and the provisions spread out—pastries for everybody, egg sandwiches, seed-cake, and jam-puffs—*and* ginger-beer. It looked a fine feast when it was all there and Mrs. Cole, as she gave the final touch to it by placing a drinking glass containing two red rosebuds in the middle, felt proud of her efforts and hoped that after all the affair might pass off bravely. But alas, how easily the proudest plans fall to the ground.

"I hope, Alice, you haven't forgotten the salt!"

Instantly Mrs. Cole knew that she had forgotten it. She could see herself standing there in Mrs. Monk's kitchen forgetting it. How could she? And Mrs. Monk, how could *she?* It had never been forgotten before.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Le Page, I'm afraid . . ."

"My dear Mrs. Cole! What does it matter? Not in the least, I assure you. In this heat it's impossible to feel hungry, isn't it? I assure you I don't feel as though I could touch a thing. A little fruit perhaps—an apple or a peach—"

Fruit? Why hadn't Mrs. Cole brought fruit? She might so easily have done so, and she had never thought about it. They themselves were rather tired of fruit and so—

"I'm afraid we've no fruit, but an egg sandwich—"

"Eggs need salt, don't you think? Not that it matters in the very least, but so that you shouldn't think me fussy. Really, dear Mrs. Cole, I never felt less hungry in my life. Just a drop of milk and I'm perfectly satisfied."

"Jeremy shall run up to the farm for the milk. You don't mind, Jeremy dear, do you? It's only a step. Just take this sixpence, dear, and say we'll send the jug back this afternoon if they'll spare one."

Jeremy did mind. He was enjoying his luncheon and he was gazing at Charlotte and he was teasing Hamlet with scraps—he was very happy. Nevertheless he started off.

As soon as he left the sands, the noise of the sea was shut off from him and he was climbing the little green path up which the Scarlet Admiral had once stalked.

Suddenly he remembered—in his excitement about Charlotte he had forgotten the Admiral. . . He stood for a moment, listening. The green hedge shut off the noise of the sea—only above his head some birds were twittering. He fancied that he heard footsteps, then that beyond the hedge something was moving. It seemed to him that the birds were also listening for something. . . . "Well it's the middle of the afternoon anyway", he thought to himself, "he never comes then—only in the morning or evening"; but he hurried forward after that, wishing that he had called to Hamlet to accompany him. It was a pleasant climb to the farm through the green orchard, and he found at the farm door an agreeable woman who smiled at him when she gave him the milk. He had to come down the hill carefully lest the milk should be spilt;

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he walked along very happily, humming to himself and thinking in a confused summer-afternoon kind of manner of Charlotte, Hamlet, Mrs. Le Page, and himself. "Shall I give her the thimble or sha'n't I? I could take her to the pools where the little crabs are. She'd like them. I wonder whether we're going to bathe. Mrs. Le Page will look funny bathing. . ."

Then he was in the green lane again and at once his discomfort returned to him and he looked around his shoulder and into the hedges, and stopped once and again to listen. There was no sound. The birds, it seemed, had all fallen to sleep. The hedges, he thought, were closer about him. It was very hot here with no breeze and no comforting sound of the sea. "I wonder whether he really does come", he thought. "It must be horrid to see him—coming quite close . . ."; and the thought of the fool also frightened him: the fool with his tongue out and his shaking legs like the idiot who lived near the cathedral at home. At the thought of this Jeremy suddenly took to his legs and ran, covering the top of his jug with his hand. Then when he came out onto the strip of grass that crossed the top of the beach he stopped, suddenly ashamed of himself. Scarlet Admirals! Scarlet Admirals! How could there be Scarlet Admirals in a world that also contained so blazing a sun, so blue a sea, and the gorgeous realities of the Le Page family.

He arrived at the luncheon party hot and proud and smiling, so cheerful and stolid and agreeable that even Mrs. Le Page was compelled to say, "Really, Mrs. Cole, that's a very nice little boy of yours. Come here, little Jeremy, and talk to me!" How deeply he hated being called "little Jeremy" only Mary and Helen knew. Their eyes flew to his face to see how he would take it. He took it very well. He sat down beside Mrs. Le Page, who very gracefully and languidly sipped at her glass of milk.

"How old are you, Jeremy dear?" she asked him.

"Eight", he answered, wriggling.

"What a nice age! and one day you'll go to school?"

"In September."

"And what will you be when you're a man?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'll be a soldier, perhaps."

"Oh I'm sure you wouldn't like to be a soldier and kill people."

"Yes, I would. There's lots of people I'd like to kill."

Mrs. Le Page drew her skirts back a little. . . . Then she gave a shrill cry:

"Charlotte—darling. Do hold your sunshade up. All the left side of your face is exposed. That's better, dear—I beg your pardon, Mr. Cole?" . . .

The luncheon in fact had been a most dismal failure. The Coles could fling their minds back to luncheons on this same beach that had been simply riotous successes. What fun they had had! What games! What baths! . . . Now, the very sight of Mr. Le Page's black beard was enough. Even Jeremy felt that things were wrong. Then he looked at Charlotte and was satisfied. There she sat, straight and stiff, her hands on her lap, her hair falling in lovely golden ripples down her back, her gaze fixed on distance. Oh! she was beautiful! He would do whatever she told him, he would give her Miss Noah and the apple-tree, he would. . . A sound disturbed his devotions. He turned; both Mr. and Mrs. Le Page were fast asleep.

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§5

"Children", whispered Mrs. Cole. "Very quietly now—so that you don't disturb anyone—run off to the farther beach and play. Helen, you'll see that everything is all right, won't you?"

It was only just in time that Jeremy succeeded in strangling Hamlet's bark into a snort, and even then they all looked round for a moment at the sleepers in the greatest anxiety. But no, they had not been disturbed. If only Mr. Le Page could have known what he resembled lying there with his mouth open. But he did not know. He was doubtless dreaming of his property.

The children crept away, Charlotte and Jeremy together. Jeremy's heart beat thickly. At last he had the lovely creature in his charge. It was true that he did not quite know what he was going to do with her and that even now, in the height of his admiration, he did wish that she would not walk as though she were treading on red hot ploughshares, and that she would talk a little instead of giving little shivers of apprehension at every step.

"I must say", he thought to himself, "she's rather silly in some ways. Perhaps it wouldn't be fun to see her always."

They turned the corner round a projecting finger of rock, and a new little beach, white and gleaming, lay in front of them.

"Well", said Jeremy, "here we are—what shall we play?"

There was dead silence.

"We might play pirates", he continued. "I'll be the pirate and Mary can sit on that rock until the water comes round her and Charlotte shall hide in that cave—"

There was still silence; looking about him he discovered from his sisters' countenances that they were resolved to lend no kind of assistance, and he then deduced the simple fact that his sisters hated Charlotte, and were not going to make it pleasant for her in any way if they could help it. Oh! It was a miserable picnic! The worst that he'd ever had.

"It's too hot to play", said Helen loftily. "I'm going to sit down over there."

"So am I", said Mary.

They moved away, their heads in the air and their legs ridiculously stiff.

Jeremy gazed at Charlotte in distress. It was very wicked of his sisters to go off like that, but it was also very silly of Charlotte to stand there so helplessly. He was beginning to think that, perhaps, he would give the thimble to Miss Jones after all.

"Would you like to go and see the pool where the little crabs are?" he asked.

"I don't know", she answered, her upper lip trembling as though she were going to cry. "I want to go home with mother."

"You can't go home", he said firmly, "and you can't see your mother because she's asleep."

"I've made my shoes dirty", she said, looking down at her feet, "and I'm so tired of holding my sunshade."

"I should shut it up", Jeremy said without any hesitation. "I think it's a silly thing. I'm glad I'm not a girl. Do you have to take it with you everywhere?"

"Not if it's raining. Then I have an umbrella."

"I think you'd better come and see the crabs", he settled. "They're only just over there."

She moved along with him reluctantly, looking back continually.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" Jeremy asked politely.

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"No", she said without any hesitation. "I want to go home."

"She's as selfish as anything", he thought to himself. "We're giving the party and she ought to have said 'Yes', even if she wasn't."

"Do you like my dog?" he asked, with another effort at light conversation.

"No", she answered with a little shiver. "He's ugly."

"He isn't ugly", Jeremy returned indignantly. "He isn't perhaps the very best breed, but Uncle Samuel says that doesn't matter if he's clever. He's better than any other dog. I love him more than anybody. He isn't ugly!"

"He is!" cried Charlotte with a kind of wail. "Oh! I want to go home."

"Well, you can't go home", he answered her fiercely. "So you needn't think about it."

They came to the little pools, three of them, now clear as crystal blue on their surface, with green depths and red shelving rock.

"Now you sit there", he said cheerfully. "No one will touch you. The crabs won't get at you."

He looked about him and noticed with surprise where he was. He was sitting on the farther corner of the very beach where the Scarlet Admiral had landed with his men. It was out there beyond that bend of rock that the wonderful ship had ridden. Directly opposite to him was the little green path that led up the hill and above it the very field—Farmer Ede's field!

For a moment he forgot Charlotte in his interest over this discovery, staring about him and watching how quickly the August afternoon was losing its heat and color so that already a little cold autumnal wind was playing about the sand, the colors were being drawn from the sky, and a grey web was slowly pulled across the sea.

"Now", he said cheerfully to Charlotte, "I'll look for the crabs."

"I hate crabs", she said, "I want to go home."

"You can't go home", he answered furiously. "What's the good of saying that over and over again? You aren't going yet, so it's no use saying you are."

"You're a horrid little boy", she brought out with a kind of inanimate sob.

He did not reply to that; he was still trying to behave like a gentleman. How could he ever have liked her? Why, her hair was not so much after all. What was hair when you came to think of it? Mary got on quite well with hers, ugly though it was. She was stupid, stupid, stupid! She was like someone dead. As he searched for the crabs that weren't there, he felt his temper growing. Soon he would lead her back to her mother and leave her there and never see her again.

But the climax of the afternoon was not to be this. . . .

When he looked up from gazing into the pool, the whole world seemed to have changed. He was still dazzled perhaps by the reflection of the water in his eyes, and yet it was not altogether that. . . . It was not altogether because the day was slipping from afternoon into evening. . . .

The lazy ripple of the water as it washed up the sand and then broke, the shadows that were creeping farther and farther from rock to rock, the green light that pushed up from the horizon into the faint blue, the grey web of the sea, the thick gathering of the hills as they crept more closely about the little darkening

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beach . . . it was none of these things.

He began hurriedly to tell Charlotte about the Scarlet Admiral. Even as he told her, he was himself caught into the excitement of the narration. He forgot her; he did not see her white cheeks, her mouth open with terror, an expression new to her that her face had never known before stealing into her eyes. He told her how the fool had seen the ship, how the Admiral had landed, then left his men on the beach, how he had climbed the little green path, how the young man had followed him, how they had fought, how the young man had fallen —what was that? Jeremy jumped from his rock: "I say, did you hear anything?"

And that was enough for Charlotte. With one scream, a scream such as she had never uttered in her life before, she turned and then running as indeed she had never run before, she stumbled, half fell, stumbled, finally ran as though the whole world of her ghosts was behind her. Her screams were so piercing that they may well have startled the villagers of Rafiel.

Jeremy followed her, but his mind was not with her. Was he going to see something? What was it? Who was it?

Then the awful catastrophe that finished the afternoon occurred. Turning the corner of the rock, Charlotte missed her footing and fell straight into a pool. Jeremy, Mary, and Helen were upon her almost as she fell. They dragged her out but alas! what a sight was there! Instead of the beautiful and magnificent Charlotte, there was a bedraggled and dirty little girl.

But also instead of an inanimate and lifeless doll there was at last a human being, a terrified soul—

The scene that followed passes all power of description. Mrs. Le Page wailed like a lost spirit, Mr. Le Page was so rude to Mr. Cole that it might confidently be said that those two gentlemen would never speak to one another again. Mrs. Cole, dismayed though she was, had some fatalistic consolation that she had known from the first that the picnic would be a most dreadful failure and that the worst had occurred; there was no more to come.

Everyone was too deeply occupied to scold Jeremy, who was, of course, responsible for the whole affair. They all moved up to the farm, Charlotte behaving most strangely, even striking her mother and crying: "Let me go! Let me go! I don't want to be clean! I'm frightened! I'm frightened!"

Jeremy hung behind the others. At the bottom of the little lane he stood and waited. Was there a figure coming up through the dusk? Did someone pass him? Why did he suddenly feel no longer afraid, but only reassured and with the strangest certainty that the lane, the beach, the field belonged to him now? He would come there and live when he grew up. . . He would come often. . . . Had the Scarlet Admiral passed him? If not the Scarlet Admiral, then the other.

The sea-picnic had, after all, been not quite a misfortune.

Jeremy had been made free of the land—

And Charlotte?—Charlotte had been waked up, and never would go to sleep again.

(*To be continued*)

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# A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

## THE GREATER PATRIOTISM

*By Maurice Francis Egan*

If anybody should ask what representative of our consular service was a model to other commercial representatives of our country desiring to fulfil their duties to perfection, the reply from those who really knew John Lewis Griffiths slightly and who had read this book, would be obvious. Mr. Griffiths never posed as a man who was to be as a lamp to his fellow beings, and in a certain sense he hid his light under a bushel. He was not "an uplifter"; he did not put himself in the forefront with those who talk constantly of diplomatic and consular reform; but his example taught that he was the one man who ought to be imitated. There are generally two sides to all questions of reforming anything. There is always some good reason for retaining the old order; there is the one good custom, for instance, which might still purify; but in the consular system as practised until recently by the United States government, there was not even one good custom to plead for its retention. Until recently it was one of the bywords of Europe, and traveling Americans endured it without toleration. Mr. Griffiths had had the honor to have as predecessors in the consular service three of our greatest men of letters—Nathaniel Hawthorne, Bret Harte, and W. D. Howells. Mrs. Griffiths in her delightful memoir of her husband says:

> Hawthorne's conception of the ideal consul would satisfy the most ardent devotee of the service—Bret Harte's post at Glasgow was filled vicariously while he delighted the London coterie by his perpetual presence among them. Mr. Howells returned from his Venetian post voluntarily, bringing with him impressions that have through his books enriched the world. He left Venice, "not glad to be going", but thinking it "well to be gone". He writes: "For my part personally I felt keenly the fictitious and transitory character of official life. I knew that if I had become fit to serve the government by four years' residence in Venice, that was a good reason why the government, according to our admirable system, should dismiss me, and send some perfectly unqualified person to take my place; and in my heart also I knew that there was almost nothing for me to do where I was, and I dreaded the easily formed habit of receiving a salary for no service performed."

Many of our consuls who occupied sinecures in the good old times were men very unlike these three distinguished gentlemen, who were dissatisfied with sinecures without reflecting probably that their very presence in a foreign country was a distinct advantage to the nation they represented. One can recall conditions—political conditions—which made it possible for a man to accept a consulate abroad simply because he drank too much at home. Consulships all over the world were the refuge of folk whom politicians were glad to get out of the way. De Tocqueville rather cruelly says in his famous book, "Democracy in America", that our diplomatic service seemed especially to be made for men who had qualified themselves for their work by their inability to manage their private affairs. This was probably a hit at the type of minister represented by, I think, a Mr. Randolph of Virginia, who paid his debts out of his salary, but made only a fleeting visit to his post. Mr. Griffiths's appointment to the consulate at Liver-

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pool in May, 1905, by President Roosevelt, was one of the best appointments to the consular service ever made. Afterward he received deserved promotion and was given that much-coveted post, the Consul-Generalship at London. Up to this time a consul, like an ambassador or a minister, was like the soldiers of the centurion in the Scripture—subject to a command to disappear at any moment. Sinecures, however, had become fewer and fewer. The American traveler had grown more frequent, and the American business man at home began to realize that a branch of the service on which so many great issues were dependent could no longer be treated as a method of rewarding political merit or demerit.

There was always in the European capitals where a court existed, that question of rank (so unpleasant to Americans who do not rank and so agreeable to Americans who do)—the social difference between the position of the ambassador or minister and the consul-general or consul. The diplomatic representative is received at court, with his wife and his daughters; the consul-general or consul is expected to remain outside of the sacred precinct. All this was not unreasonable, as courts in former days, at least, refused to acknowledge the existence of business as a factor in society with a big S. There was a careful distinction made among the aristocracy, the gentry, and the bourgeoisie. The consul belonged technically to the bourgeoisie, and, although the consul-general in any given country might have a higher social position at home than even the ambassador, once in a royal city his wife and himself were separated by an almost impassable gulf from the higher official. If the private memoirs of our consular and diplomatic service could be published, heartburnings would be revealed to which in comparison the squabbles among the courtiers at Versailles in Saint-Simon's time would seem happy murmurs.

In this elevating and charming book, "The Greater Patriotism", where one can read through the lines the beauty of aspiration and high character, there is no hint of such jealousies. While Mr. Griffiths was such an efficient consul as to command praise from his own government, he also fulfilled the unusual function which Hilaire Belloc suggests. Neither English nor American life, neither French nor Italian life can be understood from novels or descriptions in print by people who do not know it through their own observations. Something vital is always left out. An understanding can be brought about only "by those rare men who establish a personal contact in which is mingled understanding, affection, and humor. They are, in truth, the ambassadors between the two peoples". This is a very good reason why both ambassadors and consuls should be chosen, not only for their technical ability, but for that elevation of thought and character and that power of expression which men like Mr. Griffiths possess.

Mrs. Griffiths's memoir of her husband is a most satisfactory and restrained piece of writing. She lets Mr. Griffiths tell the story of his mental processes by means of the remarkably spirituelle and spiritual addresses "of occasion" in this volume. Her memoir is like a fine musical accompaniment to them. These addresses are not only marvels of sympathetic eloquence, but are works of consummate art. Mr. Griffiths explains to the English, Hawthorne and Abraham Lincoln and the American

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point of view of things of the mind. He does this with so much surety of touch and broad comprehension, and with a tact so spontaneous, that the addresses are amazingly valuable as interpretations of our spirit to ourselves. Mrs. Griffiths, with pardonable pride, names the foremost men in politics, art, literature, and the drama as intimate friends of her husband. A man who could attract the love and admiration of Lord Rosebery, Mr. Birrell, the Bishop of London, John Redmond, Mrs. Kendal, Sir Anthony Hope, and Sir Arthur Pinero could have been no ordinary man. "The English", Mrs. Griffiths says, "surrender completely to an honest conviction, and then dismiss it from their minds. If a man wins a place, he keeps it, perhaps after he is not entitled to do so, but this comes from a sense of tradition." This, however, is quite true of nearly all Europeans, though perhaps we Americans find it harder to find entrance to the heart of society on the continent than in Great Britain. Mr. Griffiths, in his speeches at public dinners, made a powerful instrument in cementing the affections of the two countries. These speeches, as one may see from these pages, were not examples of mere oratorical rhetoric. They were deeply thought out, and as sincere as they were artistic. Mrs. Griffiths says:

> From the purely personal standpoint, my husband cherished the public dinner for the friendships formed there. "Friends are not made, they are found", and he often discovered at the banquet table. As we left a public dinner one evening an English guest remarked, "Do you find public dinners a great bore?" Mr. Griffiths replied, "No, indeed, I find them a most delightful place for private conversation".

Mr. Griffiths's opinion as to improvements in the diplomatic and consular service—they ought to be interchangeable — are opportune and valuable. There will always exist a prejudice against books written or compiled by wives about their husbands; they are as a rule fulsome—as one-sided as Lady Burton's estimate of her weird husband—but this is a brilliant exception; several of these addresses are so illuminating and so enlightening that they ought to form part of the reading matter prescribed by our educators for young Americans.

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The Greater Patriotism. Public Addresses by John Lewis Griffiths, American Consul-General at London. With a Memoir by Caroline Henderson Griffiths and an Introduction by Hilaire Belloc. John Lane Co.

## THE SALMAGUNDIANS

*By Charles Hanson Towne*

I am not a member of that club in New York which contains so delightful a group of artists. But who could read the record before me, by William Henry Shelton, and not wish that he were eligible? "Born at 596 Broadway, at eight o'clock on a Saturday night in the month of November (it may have been December) in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-one . . ." Thus begins the volume—casually, as the story of any real artists' organization should begin; and the same light style is pursued to the end—a refreshing change from the laborious and humorless accounts of other solemn clubs.

We are told that the infant cried aloud first in the studio of the late Jonathan Scott Hartley, in the old building then standing at 596 Broadway, just below Houston Street, where a sketch class for mutual improvement had been formed. Will H. Low and F. S. Church were members during the first winter; also Alfred E. Emslie, an English artist who was then illustrating Robert Bonner's

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"New York Ledger". And we learn that soap and Brooklyn had a lot to do with the early and prosperous days of the club, through the instrumentality of one Alec Kirkman; and we are told that Salmagundians (heavenly word!) "should take off their hats to the great Kirkman vans when they pass in the street". Thus shall art pay its tribute to soap—and Brooklyn soap at that!

How different the old days were! Now Salmagundians dine on refectory tables on lower Fifth Avenue, with quiet servants brushing by serving delicious food. The first meeting-place contained a cook-stove in one corner, and bunks behind screens; and statuary and barrels and plaster casts (oh, happy disorder!) were strewn about as only an artist can strew them. The dining-table was a dry-goods box, and the Hartley brothers (original members), "who kept a unique store for the outfitting of pack-peddlers, were able to live more comfortably, but the bohemian life in the studio just suited them. It was bachelor housekeeping; the plaster used in casting changed the windows to ground glass, and frosted the furniture and silvered the cobwebs that clung to the angles of the walls and to the frame of the skylight."

A delectable picture! Now one dines, in summer, on a roof-garden of this same club, that has lost little of its charm and character by moving to a fashionable neighborhood, just opposite a beautiful old church. Like all aristocrats, the Salmagundi, where many fine entertainments are still given, retains its poise and prestige even amid the clamor of days and nights in rushing, whirling New York; and within its walls are the romantic trappings and trimmings of the old times when life was far more leisurely. It is something to have kept this spirit; and the architect who succeeded in remodeling two ancient houses to meet modern conditions and still held intact the flavor of the past deserves a pæan of praise. Except for the Players, I suppose as many celebrities gather around the Salmagundi board as ever meet in one room in America.

Mr. Shelton has a gracious humor. His description of the early members of the club, when boxing matches were always a part of the evening, as was the eating of succulent sausages "in a top coat of pie-crust", is charming. He tells anecdote after anecdote, and one gets a vivid picture of the men he knew so well. What, for instance, could be more sharply drawn than this?—only a paragraph, yet containing the material for a short story:

> My room-mate, J. P. Andrews, who painted conch-shells and English walnuts, and certain other inanimate objects not likely to shrink or decay or otherwise perish during the long period of reproduction, usually effected a sale of his masterpriece by promoting a lottery among his friends and neighbors, and this success was sometimes followed by a celebration that made it necessary to rearrange the poor shells and walnuts for another effort.

And there is a real picture of that New York of the 'seventies, concise though it be; a mention of Niblo's Garden and its fire one summer evening, "a rare spectacle from the south window of the studio I occupied with J. P. Andrews, until the heat of the conflagration obliged us to close the iron shutter". And of a certain "Dew-Drop Inn", where "girl graduates of the famous ballet served the drinks in pink and blue and red tights".

Indeed, the whole book has a value far beyond that of a mere history of the club. It is the record of old New York—authentic, highly illuminating, as easy to read as a tale by O. Henry.

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And it is beautifully printed. Not the least of its charm is due to the fascinating cuts that run through it. They are by Pyle, Low, Church, Bishop, Green, Chapman, Giles, Reevs, and Shelton himself.

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The Salmagundi Club. By William Henry Shelton. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## WHAT IS SYMBOLISM?

*By Henry James Forman*

It is notable that symbolism, for which Arthur Symons hopes so much in the near and remote future of literature, is almost incapable of definition. We know Mallarmé and Baudelaire, Verlaine and Gérard de Nerval, but we hardly know what is a symbolist. Balzac and Huysmans are grouped among the symbolists, yet what staggering gulfs between them! "In the Symbol proper", said Carlyle, " . . . there is ever, more or less distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite." And as we read this book with its penetrating insight and the keen sense of the poet for divining another's struggle in the endless battle for expression, we become gradually aware that the mystical side of symbolism is the one that really signifies to Mr. Symons. It is not Arthur Rimbaud's chromatic vowels that he cares much about—not the black A, the white E, or the green U that cause him to write this book—but rather the important fact that symbolism in literature is bound up with mysticism.

For Mr. Symons is not only a lover of literature, but also a mystic, "the proudest and humblest of men"—to use his own words. Gérard de Nerval, in one of his spells of madness, may have led a lobster by a blue ribbon, but he also wrote: "All things live, all things are in motion, all things correspond; the magnetic rays emanating from myself or others traverse without obstacle the infinite chain of created things." And in verse the same man declared:

Un mystère d'amour dans le métal repose;
"Tout est sensible!" Et tout sur ton être
est puissant.

In the midst of the materialistic France of his time, Gérard de Nerval was putting into beautiful language the cosmic consciousness which is the portion of the true mystic only, and that is what appeals to Mr. Symons. He cares little for Zola or for the Huysmans of "A Rebours" with its decadence, its devil-worship and its Black Mass. But the Huysmans of "En Route" and of "La Cathédrale"—the Huysmans who found peace in the mysticism of the Catholic church, "showing, as he does, how inert matter, the art of stones, the growth of plants, the unconscious life of beasts . . . may obtain, through symbol, a spiritual existence"—that Huysmans matters much. Maeterlinck is to him the new voice of an old gospel (the gospel of mysticism) that has been quietly waiting until certain bankruptcies—the bankruptcies of science and of the positive philosophies.

No more delightful and quotable book on the general subject of symbolism has appeared in English than this volume, now after several years issued in a new edition. With the traditional beauty of a poet's prose, Mr. Symons goes on unfolding the lives and the works of his exponents, many of whom he knew personally. A finer study of Verlaine does not exist; for Verlaine was a friend and a guest of Mr. Symons and no trait of his character seems to have remained hidden from his host. Also, he knew Mallarmé and he knew Huysmans. And

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contemplating all these with the double advantage of the poet's eye and the mystic's sense, he watches and records their efforts, their sins and their struggles with the understanding that only he can give who sees their vagaries as though they were children, or better still artists, going about under the sun and bent, in Pater's phrase, "on some secret errand".

The Symbolist Movement in Literature. By Arthur Symons. Revised and enlarged edition. E. P. Dutton and Co.

## A NOVELIST OF ECSTASY AND SIN

*By Henry A. Lappin*

Vincent Starrett, an enthusiastic admirer of the work of Arthur Machen, has written a short essay upon that distinguished writer, which is published in a limited edition and a most comely dress. Mr. Starrett calls his little study, "Arthur Machen, A Novelist of Ecstasy and Sin". It would be a pity if any prospective reader should be warned off by this flamboyancy of title, for there are some excellent things here.

To many if not most readers Machen was practically an unknown name until late in 1914, when he wrote for a London evening newspaper ". . . a purely fictional account of a supposed incident of the British retreat from Mons. It described the miraculous intervention of the English archers of Agincourt at a time when the British were sore pressed by the German hordes". As far back as 1885, Machen had written and published "The Chronicle of Clemendy", which received from its sole reviewer, Octave Uzanne in "Le Livre" of Paris, the praise usually reserved by the judicious critic for masterpieces.

"What"—pertinently inquires Mr. Starrett—"had Machen been doing all these long years between 1885 and 1914?" Well, among other things, he had published ten books including "The House of Souls" and "The Hill of Dreams", and contributed many articles to the periodical press. In the two books just mentioned, however, is contained his most significant work. With no little insight and acuteness Mr. Starrett discusses the quality of that work, declaring that the "ecstasy" to be discovered therein "is due in no small degree to his beautiful English 'style'—an abominable word". Although Mr. Starrett writes a trifle breathlessly at times, and occasionally tends to pursue his Reason to an *O altitudo!*, his brochure has distinct value. One hopes that it may attract new readers to these fine books.

Arthur Machen. By Vincent Starrett. Walter M. Hill.

## PROFESSOR BAKER'S METHOD OF MAKING PLAYWRIGHTS

*By Walter Prichard Eaton*

Professor Baker, more than any other one man in America, has been responsible for the changed academic attitude toward the theatre. Time was, and not so long ago, when it was entirely dignified to study the plays of Shakespeare from a book, but quite beneath dignity to study the plays of Cohan in a theatre; that is, the drama as a vital, contemporary thing was ignored, and the study of past drama led to philology, not play writing. Professor Baker, however, out of a passion for the theatre even Brattle Street could not quench, determined to establish a course at Harvard, in practical play writing, for picked students who showed sufficient interest

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and aptitude. He did so against considerable academic opposition and amid considerable popular scoffing. Both opposition and scoffing have long since disappeared. The academic world has seen both the educational and the possible social and civic value of such instruction in the practical theatre arts; and the public has seen interesting plays emerge as a result, and young men and women graduated to leadership in brave theatrical experiments.

Yet, until now, Professor Baker has never published any text-book of method. "Dramatic Technique" is, at last, a revelation to the curious of the principles underlying his instruction in play writing (so far as that instruction can be divorced from the accompanying practice in the Workshop Theatre at Harvard). To those already somewhat familiar with the difficult art of play making or play analysis, the first impression of this book will probably be one of cool sanity and hard common sense. The book is largely free from theory and entirely free from any assumption whatever that you can make a playwright out of a man without a talent for the theatre, any more than you can make a poet out of a man without poetic sensitiveness.

Defining "dramatic" as something capable of rousing emotion in an audience (the only satisfactorily inclusive definition), Professor Baker goes on to state that dramatic technique is the peculiar method the dramatist has to employ to realize the possibilities of his material. Certain things in dramatic technique are universal and permanent—that is, they had to be employed by Sophocles and they have to be employed by Belasco. Certain things are temporal—that is, they belong to the conventions of a peculiar society or age. Certain things are individual—that is, they belong to the peculiar style of a Shaw or a Barrie. It is only with what is universal and permanent in technique that Professor Baker deals in this book. His aim is to show the would-be dramatist the basic demands and restrictions of play technique, so that he may reach, with the minimum of wasted effort, the point where he can make his own individual contribution (if he has one) effective.

What these basic demands and restrictions are, as Professor Baker picks them, space does not permit us to enumerate here. After almost twenty years of professional theatre-going, however, we can confidently state that it is not only the would-be dramatist who needs sometimes to learn them. Professor Baker did not discover them, of course, but his book is likely to become the standard work in this field because he sets them forth so clearly; and especially because he illustrates them so well with passages from actual plays, often in parallel columns, showing the right way and the wrong way to make a dramatic point, or showing how a second draft of "The Doll's House" or "Hamlet" improved the first.

We cannot refrain, however, from specific mention of the author's emphasis on the supreme, enduring value in technique of characterization; and of his advice, backed by example, to extract the utmost out of a situation by the imaginative realization of the characters involved, by a full acquaintance with one's people, instead of pressing on for more plot complications. Underlying all else in the drama is, after all, the human being in his actions and reactions; and unless the dramatist knows his human beings and lets them, once under way, deter-

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mine the course of events, he will never achieve any distinction. And if anyone thinks this is advice for beginners only, let him attend the theatres on Broadway for a season!

The scope of the book involves one or two obvious omissions, which doubtless classroom and laboratory instruction supplies at Harvard, but which the mere reader feels. One is the failure to grapple with the always vexing problem of style in dramatic dialogue. Style being so much the man, Professor Baker no doubt regards this as a feature of individual technique, yet the problem of writing dialogue which is "in character", and at the same time of writing dialogue which is musical or eloquent or otherwise elevated above mere colloquial speech, faces every playwright who aspires to be something more than a hack. Another omission, doubtless made because it is at least on the border-line of temporal technique, varying with the varying periods, is the problem of atmosphere, of suggestion by scenery, of the use of silence, color, costume, music, and so on, to induce a mood and reinforce or even create an emotion.

Indeed these omissions might be extended to some length, and indicate, perhaps, not so much that this book is deficient, but that it might well be supplemented by a second book, by the same author, on the technique of specific dramatists, perhaps; as a continuation and higher development of the instruction in the first volume, and on the technique of play production in its relation to the dramatist. When any man brings to the theatre so keen and analytical a mind as Professor Baker's, combined with so much practical experience and so much enthusiasm and love of the land behind the proscenium, we can ill afford to have our theatrical text-books written (as most of them now are) by men of inferior abilities.

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Dramatic Technique. By George Pierce Baker. Houghton Mifflin Co.

## THE OMAR KHAYYAM OF THE BIBLE

*By Edward N. Teall*

There are people in this enlightened land—good, useful citizens thereof—who firmly believe that the age of this earth is exactly 5,923 years. The creation of the heaven and the earth recorded in the first "verse" of "The First Book of Moses, Called Genesis", occurred in the year 4,004 B. C. "It's in the Bible!" Yes: on the very first page—*in the margin.*

Where ignorance is bliss, it's easy to be happy; but as our lovely stupid old friend Humanity wasn't born to be happy, the friends of knowledge have no need to despair. A spiral remark, which will convey to Professor Jastrow assurance of a present favorable intention toward his "popular" exegesis of "The Book of Ecclesiastes".

This Book, ascribed to Solomon, like "Proverbs" and "The Song of Songs", was, again like them, non-existent until the great king had been centuries dead. The critic hews to the line, let the chips fall where they may; and this is chip number one. Chip number two carries away a goodly chunk of the substance of the Book: the late additions to an original composition which Dr. Jastrow's painlessly incisive scholarship claims to have restored to pristine purity.

The Book is by Koheleth; and Koheleth is a pseudonym. The author says: "I, Koheleth, was king over Israel in Jerusalem". He was willing to have the folks think he must have

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been Solomon. He wrote a book of gentle cynicism; but individual authorship had not yet been established among the Hebrews; they had no law of copyright, and the priestly expounders and expanders took the essay and built on and around it a structure more fit for popular presentation. They did this, says the critic, "to tone down the main two features of the Book, namely, the reflection that life is vanity, and the advice to enjoy the material pleasures of life". They bowdlerized good honest stuff into a Sunday-school tract. Dr. Jastrow's Koheleth says:

> There is nothing better for a man than to eat and to drink and to enjoy himself for his toil; and indeed it seems to me that such is the will of God. For who should eat and who should drink, apart from him, though this, also, is vanity and chasing after wind.

This becomes, in our Bible:

> For who can eat, or who else can hasten thereto (revised version, *have enjoyment*) more than I? For God giveth to a man that is good in His sight wisdom, and knowledge, and joy; but to the sinner He giveth travail, to gather and to heap up, that he may give to him that is good before God. This also is vanity and vexation of spirit.

With very gentle cynicism, the Professor bids us contemplate "the mental antics of some exegetes in their endeavor to reconcile the two points of view—the one absolutely exclusive of the other".

Now close the book, lest interest sag under too great weight of quotation; it is temptatious matter. What has Professor Jastrow done? He is a gentle iconoclast, and could tear down even a dearer idol than our "Ecclesiastes" without wrecking many persons' peace of mind. Twenty or thirty years ago, perhaps——. Times have changed, and we with them, so much that the Professor's idea that critical scholarship "affects beliefs *about* the Bible, but not belief *in* the Bible" seems to partake somewhat of the nature of an act of supererogation. Professor Jastrow is so mild and reasonable in his assertions that, if the truth be not in them, they are doubly dangerous. His manner disarms opposition. Other scholars may possibly find him guilty of too great a sacrifice of scholarship in his endeavor to "put it over" with the intelligent mob; but the ordinary citizen of fair intelligence will thank him for presenting a strong case in a perfectly clear and unclouded manner.

Dr. Jastrow calls Koheleth "the Omar Khayyam of the Bible"—and Heinrich Heine the modern Koheleth. May the chain long continue of those dilettantes in philosophy who can behold the vanities of life with clear vision and smile.

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A Gentle Cynic: Being a Translation of the Book of Koheleth, Commonly Known as Ecclesiastes, Stripped of Later Additions; Also Its Origin, Growth and Interpretation. By Morris Jastrow, Jr. J. B. Lippincott Co.

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# THE HAUNTED BOOKSHOP

*Titania Learns the Business*

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Although he kept late hours, Roger Mifflin of the Haunted Bookshop was a prompt riser. It is only the very young who find satisfaction in lying abed in the morning. Those who approach the term of the fifth decade are sensitively aware of the fluency of life, and have no taste to squander it among the blankets.

The bookseller's morning routine was brisk and habitual. He was generally awakened about half-past seven by the jangling bell that balanced on a coiled spring at the foot of the stairs. This ringing announced the arrival of Becky, the old scrubwoman who came each morning to sweep out the shop and clean the floors for the day's traffic. Roger, in his old dressing-gown of vermilion flannel, would scuffle down to let her in, picking up the milk bottles and the paper bag of baker's rolls at the same time. As Becky propped the front door wide, opened window transoms, and set about buffeting dust and tobacco smoke, Roger would take the milk and rolls back to the kitchen and give Bock, the terrier, a morning greeting. Bock would emerge from his literary kennel and thrust out his forelegs in a genial obeisance. This was partly politeness and partly to straighten out his spine after its all-night curvature. Then Roger would let him out into the back yard for a run, himself standing on the kitchen steps to inhale the bright freshness of the morning air.

This Saturday morning was clear and crisp. The plain backs of the homes along Whittier Street, irregular in profile as the margins of a free-verse poem, offered Roger an agreeable human panorama. Thin strands of smoke were rising from chimneys; a belated baker's wagon was joggling down the alley; in bedroom bay windows sheets and pillows were already set to sun and air. Brooklyn, admirable borough of homes and hearty breakfasts, attacks the morning hours in cheery, smiling spirit. Bock sniffed and rooted about the small back yard as though the earth (every cubic inch of which he already knew by rote) held some new, entrancing flavor. Roger watched him with the amused and tender condescension one always feels toward a happy dog—perhaps the same mood of tolerant paternalism that Gott is said to have felt in watching his boisterous Hohenzollerns.

The nipping air began to infiltrate his dressing-gown, and Roger returned to the kitchen, his small, lively face alight with zest. He opened the draughts in the range, set a kettle on to boil, and went down to resuscitate the furnace. As he came upstairs for his bath, Mrs. Mifflin was descending, fresh and hearty in a starchy morning apron. Roger hummed a tune as he picked up the hairpins on the bedroom floor, and wondered to himself why women are always supposed to be more tidy than men.

Titania was awake early. She smiled at the enigmatic portrait of Samuel Butler, glanced at the row of books over her bed, and dressed rapidly.

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She ran downstairs, eager to begin her experience as a bookseller. The first impression the Haunted Bookshop had made on her was one of superfluous dinginess, and as Mrs. Mifflin refused to let her help get breakfast—except set out the saltcellars—she ran down Gissing to a little florist's shop she had noticed the previous afternoon. Here she spent at least a week's salary in buying chrysanthemums and a large pot of white heather. She was distributing these about the shop when Roger found her.

"Bless my soul!" he said. "How are you going to live on your wages if you do that sort of thing? Pay-day doesn't come until next Friday!"

"Just one blowout", she said cheerfully. "I thought it would be fun to brighten the place up a bit. Think how pleased your floorwalker will be when he comes in!"

"Dear me", said Roger. "I hope you don't really think we have floorwalkers in the second-hand book business."

After breakfast he set about initiating his new employee into the routine of the shop. As he moved about, explaining the arrangement of his shelves, he kept up a running commentary.

"Of course all the miscellaneous information that a bookseller has to have will only come to you gradually", he said. "Such tags of bookshop lore as the difference between Philo Gubb and Philip Gibbs, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, and all that sort of thing. Don't be frightened by all the ads you see for a book called 'Bell and Wing', because no one was ever heard to ask for a copy. That's one of the reasons why I tell Mr. Gilbert I don't believe in advertising. Someone may ask you who wrote 'The Winning of the Best', and you'll have to know it wasn't Colonel Roosevelt but Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine. The beauty of being a bookseller is that you don't have to be a literary critic: all you have to do to books is enjoy them. A literary critic is the kind of fellow who will tell you that Wordsworth's 'The Happy Warrior' is a poem of eighty-five lines composed entirely of two sentences, one of twenty-six lines and one of fifty-nine. What does it matter if Wordsworth wrote sentences almost as long as those of Will H. Hayes, if only he wrote a great poem? Literary critics are queer birds. There's Professor Phelps of Yale, for instance. He publishes a book in 1918 and calls it 'The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century'. To my way of thinking a book of that title oughtn't to be published until 2018. Then somebody will come along and ask you for a book of poems about a typewriter, and by and by you'll learn that what they want is Stevenson's 'Underwoods'. Yes, it's a complicated life. Never argue with customers. Just give them the book they ought to have, even if they don't know they want it."

They went outside the front door and Roger lit his pipe. In the little area in front of the shop windows stood large empty boxes supported on trestles. "The first thing I always do", he said——

"The first thing you'll both do is catch your death of cold", said Helen over his shoulder. "Titania, you run and get your fur. Roger, go and find your cap. With your bald head, you ought to know better!"

When they returned to the front door, Titania's blue eyes were sparkling above her soft tippet. "I applaud your taste in furs", said Roger. "That is just the color of tobacco smoke". He blew a whiff against it to prove the likeness. He felt very talkative,

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as most older men do when a young girl looks as delightfully listenable as Titania did.

"What an adorable little place", said Titania, looking around at the book-shop's space of private pavement, which was sunk below the street level. "You could put tables out here and serve tea in summer-time."

"The first thing every morning", continued Roger, "I set out the ten-cent stuff in these boxes. I take it in at night and stow it in these bins. When it rains, I shove out an awning, which is mighty good business. Someone is sure to take shelter and spend the time in looking over the books. A really heavy shower is often worth fifty or sixty cents. Once a week I change my pavement stock. This week I've got mostly fiction out here. That's the sort of thing that comes in in unlimited numbers. A good deal of it's tripe, but it serves its purpose."

"Aren't they rather dirty?" said Titania doubtfully, looking at some little blue Rollo books, on which the siftings of generations had accumulated. "Would you mind if I dusted them off a bit?"

"It's almost unheard of in the second-hand trade", said Roger; "but it might make them look better."

Titania ran inside, borrowed a duster from Helen, and began house-cleaning the grimy boxes, while Roger chatted away in high spirits. Bock, already noticing the new order of things, squatted on the doorstep with an air of being a party to the conversation. Morning pedestrians on Gissing Street passed by, wondering who the bookseller's engaging assistant might be. "I wish *I* could find a maid like that", thought a prosperous Brooklyn housewife on her way to market. "I must ring her up some day and find out how much she gets."

Roger brought out armfuls of books while Titania dusted.

"One of the reasons I'm awfully glad you've come here to help me", he said, "is that I'll be able to get out more. I've been so tied down by the shop I haven't had a chance to scout round, buy up libraries, make bids on collections that are being sold, and all that sort of thing. My stock is running a bit low. If you just wait for what comes in, you don't get much of the really good stuff."

Titania was polishing a copy of "The Late Mrs. Null". "It must be wonderful to have read so many books", she said. "I'm afraid I'm not a very deep reader, but at any rate Dad has taught me a respect for good books. He gets so mad because when my friends come to the house, and he asks them what they've been reading, the only thing they seem to know about is 'Dere Mable'."

Roger chuckled. "I hope you don't think I'm a mere highbrow", he said. "As a customer said to me once, without meaning to be funny, 'I like both 'The Iliad' and 'The Argosy'.' The only thing I can't stand is literature that is unfairly and intentionally flavored with vanilla. Confectionery soon disgusts the palate, whether you find it in Marcus Aurelius or Doctor Crane. There's an odd aspect of the matter that sometimes strikes me: Doc Crane's remarks are just as true as Lord Bacon's, so how is it that the Doctor puts me to sleep in a paragraph, while my lord's essays keep me awake all night?"

Titania, being unacquainted with these philosophers, pursued the characteristic feminine course of clinging to the subject on which she was informed. The undiscerning have called this habit of mind irrelevant, but wrongly. The feminine intellect leaps

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like a grasshopper; the masculine plods as the ant.

"I see there's a new Mable book coming", she said. "It's called 'That's Me All Over, Mable', and the newsstand clerk at the Octagon says he expects to sell a thousand copies."

"Well, there's a meaning in that", said Roger. "People have a craving to be amused, and I'm sure I don't blame 'em. I'm afraid I haven't read 'Dere Mable'. If it's really amusing, I'm glad they read it. I suspect it isn't a very great book, because a Philadelphia schoolgirl has written a reply to it called 'Dere Bill', which is said to be as good as the original. Now you can hardly imagine a Philadelphia flapper writing an effective companion to Bacon's 'Essays'. But never mind, if the stuff's amusing, it has its place. The human yearning for innocent pastime is a pathetic thing, come to think about it. It shows what a desperately grim thing life has become. One of the most significant things I know is that breathless, expectant, adoring hush that falls over a theatre at a Saturday matinée, when the house goes dark and the footlights set the bottom of the curtain in a glow, and the latecomers tank over your feet climbing into their seats——"

"Isn't it an adorable moment!" cried Titania.

"Yes, it is", said Roger; "but it makes me sad to see what tosh is handed out to that eager, expectant audience, most of the time. There they all are, ready to be thrilled, eager to be worked upon, deliberately putting themselves into that glorious, rare, receptive mood when they are clay in the artist's hand—and Lord! what miserable substitutes for joy and sorrow are put over on them! Day after day I see people streaming into theatres and movies, and I know that more than half the time they are on a blind quest, thinking they are satisfied when in truth they are fed on paltry husks. And the sad part about it is, that if you let yourself think you are satisfied with husks, you'll have no appetite left for the real grain."

Titania wondered, a little panic-stricken, whether she had been permitting herself to be satisfied with husks. She remembered how greatly she had enjoyed a Dorothy Gish film a few evenings before. "But", she ventured, "you say people want to be amused. And if they laugh and look happy, surely they're amused?"

"They only think they are!" cried Mifflin. "They think they're amused because they don't know what real amusement is! Laughter and prayer are the two noblest habits of man, they mark us off from the brutes. To laugh at cheap jests is as base as to pray to cheap gods. To laugh at Fatty Arbuckle is to degrade the human spirit!"

Titania thought she was getting in rather deep, but she had the tenacious logic of every healthy girl. She said:

"But a joke that seems cheap to you doesn't seem cheap to the person who laughs at it, or he wouldn't laugh". Her face brightened as a fresh idea flooded her mind: "The wooden image a savage prays to may seem cheap to you, but it's the best god he knows, and it's all right for him to pray to it."

"Bully for you!" said Roger. "Perfectly true. But I've got away from the point I had in mind. Humanity is yearning now as it never did before for truth, for beauty, for the things that comfort and console and make life seem worth while. I feel this all round me, every day. We've been through a frightful ordeal, and every

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decent spirit is asking itself what we can do to pick up the fragments and remould the world nearer to our heart's desire. Look here, here's something I found the other day in John Masefield's preface to one of his plays:

> The truth and rapture of man are holy things, *not lightly to be scorned. A carelessness of life and beauty marks the glutton, the idler, and the fool in their deadly path across history.*

"I tell you, I've done some pretty sober thinking as I've sat here in my bookshop during the past horrible years. Walt Whitman wrote a little poem during the Civil War—said Walt:

> *Year that trembled and reeled beneath me. Must I learn to chant the cold dirges of the baffled, and sullen hymns of defeat?*

I've sat here in my shop at night and looked round at my shelves, looked at all the brave books that house the hopes and gentlenesses and dreams of men and women, and wondered if they were all wrong, discredited, defeated. Wondered if the world were still merely a jungle of fury. I think I'd have gone balmy if it hadn't been for Walt Whitman. Talk about Mr. Britling—Walt was the man who 'saw it through'.

"The glutton, the idler, and the fool in their deadly path across history . . . aye, a deadly path indeed. The German military men weren't idlers, but they were gluttons and fools to the nth power. Look at their deadly path! And look at other deadly paths, too. Look at our slums, jails, insane asylums. . .

"I used to wonder what I could do to justify my comfortable existence here during such a time of horror. What right had I to shirk in a quiet bookshop when so many men were suffering and dying through no fault of their own? I tried to get into an ambulance unit, but I've had no medical training, and they said they didn't want men of my age unless they were experienced doctors."

"I know how you felt", said Titania, with a surprising look of comprehension. "Don't you suppose that a great many girls, who couldn't do anything real to help, got tired of wearing neat little uniforms with Sam Browne belts?"

"Well", said Roger, "it was a bad time. The war contradicted and denied everything I had ever lived for. Oh, I can't tell you how I felt about it, I can't even express it to myself. Sometimes I used to feel as I think that truly noble simpleton Henry Ford may have felt when he organized his peace voyage—that I would do anything, however stupid, to stop it all. In a world where everyone was so wise and cynical and cruel, it was admirable to find a man so utterly simple and hopeful as Henry. A boob, they called him. Well, I say bravo for boobs! I dare say most of the apostles were boobs—or maybe they called them Bolsheviks."

Titania had only the vaguest notion about Bolsheviks, but she had seen a good many newspaper cartoons.

"I guess Judas was a Bolshevik", she said innocently.

"Yes, and probably George the Third called Ben Franklin a Bolshevik", retorted Roger. "The trouble is, truth and falsehood don't come laid out in black and white—Truth and Huntruth, as the wartime joke had it. Sometimes I thought Truth had vanished from the earth", he cried bitterly. "Like everything else, it was rationed by the governments. I taught myself to disbelieve half of what I read in the papers. I saw the world clawing itself to shreds in blind rage. I saw hardly anyone brave enough to

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face the brutalizing absurdity as it really was, and describe it. I saw the glutton, the idler, and the fool applauding, while brave and simple men walked in the horrors of hell. The stay-at-home poets turned it to pretty lyrics of glory and sacrifice. Perhaps half a dozen of them have told the truth. Have you read Sassoon? Or Latzko's 'Men in War', which was so damned true that the government suppressed it? Humph! Putting Truth on rations!"

He knocked out his pipe against his heel, and his blue eyes shone with a kind of desperate earnestness.

"But I tell you, the world is going to have the truth about war. We're going to put an end to this madness. It's not going to be easy. Just now, in the intoxication of the German collapse, we're all rejoicing in our new happiness. I tell you, the real peace will be a long time coming. When you tear up all the fibres of civilization, it's a slow job to knit things together again. You see those children going down the street to school? Peace lies in their hands. When they are taught in school that war is the most loathsome scourge humanity is subject to, that it smirches and fouls every lovely occupation of the mortal spirit, then there may be some hope for the future. But I'd like to bet they are having it drilled into them that war is a glorious and noble sacrifice.

"The people who write poems about the divine frenzy of going over the top are usually those who dipped their pens a long, long way from the slimy duckboards of the trenches. It's funny how we hate to face realities. I knew a commuter once who rode in town every day on the 8.13. But he used to call it the 7.73. He said it made him feel more virtuous."

There was a pause, while Roger watched some belated urchins hurrying toward school.

"I think any man would be a traitor to humanity who didn't pledge every effort of his waking life to an attempt to make war impossible in future."

"Surely no one would deny that", said Titania. "But I do think the war was very glorious as well as very terrible. I've known lots of men who went over, knowing well what they were to face, and yet went gladly and humbly in the thought they were going for a true cause."

"A cause which is so true shouldn't need the sacrifice of millions of fine lives", said Roger gravely. "Don't imagine I don't see the dreadful nobility of it. But poor humanity shouldn't be asked to be noble at such a cost. That's the most pitiful tragedy of it all. Don't you suppose the Germans thought they, too, were marching off for a noble cause, when they began it and forced this misery on the world? They had been educated to believe so for a generation. That's the terrible hypnotism of it all, the brute mass-impulse, the pride and national spirit, the instinctive simplicity of men that makes them worship what is their own above everything else. I've thrilled and shouted with patriotic pride, like everyone. Music and flags and men marching in step have bewitched me, as they do all of us. And then I've gone home and sworn to root this evil instinct out of my soul. God help us—let's love the world, love humanity—not just our own country! That's why I'm so keen about the part we're going to play at the Peace Conference. Our motto over there will be 'America Last'! Hurrah for us, I say, for we shall be the only nation over there with absolutely no ax to grind. Nothing but a pax to grind!"

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It argued well for Titania's breadth of mind that she was not dismayed nor alarmed at the poor bookseller's anguished harangue. She surmised sagely that he was cleansing his bosom of much perilous stuff. In some mysterious way she had learned the greatest and rarest of the spirit's gifts—toleration.

"You can't help loving your country", she said.

"Let's go indoors", he answered. "You'll catch cold out here. I want to show you my alcove of books on the war."

"Of course one can't help loving one's country", he added. "I love mine so much that I want to see her take the lead in making a new era possible. She has sacrificed least for war, she should be ready to sacrifice most for peace. As for me", he said, smiling, "I'd be willing to sacrifice the whole Republican party!"

"I don't see why you call the war an absurdity", said Titania. "We *had* to beat Germany, or where would civilization have been?"

"We had to beat Germany, yes, but the absurdity lies in the fact that we had to beat ourselves in doing it. The first thing you'll find, when the Peace Conference gets to work, will be that we shall have to help Germany onto her feet again so that she can be punished in an orderly way. We shall have to feed her and admit her to commerce so that she can pay her indemnities—we shall have to police her cities to prevent revolution from burning her up—and the upshot of it all will be that men will have fought the most terrible war in history, and endured nameless horrors, for the privilege of nursing their enemy back to health. If that isn't an absurdity, what is? That's what happens when a great nation like Germany goes insane.

"Well, we're up against some terribly complicated problems. My only consolation is that I think the bookseller can play as useful a part as any man in rebuilding the world's sanity. When I was fretting over what I could do to help things along, I came across two lines in my favorite poet that encouraged me. Good old George Herbert says—

> A grain of glory mixed with humblenesse
> Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse.

Certainly, running a second-hand bookstore is a pretty humble calling, but I've mixed a grain of glory with it, in my own imagination at any rate. You see, books contain the thoughts and dreams of men, their hopes and strivings and all their immortal parts. It's in books that most of us learn how splendidly worth while life is. I never realized the greatness of the human spirit, the indomitable grandeur of man's mind, until I read Milton's 'Areopagitica'. To read that great outburst of splendid anger ennobles the meanest of us, simply because we belong to the same species of animal as Milton. Books are the immortality of the race, the father and mother of most that is worth while cherishing in our hearts. To spread good books about, to sow them in fertile minds, to propagate understanding and a carefulness of life and beauty—isn't that high enough mission for a man? The bookseller is the real Mr. Valiant-For-Truth."

"Here's my war-alcove", he went on. "I've stacked up here most of the really good books the war has brought out. If humanity has sense enough to take these books to heart, it will never get itself into this mess again. Printer's ink has been running a race against gunpowder these many, many

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years. Ink is handicapped, in a way, because you can blow up a man with gunpowder in half a second, while it may take twenty years to blow him up with a book. But the gunpowder destroys itself along with its victim, while a book can keep on exploding for centuries. There's Hardy's 'Dynasts' for example. When you read that book you can feel it blowing up your mind. It leaves you gasping, ill, nauseated—O, it's not pleasant to feel some really pure intellect filtered into one's brain! It hurts! There's enough TNT in that book to blast war from the face of the globe. But there's a slow fuse attached to it. It hasn't really exploded yet. Maybe it won't, for another fifty years.

"In regard to the war, think what books have accomplished. What was the first thing all the governments started to do—publish books! Blue books, yellow books, white books, red books—everything but black books, which would have been appropriate in Berlin. They knew that guns and troops were helpless unless they could get the books on their side, too. Books did as much as anything else to bring America into the war. Some German books helped to wipe the Kaiser off his throne—'I Accuse', and Dr. Muehlon's magnificent outburst 'The Vandal of Europe', and Lichnowsky's private memorandum, which shook Germany to her foundations—simply because he told the truth. Here's that book 'Men in War', written I believe by a Hungarian officer, with its noble dedication 'To Friend and Foe'. Here are some of the French books—books in which the clear, passionate intellect of that race, with its savage irony, burns like a flame. Romain Rolland's 'Au Dessus de la Mêlée', written in exile in Switzerland; Barbusse's terrible 'Le Feu'; Duhamel's bitter 'Civilization'; Bourget's strangely fascinating novel 'The Meaning of Death'. And the noble books that have come out of England: 'A Student in Arms'; 'The Tree of Heaven'; 'Why Men Fight' by Bertrand Russell—I'm hoping he'll write one on 'Why Men Are Imprisoned': you know he was locked up for his sentiments! And here's one of the most moving of all—'The Letters of Arthur Heath', a gentle, sensitive, young Oxford tutor who was killed on the western front. You ought to read that book. It shows the entire lack of hatred on the part of the English. Heath and his friends, the night before they enlisted, sat up singing the German music they had loved, as a kind of farewell to the old, friendly, joyous life. Yes, that's the kind of thing war does—wipes out spirits like Arthur Heath. Please read it. Then you'll have to read Philip Gibbs, and Lowes Dickinson, and all the young poets. Of course you've read Wells already. Everybody has."

"How about the Americans?" said Titania. "Haven't they written anything about the war that's worth while?"

"Here's one that I found a lot of meat in, streaked with philosophical gristle", said Roger, relighting his pipe. He pulled out a copy of "Professor Latimer's Progress". "There was one passage that I remember marking—let's see now, what was it? —Yes, here!

> *It is true that, if you made a poll of newspaper editors, you might find a great many who think that war is evil. But if you were to take a census among pastors of fashionable metropolitan churches—*

That's a bull's-eye hit! The church has done for itself with most thinking men. . . . There's another good passage in 'Professor Latimer', where he points out the philosophical value of

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dishwashing. Some of Latimer's talk is so much in common with my ideas that I've been rather hoping he'd drop in here some day. I'd like to meet him. As for American poets, get wise to Edwin Robinson—"

There is no knowing how long the bookseller's monologue might have continued, but at this moment Helen appeared from the kitchen.

"Good gracious, Roger!" she exclaimed. "I've heard your voice piping away for I don't know how long. What are you doing—giving the poor child a Chautauqua lecture? You must want to frighten her out of the book business."

Roger looked a little sheepish. "My dear", he said, "I was only laying down a few of the principles underlying the art of bookselling—"

"It was very interesting, honestly it was", said Titania brightly. Mrs. Mifflin, in a blue-check apron and with plump arms floury to the elbow, gave her a wink—or as near a wink as a woman ever achieves (ask the man who owns one).

"Whenever Mr. Mifflin feels very low in his mind about the business", she said, "he falls back on those highly idealized sentiments. He knows that next to being a parson, he's got into the worst line there is, and he tries bravely to conceal it from himself."

"I think it's too bad to give me away before Miss Titania", said Roger smiling, so Titania saw this was merely a family joke.

"Really, truly", she protested, "I'm having a lovely time. I've been learning all about Professor Latimer who wrote 'The Handle of Europe', and all sorts of things. I've been afraid every minute that some customer would come in and interrupt us."

"No fear of that", said Helen. "They're scarce in the early morning." She went back to her kitchen.

"Well, Miss Titania," resumed Roger—"you see what I'm driving at. I want to give people an entirely new idea about bookshops. The grain of glory that I hope will cure both my fever and my 'lethargicknesse' is my conception of the bookstore as a powerhouse, a radiating place for truth and beauty. I insist 'books are not absolutely dead things: they are as lively as those fabulous dragons' teeth, and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men'. How about Bernhardi? Some of my Corn Cob friends tell me books are just merchandise. Pshaw!"

"I haven't read much of Bernard Shaw", said Titania.

"Did you ever notice how books track you down and hunt you out? They follow you like the hound in Francis Thompson's poem. They know their quarry! Look at that book 'The Education of Henry Adams'! Just watch the way it's hounding out thinking people this winter. And 'The Four Horsemen'—you can see it racing in the veins of the reading people. It's one of the uncanniest things I know to watch a real book on its career—it follows you and follows you and drives you into a corner and *makes* you read it. There's a queer old book that's been chasing me for years: 'The Life and Opinions of John Buncle, Esq.', it's called. I've tried to escape it, but every now and then it sticks up its head somewhere. It'll get me some day, and I'll be compelled to read it. 'Ten Thousand a Year' trailed me the same way until I surrendered. Words can't describe the cunning of some books. You'll think you've shaken them off your trail, and then one day some innocent-looking customer will pop in and be-

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gin to talk, and you'll know he's an unconscious agent of book-destiny. There's an old sea-captain who drops in here now and then. He's simply the novels of Captain Marryat put into flesh. He has me under a kind of spell: I know I shall have to read 'Peter Simple' before I die, just because the old fellow loves it so. That's why I call this place the Haunted Bookshop. Haunted by the ghosts of the books I haven't read. Poor, uneasy spirits, they walk and walk around me. There's only one way to lay the ghost of a book, and that is to read it."

"I know what you mean", said Titania. "I haven't read much Bernard Shaw, but I feel I shall have to. He meets me at every turn, bullying me. And I know lots of people who are simply terrorized by H. G. Wells. Every time one of his books comes out, and that's pretty often, they're in a perfect panic until they've read it."

Roger chuckled. "Some have even been stampeded into subscribing to 'The New Republic' for that very purpose."

"But speaking of the Haunted Bookshop, what's your special interest in that Oliver Cromwell book?"

"Oh, I'm glad you mentioned it", said Roger. "I must put it back in its place on the shelf." He ran back to the den to get it, and just then the bell clanged at the door. A customer came in, and the one-sided gossip was over for the time being.

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# THE PASSION FOR PREFACES IN SOME RECENT BOOKS OF VERSE

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Why will our young poets write prefaces for their volumes, and in them apologize and explain? If a poem does not speak for itself, if it does not paint itself on the mind, all the prose in the world will not justify it. Thank heaven architects don't explain their buildings—they don't even sign them; and musicians and painters and sculptors are not forever talking or haranguing about their art. It seems to me that it is far better to try to write good poetry than to discuss it. Do your work as well as you can and let it stand or fall.

There are ten books on my desk as I write this—ten books of verse; and all except one contain a preface. Willard Wattles is a sinner, doubly; for his little foreword tells nothing—it were far better if he had never written it. In the very first sentence he blushes furiously—but proceeds in the most bromidic manner to enlighten the reader as to the production of certain of his lyrics: as if it were necessary to know that one poem was written in such and such a year and another in such and such a month—he almost gives the day and the hour. "Lanterns in Gethsemane" may need an explanation; but Mr. Wattles is not the person to offer it. The jacket, which has come to mean only another preface, tells us that it is "verse most unusual: vibrant with meaning and rich with vision", an attempt to explain Christ in the present crisis.

Now, I have like fragments by this young poet which I have seen in the magazines; but when his verse is gathered together it has a monotony that somewhat palls; and his parochial religiosity is a thing to be decried and almost wept over; for, artistically, it will never get him anywhere. In a letter to a friend, which he gives in his unnecessary preface, he says: "There is no mistake I make which Jesus does not understand". Think of a poet saying that! I could understand a Salvation Army lassie thus confessing in public on a street corner—that is what she is there for; but why should the casual reader who has bought Mr. Wattles's book to enjoy his work as an artist, care if the good Lord understands Mr. Wattles's faults? Lo! they are many; and, to my way of thinking, some of them are hard to forgive. His artistic sinning is all the greater since now and then he shows a gleam of the real fire, as when he sings,—

> Dead and forgotten, though the world's cathedrals,
> Trembling with music, blossom into stone.

But how can one reconcile such a talent with unoriginal lines like,—

> The day that's gone will nevermore return,

or,—

> We touched a flower, the petals dropped in dung.

This last is at worst only an error of taste; but the following is unpardonable:

> . . . . . so they
> Tongued their pale cheeks and politely hissed.

And he makes the gentle Saviour say, in a poem called "I am that I am" (the

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same Saviour who understands all his faults!):

> When Cleopatra watched the work
> Of poison, I was there;
> Her fingers felt my breast grow cold,
> Her harp player.

For sheer banality I have never read anything worse. May the Lord have mercy on Mr. Wattles's soul!

The trouble with this young Westerner is that he is sleekly contented, with a Pollyanna optimism that infuriates one. He is too fond of self-analysis; and when he attempts, as in singing thus:

> My knee was sprung
> And I couldn't see,
> So I climbed up high
> In a jujube tree,

or again,—

> And Jesus will laugh
> And say it's good
> That I've moved into
> His neighborhood.
>
> When he lights his pipe
> I think he'll scratch
> The morning-star
> For his safety match,—

one groans, and again cries out, "May the Lord have mercy on Mr. Wattles's soul!" It is all an amazing attempt to be simple. Mr. Wattles has much to learn. His technique is slatternly, as in some of the Omarian stanzas called "Youth Apologizes". We can only hope some of the rough lines are due to printer's errors; but no mere typographer threw the accent on the first syllable of "beyond" in "Against my Second Coming".

Every now and then Mr. Wattles has a big idea, but in his effort to be matter-of-fact he ruins it. Take "A Secret", and see how it is marred by the poet's refusal to allow the reader to use his own imagination. And how a farmer boy, sleeping, could have found David's sling and lost it again is quite beyond me. Was the word "sleeping" dragged in for the sake of a rhyme? If so, give me vers libre every time! There is nothing lovelier in poetry than the right kind of repetition; but in pieces like "Jericho" Mr. Wattles reiterates until one has the feeling that doggerel has been produced; and "Pisgah" succeeds in becoming only a passable hymn, not the passionate human experience Mr. Wattles evidently intended to record. It is a thousand pities, as I said; for this young man could write good poetry if he wanted to, and if he lost some of his self-love.

Mr. (or, rather, Professor) Frederick E. Pierce prefaces his book, "Poems of New England and Old Spain", with some words explanatory of his very blank verse. He links his name with that of Robert Frost—a delicate and dangerous thing to do. Simply because he chooses to write of lonely New England farm life, I suppose he imagines the reader will associate his lines with those of one of the most important interpreters of our time; but it will not be so. For Frost is a genius, and Pierce is—well, to put it plainly—only a professor. He may be able to tell his classes something of scansion and iambic pentameter; but he does not write authentic poetry. For the most part his measures give only the impression of chopped-up prose—and uninteresting prose at that. His people do not live and breathe; they are mere puppets. When Professor Pierce gets to an interesting place in a description of their wan lives, he has the amateur's habit of telling you that something dramatic happened, or that several years passed, and lets it go at that. It's a great pity; for he irritates his reader, who, having waded through several pages of stilted verse, hopes he has at last come upon the illuminating passage which will make the rest

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worth while. But here and there stands out a brilliant, sharp line—a line that reveals a true appreciation of the beauty of nature; such a line as,—

The twinkling fireflies moved like fallen stars,

or,—

The myriad-branched magnolia bloomed for her,
God's candelabra tipped with spirit fire.

And better still:

Called life to sunnier slopes in laughing May,
Or April hours, when bud and leaf unfolding
Hung delicate as the silken dress of brides.

In his preface, Professor Pierce says that the people he writes of would not always speak like typical farmers. Neither, I venture to say, would they speak as they do on, say, page 31, when a boy says to his father:

My future calls me; earth and ocean call me,
Vast mines in mountains half a world away,
Great ships with foreign funnels dropping down
In the still twilight, bound for twilight lands.

The charm of Frost is that he makes his people speak like human beings. If Professor Pierce ever met a lad like the one in "Father and Son", he should have murdered him, and not written a panegyric about him.

To my mind, "In Flanders Fields" is one of the finest poetic utterances this war has brought forth; but, like Bourdillon who wrote "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes", Colonel McCrae wrote only one poem that will last. Yet that one is enough. Think of leaving such a monument behind you! This great rondeau is the title of a volume just published; for having blown about the world for many months—a fugitive bird dipping its wings upon the pages of every newspaper imaginable,—it has at last found a solid resting-place between covers. The late Colonel's friend, Sir Andrew Macphail, has written a touching introduction which throws much light on the character of the soldier-poet, and is a valuable addition to the literature of the Great War. How one would have liked to know McCrae, whose sensitive, manly face looks out from two or three pictures in the volume! Everybody should have this book in his library, though it contains, as I said, no other notable poem; but the title piece will live, as it deserves to live, with Masefield's "August, 1914", and A. E. Housman's "On a Mercenary Army", the latter all too little known in this country.

James C. Welsh, under the title of "Songs of a Miner", gives us a slender volume, slender both in format and substance. If Mr. Wattles and Professor Pierce write rambling introductions to their books, Mr. Welsh does just the opposite; for his preface is a sincere little essay, telling frankly of his origin, containing a beautiful tribute to his mother and to two friends, a Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell of Glasgow, who helped him upward. Bernard Shaw, he tells us, was asked to write the foreword, but refused, as he wanted Welsh to stand on his own literary legs. Good advice, that. It is difficult to review this young poet after his earnest and sane statement of his life and his struggles; as an editor, I know how it pains me to return the manuscripts of the beginner, with the polite excuse that "our bins are full", or "we are overcrowded at present. Call again". Editors don't relish this part of their thankless work, despite their cruel critics; and reviewers would far rather say pleasant things about the efforts of any man or woman whose book comes to their table. The truth must be told, however. In my opinion, Mr. Welsh hasn't much to say, and he says that little only fairly well. His verses

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might just as well have been written by a cab-driver or a carpenter, for only one poem gives any expression of his vocation in life. The rest are the nondescript little songs of any casual singer, and their value is purely personal. I do wish I could say that here is another authentic voice, a man worth while, a toiler with a message, or something equally pleasant.

Even the experienced Henry van Dyke must write a bit of a preface for his infinitesimal volume, "Golden Stars". He almost apologizes for the inclusion of all the poems except the one which gives the book its title, thereby disarming his critics. I venture to say that if a lesser name had been on the manuscript when the publisher's reader considered it, there would have been no date of publication set; for of all the banal and tawdry stuff produced by the recent conflict, this takes the palm. It is not worth the paper it is printed on. And how Dr. van Dyke used to write! He is to literature nowadays what Harry B. Smith is to comic opera.

A young man whose name is new to me publishes a thin volume called "Songs and Symphonies". His name is Nathan Rosenbaum. I doubt if he will be heard of again; for he writes the freest kind of free verse, and his attempts at rhymed couplets are anything but successful. His themes are commonplace, and his adjectives and figures of speech equally so. He tells us solemnly, after the way of youth, that "Sorrow waits for all men born", and he asserts, as though Bryant had never said it, that "The melancholy days of Autumn are here". And he continues, bromidically enough:

> The dead leaves are falling
> From the treetops;
> Saffron and mellow-red,
> Tarnished gold and ashen-brown.
> The dead leaves are falling
> From the treetops,
> Covering the damp mellow earth,
> Hiding the winding roads,
> Floating upon the breasts
> Of purple-blue waters.
> The dead leaves are falling,
> Slowly falling,
> Falling.

No, Mr. Rosenbaum, this will never do in these rushing years, these times of stress and rich human drama. You must live a little more before you again set pen to paper. But one thing is to your credit—you did not write a preface!

I find it difficult to be gentle with a versifier who rhymes "time" and "mine", "weary" and "Mary". That is what Amy Redpath Roddick does in her slender book, "The Flag". For the most part these are imperfect verses not worthy of the dignity of the printed page, efforts to show how loyal Canada has been in the world conflict. But the author has no technique, and it were far better for Canada—and herself—if she had remained mute. Lest I be accused of being too harsh, let me quote a sample stanza from page 31:

> Though our verse may seem too terse,
> Somewhat odd and not quite nice;
> Yet it's fine, each single line,
> Free from metre and from rhyme,
> It's intense, without much sense!

The rest is silence.

"Afterglow" was written by the late James Fenimore Cooper, Jr., a great-grandson of the famous novelist. Young Cooper became a captain in our army, and died at Camp Dix of pneumonia, in February, 1918. Professor Beers, in a sympathetic foreword (quite justified, in this case) tells us that Captain Cooper had been trying to shape his life so that he could abandon the study and practice of law, in order that he might live in the country and find time to write. The volume

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he left behind him seems to justify this ambition, and it is a pity that he died in the flush of his youth. Many of the verses reveal the true singer; but perhaps, as is generally the case, his literary executors have included a few pieces that Cooper himself would have omitted. The whole content of the volume, however, is one of courage and high conviction. Captain Cooper left beauty and grace behind him. He is one of that little band of soldier-poets which America gave to the great god of war.

"Fisherman's Verse" is a heavenly anthology of all that is best from the angler's point of view. It has been collected with great discretion by William Haynes and Joseph LeRoy Harrison; and if, a few paragraphs above, I wrote scathingly of Henry van Dyke's tiny volume, I must praise without stint his conversational introduction to this book. It is just what it should be—a light, cheerful, out-of-doors bit of writing, as graceful as a fishing-rod in action. There are songs grave and gay, from the well-worn Anonymous to Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Clinton Scollard—and, by the way, there is a typographical error in Mr. Scollard's verses on page 292 which should be corrected before the second edition goes to press. There isn't an angler in the world who should not get this happy volume for his library. I have never been a fisherman; but after reading these poems I want to get the equipment—and the right companion—and go to it. Can one say more for any book?

Just as one grows thoroughly disheartened over the outlook for American poetry and broods over the lack of authentic voices here, there arrives a singer like John G. Neihardt—a vigorous Nebraskan who comes, not with a light sheaf of lyrics, but with an epic!—"The Song of Three Friends". And moreover he announces, in a preface that is again worth the writing—and the reading—that this is but one of a trilogy of such epics. In an era of telephones and telegraphs and "speeding", it is refreshing to know that there is one poet, at least, who has the time and the inclination to take his art seriously and leisurely; and one enviously pictures him, out on his lonely prairie lands, sifting the stuff of dreams, weighing this phrase or that, and moulding his songs into the shape that suits his happy heart. What Noyes did for Drake and the Spanish Armada, Neihardt will do, without doubt, for that romantic period in our history when those hardy adventurers, trappers and traders all, the Ashley-Henry men, traversed the upper Missouri river. Mr. Neihardt has absorbed the history of those early 'twenties; he has lived for months at a time on the river he loves—I recall his prose record, several years back, of that almost mystical yet thoroughly human love-affair, which he called "The River and I"—and he is ready now to put into flowing verse the story that he wants the whole world to share with him.

The first volume covers one hundred and twenty-six pages, and the simple narrative is told in eight cantos. Three *voyageurs* set forth together, husky men who have learned much of friendship in the years they have been together. They have become attached to one another in the way that soldiers and sailors form close ties. They know that exalted free masonry which is so rare and holy a thing, and they feel the strong and seemingly unbreakable ties that only men of action know. Then—and here comes the one great weakness of the story, to me—a wo-

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man enters; and, potent as her influence is, Neihardt does not think it necessary to describe her. He does not even let us see her; yet it is she who breaks the friendship of two of the men, and causes one, in the end, to murder the other! How she came to cross their path is not even revealed, merely hinted at. Perhaps the poet hoped, through this original device of literally concealing one of his protagonists, to get an added dramatic effect. To my mind, he fails, for I was anxious to know what manner of woman it was who could destroy so completely the friendship of Carpenter and that wild Irishman, Mike Fink. And later Frank Talbeau, discovering the guilt of Mike, comes to hate him with a deadly hatred, and lets him perish amid the arid wastes of the desert. It sounds trite to tell this thin plot; but the poem is powerful and grim, with a rugged technique that might have made the frame for a novel by Jack London. No novelist, indeed, could have introduced his characters more skilfully. We get a picture at once of the husky, lusty trio. We learn that,—

The Mississippi reared no finer men,
And rarely the Ohio knew their peers
For pluck and prowess—even in those years
When stern life yielded suck but to the strong.

Carpenter, we find, was,—

A cedar of a man; he towered straight.
One might have judged him lumbering of gait,
When he was still; but when he walked or ran,
He stepped it lightly like a little man.

And here is how Fink is described, when he goes in swimming:

Clean as a windlass flame the lines of power
Run rhythmic up the stout limbs, muscle-laced,
Athwart the ropy gauntness of the waist,
The huge round girth of chest, wheresoever spread
Enormous shoulders. Now above his head
He lifts his arms where big thews merge and flow
As in some dream of Michaelangelo;
And up along the dimpling back there run,
Like lazy serpents stirring in the sun,
Slow waves that break and pile upon the slope
Of that great neck in swelling rolls, a-grope
Beneath the velvet softness of the skin.

And Neihardt goes on to speak, magnificently, of "that terrible economy of might". And if lines like these do not reveal the true poet, then I know nothing at all of poetry:

Now e'er they left the Ree town by the Grand
The revellers had seen the spent moon roam
The morning, like a tipsy hag bound home.

Or this:

. . . twice they saw
The sunset dwindle to a starry awe
Beyond the frozen vast, while still they pressed
The journey—bearded faces yearning west,
White as the waste they trod.

When Neihardt can write such passages as these, it is a pity to see him resort (although in all justice I must say he does it only occasionally) to such tricks of cheap alliteration as this:

Then rose a roar that roused the teeming town,

and later on,—

And, like a misty moon amid the smoke.

The description of the fight is vigorous and thrilling, and it is led up to with all a born story-teller's cleverness. You feel that Neihardt has lived among just such men, has sympathized with them in their laughter and their pain; that he has read their hearts and souls. And while he loves nature, he always seems to me to love human nature even more; and that is why his book is so splendid. The publishers say on the jacket that it can be read almost as a novel, solely for the story. That, in a sense, is true. The poet has chosen the medium of verse—and a popular meter, at that—to tell his tale of adventure. I feel that he would have been wiser to employ blank verse

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instead of the monotonous couplet; and I think an added effect would have been gained if he had then interspersed his unrhymed measures with iambic and trochaic lyrics. For instance, when I reached page 82, I thought he had missed a golden opportunity to insert that Irish song he speaks of. It would have come as a refreshing contrast. But it is a sin, almost, to quibble over such details; for after all, as every poet knows, the form a poem is to take usually comes simultaneously with the idea; and if Neihardt's muse directed him to the couplet, then the couplet was the only vehicle he could choose. It is a beautiful piece of work, American through and through, a mosaic with many a deft design, and one is uplifted and exalted in the reading of its resounding lines.

I am not holding that Mr. Neihardt has written a *tour de force;* but he has gone far in the right direction; and every one of us who reads this preliminary volume will watch for the unborn companions to follow. I pointed out once in these pages how tragic a fact it was that for her poets New York was so lacking in romantic names; especially when one remembered in how wonderful a way the streets of London were christened. We have Fifth Avenue; and the English have Piccadilly Circus. Yet if the eastern metropolis is deficient in the sounds one loves to roll on his tongue, our middle West and far West are rich in the musical word, and Mr. Neihardt has a storehouse of the most beautiful phrases to draw upon. A woman in New York once said to me that she never realized what a glorious word "Illinois" was until Arnold Bennett told her so in "Your United States"! Here is Neihardt reveling in such names as Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Elk Prairie, Assiniboine, Blackfoot Land, Bâton Rouge, and dozens of others—words to give joy to his poetic soul, his sensitive ear.

And what a joy to read his narrative after most of the little books I wanted so hard to praise, but could not. Being an editor, I know how the manuscript of even casual worth is apt to stand out in sharp contrast piled up against its fellows. Every day we poor editors see mediocrity stalking vainglorioously through the world, and we see that endless host of writers who have nothing at all to say, going on, year in and year out, so diligently and loudly saying it! Heaven knows our hearts bleed for them; but is it not the better part of kindness to tell them frankly that you feel they have no message than to delude them with false hopes? So many young people try to become writers because the only paraphernalia necessary is a sheet of virgin paper and a lead pencil. These same young people would not think of taking up art; for a paint-box is more expensive, and they realize that even a little knowledge of the use of color is vital to success as an illustrator. But a writer—well, anyone may be a writer. And so they troop before us, more to be pitied than censured.

For they are not to be blamed so much as the publishers who make it possible for their volumes to be foisted on an unsuspecting public! In magazine offices we give attention to every manuscript that comes to us; for one never knows what envelope may contain that literary light we so anxiously seek. It is to the editor's undying credit if he discovers an O. Henry. It is a heart-breaking task to read so much mail of a morning; for one brief sentence often tells the tale of hopeless lack of talent, and one pities the postman on the Prairie Boulevard

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route, or the Grand Avenue circuit, when these heavy sheafs of song or story find themselves in his bag. John Jones and Mary Adams frequently do not know that their manuscripts are worthless; but a literary agent, who is supposed to sift the stories that come to him, ought to know. Therefore what the literary agent sends to an editorial office is read with added hope, since the agent acts in the nature of a buffer between the writer and the publisher's reader. The agent is to the editorial world what an intelligence office is to a housekeeper seeking a good servant. The publisher is to the reviewer what the agent is to the editor. It is taken for granted that what is worth setting up in type and putting between covers is at least worth reading; and when one finds that it is not, one's wrath should not be vented upon the innocent author, but upon the lax publisher who lets anything slide through.

I had hoped, as I hope every working morning of my life, to enjoy the reading of these manuscripts in book form; but for the most part they have bored me to tears. But it wasn't such a bad day's work, after all, when I come to think of it. At least John G. Neihardt was in the mail-pouch, and his stuff isn't going back to Bancroft, Nebraska. No, indeed, it will stay right here on my shelves! Thank you, Mr. Neihardt. I wish I could send you a good fat check. You deserve it.

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Lanterns in Gethsemane. By Willard Wattles. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Poems of New England and Old Spain. By Frederick E. Pierce. Four Seas Co.

In Flanders Fields. By Lieut.-Col. John McCrae. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Songs of a Miner. By James C. Welsh. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Golden Stars. By Henry van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Songs and Symphonies. By Nathan Rosenbaum. Ferris and Leach.

The Flag. By Amy Redpath Roddick. Montreal: John Dougall and Son.

Afterglow. By James Fenimore Cooper, Jr. Yale University Press.

Fisherman's Verse. Edited by William Haynes and Joseph LeRoy Harrison. Duffield and Co.

The Song of Three Friends. By John G. Neihardt. The Macmillan Co.

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# THE LITERATURE OF TRANSITION

BY WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

There is a miracle being wrought on earth just now—the world is altering before our eyes, and we are aware of it! Yet it would be a still greater miracle if we remained ignorant, for the miracle-workers are so busy telling us just how it is done, the seers and prophets and soothsayers are so industriously expounding how it might, could, would, or should be done, that we are informed despite ourselves. For these are very human miracles—though not, perhaps, the less miraculous for that—and they are, for the most part, not done in a corner but in the open marketplace. And their fashion has changed. Six months ago they were prodigies of destruction; now it is construction and reconstruction which hold the stage—the reconstitution not only of the principalities, dominions, and powers of the world, but of the bodies and perhaps even the souls of its inhabitants.

The activities of the war—the doings of our own men, of those of our allies, and of our enemies—still form the theme of many books. Among these is conspicuous Cowing and Cooper's "Dear Folks at Home", a compilation of letters from the survivors of that gallant contingent on whose resistance the German onrush broke. If any man wants a measure of the difference between the armies which met in that high tide of Belleau Wood, let him read this book, together with that extraordinary "Diary of a German Soldier" by "Feldwebel C——"—that record of German militarism at its worst, which, genuine or not as to its authorship, is none the less a true picture of the life which it presents as confirmed from a hundred sources. Let him read and ponder!

And if he wants sheer incredible heroism let him add to these Captain A. P. Corcoran's "The Daredevil of the Army", the "buzzer" and despatch-rider's adventures in the inferno. For there is at least one story there—that of the mortally-wounded 'Arry, who, "busted by a shell", crawled back some twenty yards with "'arf a leg and 'arf an arm", and held the two ends of the severed telephone wire in his dead hand until his comrade found the "break" in the wire and repaired it. And though after such reading as this, F. H. Potter's "The Naval Reserve" may seem tame, one may not forget it was by such processes as his book describes that crude humanity was run now and then into heroic mould. Upon that fact, in maritime affairs, Sir Henry Newbolt's "Submarine and Anti-Submarine" dwells more insistently. His book is "not an epic", he declares, "not a poetical work at all"; he has avowedly and obviously used "few epithets", yet his bare, reticent recital of the facts speaks more condemnation than volumes of abuse of those devotees of what is politely called "unrestricted" submarine warfare, which "destroyed the ancient brotherhood of those who go down to the sea in ships". And to these war books, finally, we may add Miss Clara Laughlin's "Foch, the Man", a readable and intelligent summary of the

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life of the "Marshal of Victory"; and W. R. Wheeler's "China and the World War", which gives a clear, consecutive account, by a resident European, of the particular problems of that great nation as affected by the conflict just ended.

From such volumes as these we turn to reconstruction, first of human, then of political organisms. In Leon De Paeuw's "Vocational Re-Education of Maimed Soldiers", Director McMurtrie's "The Disabled Soldier", even, in some measure, in Miss E. W. Black's "Hospital Heroes", we find a new note amid the dying echoes of the war—the note of human courage and scientific skill, the literal healing of the wounds of conflict, the salvage of men. In C. W. Barron's "War Finance", with its motto "Finance is the foundation of reconstruction", we find the same unquenchable energy of mankind at work in another no less important if less appealing field. And a whole group of books strike the same note on their respective instruments—W. H. Hobbs's "The World War and Its Consequences", Oreste Ferrara's "Lessons of the War and the Peace Conference", President Wilson's speeches and messages in "Guarantees of Peace", Sir George Smith's "Our Common Conscience", A. M. Simons's "The Vision for Which We Fought", Frank Dilnot's "The New America", and Ignatius Phayre's "America's Day". For nothing is more apparent than that the collective thought of men, whether in politics or industry, in business, or in morals, or in international relationships, is seeking not only an enduring peace but the deeper foundations on which such a peace must rest. It is no less evident from their words that, whatever treaties and agreements we shall have, this peace must be based upon "understanding" in a larger sense than has been used by diplomats—an understanding of peoples among themselves, and of as well as with each other, an understanding of "the other man", and of the problems which confront us all. To this same end such volumes as Premier Clemenceau's "France Facing Germany" and Captain Ohlinger's "The German Conspiracy in American Education" contribute mightily, and Miss J. V. Bates's delightful descriptions of "Our Allies and Enemies in the Near East" contribute still more. For they, like Mr. Vosnjak's "A Bulwark Against Germany", give us at once some light on what we have had to face and on the measures needed to meet and conquer it. For never was there greater fallacy declared than that bromidic, soporific utterance that all we require to make us at one with all men is a full understanding of their motives and their acts. Nothing is more evident than that a fuller understanding will divide good men and motives from their enemies; and though this will not, indeed, immediately compass the millennium, it certainly will contribute to a better human world.

A world containing Russia and the Bolsheviks—there and elsewhere—that is the crux of the problem as it stands. Not many years ago we took our metaphor from the Malay Peninsula or from the farthest of the farthest West. We said men "ran amuck" or horses "went loco". Now the figure and its origin have changed; now men "go Bolshevik", and so infect the world. What is this new terror which threatens life? Some half a dozen books, all of merit, some of much insight, help to enlighten us. Dr. A. S. Rappoport's "Pioneers of the Russian Revolution" traces the beginnings of the internationalists; Mr. R. C. Long's

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"Russian Revolution Aspects" and Mr. Robert Wilton's "Russia's Agony", with General Basil Gourko's "Russia 1914-17", show them in action. Frederick Moore's "The Chaos in Europe" views the movement in a wider field, with its relations to America; while Maria Botchkareva's "Yashka", apart from her personal adventures, gives us a clearer picture of the soil in which this Bolshevism for the moment flourishes. There is scarcely one of this unusual group of books, certainly not one of the first three, which must not be read by one who seeks for light on this problem.

For this Russia, this "dark forest of the hearts of men", this situation in which "everything we do is wrong and to do nothing the greatest wrong of all", this "purposeless hell", is, for the moment, the focus of the world. And it is more. For here, in stark bold outline, stands the imminent crisis of society; that fact this whole long list of books emphatically proves. And in that this fact is now so clearly recognized, the world is fortunate. It has before it in a concrete form the enemy of society and all his works revealed. Like his heroes and prototypes, the Jacobins, the Bolshevik will fail. He may triumph for his brief moment on the stage; he has brought about the Reign of Terror which he sought; but from that, there will come no Reign of Virtue like that of which his predecessors dreamed. The world will change, partly on his account, mainly in opposition to his doctrines and their fruits. But unless all human signs shall fail, the remedies are already in sight—and this is the lesson here set down in print.

---

"Dear Folks at Home." Letters from Marines. Compiled by Kemper F. Cowing. Edited by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Diary of a German Soldier. By Feldwebel C———. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Daredevil of the Army. By Captain A. P. Corcoran. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Naval Reserve. By Frank Hunter Potter. Henry Holt and Co.

Submarine and Anti-Submarine. By Sir Henry Newbolt. Longmans, Green and Co.

Foch, the Man. By Clara E. Laughlin. Fleming H. Revell Co.

China and the World War. By W. Reginald Wheeler. The Macmillan Co.

Vocational Re-Education of Maimed Soldiers. By Leon De Paeuw. Princeton University Press.

The Disabled Soldier. By Douglas C. McMurtrie. The Macmillan Co.

Hospital Heroes. By Elizabeth Walker Black. Charles Scribner's Sons.

War Finance. By Clarence W. Barron. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The World War and Its Consequences. By W. H. Hobbs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Lessons of the War and the Peace Conference. By Oreste Ferrara. Harper and Bros.

Guarantees of Peace. Messages, Addresses and Notes of Woodrow Wilson. Harper and Bros.

Our Common Conscience. By Sir George Adam Smith. George H. Doran Company.

The Vision for Which We Fought. By A. M. Simons. The Macmillan Co.

The New America. By Frank Dilnot. The Macmillan Co.

America's Day. By Ignatius Phayre. Dodd, Mead and Co.

France Facing Germany. By Georges Clemenceau. Speeches and Letters. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The German Conspiracy in American Education. By Captain Gustavus Ohlinger. George H. Doran Company.

Our Allies and Enemies in the Near East. By Jean Victor Bates. E. P. Dutton and Co.

A Bulwark Against Germany. By Bogumil Vosnjak. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Pioneers of the Russian Revolution. By Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport. Brentano's.

Russian Revolution Aspects. By Robert Crozier Long. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Russia's Agony. By Robert Wilton. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Russia, 1914-17. By General Basil Gourko. The Macmillan Co.

The Chaos in Europe. By Frederick Moore. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Yashka. My Life as Peasant, Officer and Exile. By Maria Botchkareva. As set down by Isaac Don Levine. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

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# FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

*The following lists of books in demand in April in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.*

## NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | *Vicente Blasco Ibáñez* | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | *Zane Grey* | HARPER |
| 3. The Tin Soldier | *Temple Bailey* | PENN |
| 4. Patricia Brent, Spinster | *Anonymous* | DORAN |
| 5. "Shavings" | *Joseph C. Lincoln* | APPLETON |
| 6. Dawn | *Eleanor H. Porter* | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |

## SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | *Vicente Blasco Ibáñez* | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | *Zane Grey* | HARPER |
| 3. "Shavings" | *Joseph C. Lincoln* | APPLETON |
| 4. The Roll-Call | *Arnold Bennett* | DORAN |
| 5. The Magnificent Ambersons | *Booth Tarkington* | DOUBLEDAY |
| 6. Joan and Peter | *H. G. Wells* | MACMILLAN |

## NORTH CENTRAL STATES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | *Vicente Blasco Ibáñez* | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | *Zane Grey* | HARPER |
| 3. The Tin Soldier | *Temple Bailey* | PENN |
| 4. Joan and Peter | *H. G. Wells* | MACMILLAN |
| 5. A Daughter of the Land | *Gene Stratton-Porter* | DOUBLEDAY |
| 6. "Shavings" | *Joseph C. Lincoln* | APPLETON |

## SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | *Vicente Blasco Ibáñez* | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | *Zane Grey* | HARPER |
| 3. A Daughter of the Land | *Gene Stratton-Porter* | DOUBLEDAY |
| 4. The Tin Soldier | *Temple Bailey* | PENN |
| 5. In the Heart of a Fool | *William Allen White* | MACMILLAN |
| 6. The Magnificent Ambersons | *Booth Tarkington* | DOUBLEDAY |

## WESTERN STATES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | *Vicente Blasco Ibáñez* | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | *Zane Grey* | HARPER |
| 3. Joan and Peter | *H. G. Wells* | MACMILLAN |
| 4. In the Heart of a Fool | *William Allen White* | MACMILLAN |
| 5. The Magnificent Ambersons | *Booth Tarkington* | DOUBLEDAY |
| 6. A Daughter of the Land | *Gene Stratton-Porter* | DOUBLEDAY |

## FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | *Vicente Blasco Ibáñez* | DUTTON |
| 2. The Desert of Wheat | *Zane Grey* | HARPER |
| 3. The Tin Soldier | *Temple Bailey* | PENN |
| 4. Joan and Peter | *H. G. Wells* | MACMILLAN |
| 5. "Shavings" | *Joseph C. Lincoln* | APPLETON |
| 6. The Magnificent Ambersons | *Booth Tarkington* | DOUBLEDAY |

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# GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

*The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.*

## NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | *Henry Adams* | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 2. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters | *Robert Cortes Holliday* | DORAN |
| 3. Letters of Susan Hale | *Caroline P. Atkinson* | MARSHALL JONES |
| 4. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight" | *Floyd Gibbons* | DORAN |
| 5. America in France | *Frederick Palmer* | DODD, MEAD |
| 6. France Facing Germany | *Georges Clemenceau* | DUTTON |

## SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | *Henry Adams* | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 2. A Minstrel in France | *Harry Lauder* | HEARST'S |
| 3. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight" | *Floyd Gibbons* | DORAN |
| 4. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story | *Henry Morgenthau* | DOUBLEDAY |
| 5. Yashka | *Maria Botchkareva* | STOKES |
| 6. Echoes of the War | *J. M. Barrie* | SCRIBNER |

## NORTH CENTRAL STATES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | *Henry Adams* | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 2. With the Help of God and a Few Marines | *A. W. Catlin* | DOUBLEDAY |
| 3. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight" | *Floyd Gibbons* | DORAN |
| 4. The New Revelation | *A. Conan Doyle* | DORAN |
| 5. A Minstrel in France | *Harry Lauder* | HEARST'S |
| 6. Letters of Susan Hale | *Caroline P. Atkinson* | MARSHALL JONES |

## SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | *Henry Adams* | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 2. The New Revelation | *A. Conan Doyle* | DORAN |
| 3. Power of Will | *F. C. Haddock* | PELTON |
| 4. America in France | *Frederick Palmer* | DODD, MEAD |
| 5. A Minstrel in France | *Harry Lauder* | HEARST'S |
| 6. The Seven Purposes | *Margaret Cameron* | HARPER |

## WESTERN STATES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | *Henry Adams* | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 2. The Seven Purposes | *Margaret Cameron* | HARPER |
| 3. The New Revelation | *A. Conan Doyle* | DORAN |
| 4. A Minstrel in France | *Harry Lauder* | HEARST'S |
| 5. A Writer's Recollections | *Mrs. Humphry Ward* | HARPER |
| 6. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story | *Henry Morgenthau* | DOUBLEDAY |

## FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. The Education of Henry Adams | *Henry Adams* | HOUGHTON MIFFLIN |
| 2. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight" | *Floyd Gibbons* | DORAN |
| 3. The Seven Purposes | *Margaret Cameron* | HARPER |
| 4. A Minstrel in France | *Harry Lauder* | HEARST'S |
| 5. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters | *Robert Cortes Holliday* | DORAN |
| 6. With the Help of God and a Few Marines | *A. W. Catlin* | DOUBLEDAY |

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# THE GOSSIP SHOP

The first of the chief celebrations of the one hundredth birthday of Walt Whitman occurred on May 9th, the other will be on the 31st—the latter being the centenary day itself—under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Since Whitman lived for so many years in Brooklyn and was at one time the editor of the Brooklyn "Daily Eagle", it was natural that Brooklyn should take the lead in celebrating his centenary.

The program of speakers prepared by the Institute for the afternoon and evening of May 9th follows: Hamlin Garland (he was a friend of the poet), Mr. and Mrs. Louis Untermeyer, Dr. Richard Burton, Professor William Lyon Phelps, Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers, Thomas B. Harned (one of Whitman's literary executors), Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell (they were friends of Whitman), Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth of Princeton, and Arthur M. Howe, the editor of the Brooklyn "Daily Eagle", whose paper contemplates a special Whitman edition on the day of the centenary. Readings from the writings of Whitman by Clayton Hamilton constituted another feature of the program.

On the thirty-first a party of about one hundred, including the speakers mentioned, plan to visit the birthplace of the poet at West Hills, Long Island. Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall, secretary of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, is the guide for this literary pilgrimage, which includes a visit to the little country schoolhouse where, as a very young man, the poet taught.

The American Forestry Association announced in advance that admirers of Walt Whitman would plant memorial trees in his honor on May 31st, the one hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth.

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Some persons complain of coincidence in fiction. And yet coincidence is all about us in life. There, for instance, is the matter of William Shakespeare and Edwin Markham—both born on the same day of the month, April 23. To mark the sixty-seventh birthday anniversary of Mr. Markham, and "in recognition of his genius as a poet and his worth as a man", the Joint Committee of Literary Arts, New York, gave a dinner in the ballroom of the new Commodore Hotel, New York. The theme of the evening was: "Art and Letters as Welding Forces in International Relationship". Among those participating in the after-dinner program were J. I. C. Clarke, John Galsworthy, Dr. Joyokichi Iyenaga, Dr. Marcel Knecht, director of the Official Bureau of Information, Augustus Thomas, and Mr. Markham. M. Knecht, head of the French High Commission, speaking for France, compared Edwin Markham to Victor Hugo in his effective expression of his love of nature.

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Clement K. Shorter, who is now visiting the United States, is one of the very few British bibliophiles now living. He began collecting rare, beautiful and interesting books when he was a young and struggling journalist, and he now possesses certain literary rarities which might well make

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the mouth of any millionaire water. To give an example, he possesses the manuscript of Borrow's "Lavengro". He is also the happy owner of the manuscripts of some of Mr. Thomas Hardy's early novels, and his collection of Brontë papers and letters is unrivaled. Although by no means old, as age is counted nowadays, Mr. Shorter has been the friend of many eminent Victorians. Few living men know more of the inner life histories of the two Georges, Gissing and Meredith, and his weekly literary page in the London "Sphere" is looked forward to with eagerness by thousands of readers.

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Clement K. Shorter is also one of the very few English journalists who have any very strong sympathy with Home Rule and even Sinn Fein Ireland. This is doubtless owing to the fact that his late wife, Dora Sigerson Shorter, had many devoted friends in both these political camps, and was herself of Irish nationality. Her verse was admired and extolled by many critics who were quite out of sympathy with her political opinions.

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Reports from Berlin have been announcing the featuring in the spring book lists of volumes of memoirs by former governmental, political, and military leaders. Among the more recent of these are two elaborate volumes by former Imperial Chancellor Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg. The first volume is reported to deal with political developments preceding the outbreak of the war. Dr. Gottlieb von Jagow, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, also has a volume, said to be a defense of Germany's prewar policies. German publishers are apparently putting an extraordinary appraisal on the foreign interest in these books, as they are demanding fat royalties for American and English editions. A Leipsic firm is offering for $250,000 the foreign rights on a combination work by Admiral von Tirpitz, former Minister of the Navy; Lieutenant-General von Stein, former Prussian Minister of War and State, and Colonel von Lettow-Vorbeck, Commander of German troops in German East Africa. The rapidity with which distinguished authors are rushing into print has also prompted the suspicion that they are running to get under cover, and that forthcoming publications promise interesting recriminations and revelations. This is said to be especially true of the book by Admiral von Tirpitz. No popular editions have been announced for the forthcoming publications and the public will be forced to pay high prices to satisfy its curiosity.

In this connection the Gossip Shop is glad to print the following letter:

To the Editor of the Bookman:

The signs are increasing in the heavens and upon the earth that Germany is beginning to move with such circumspectness as the Teuton knows for the establishment of communications with the Allies, especially with the United States, whom she seems to regard as less allied in spirit than her other enemies.

We have seen for several weeks past the repeated announcements of extraordinary volumes of revelations written by everybody from Hindenburg and the erstwhile Crown Prince to Ludendorff and Bernstorff. These supposedly tempting manuscripts are dangled before the eyes of American publishers, apparently with the conviction that America has sponged the slate; that she bears no malice; and that when it comes to a matter of cash in the pocket, even such memories as American publishers may retain of the organized brutalities of the Kaiser-madness will not prevent them from looking kindly upon the profits to be got from German self-justifications.

Has anyone in this hour of grace the least notion that the so-called revelations will be anything else but justifications? Isn't the snake-trail of German propa-

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ganda in the United States for the past twenty-five years sufficient to convince us even yet? If one had any doubt on that point a reading of Mr. Ohlinger's "The German Conspiracy in American Education" ought to be enough. Is there any real basis for the notion that Germany has cleaned her stable? Has her so-called revolution ever endangered anything that was vital to the old régime? Hindenburg, the nail-studded apotheosis of the Vandal, heads her armies; Brockdorff-Rantzau, the most sinister figure in her diplomatic life, heads her peace commission.

It would be a record to which we might look back with pride if no German book on the war or on any other kultural topic could find a publisher in America for the next twenty-five years. The loss would not be ours. And the American public, I am convinced, would approve. Is it too much to think that the American publishers and the booksellers (recently in convention in Boston) would be glad to subscribe to such a program? M. H.

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The circumstances are as follows: on April 15th there appeared in Franklin P. Adams's column in the New York "Tribune" this item: "Under its new editorship THE BOOKMAN is full of typographical errors. But C. W. notes that it still speaks of the 'Bigelow Papers'." The statement was apparently read by everybody in New York. That afternoon the Gossip Shop entertained a stream of callers come to rub in the matter. That night the Gossip Shop read the current number of THE BOOKMAN from cover to cover, and found no typographical errors. The next morning the editor of THE BOOKMAN received a note from F. P. A. stating that his proofreader had been promptly murdered. He enclosed his original copy of the item. Also on that morning "The Conning Tower" printed this:

> The Conning Tower apologizes to the Bookman. In yesterday's paper we were made to say "under its new editorship the Bookman is full of typographical errors"! We wrote "free", but the linotyper made it "full", and the proofroom let it stand.

In the matter of the Biggeelowe business Mr. Adams did have one on us.

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The present Queen of Roumania has followed her predecessor, Carmen Sylva's example, and before the war had finished both a book and a musical play. During her recent visit to England—Queen Marie is a first cousin of King George—she saw several people in connection with the production of her play. A cynical courtier once observed that wise royal personages, as regards general conversation, were limited to only two subjects —food and health—and it is of course a fact that kings and queens have to be extremely careful as to what they say—personal criticisms of men and even matters, for instance, being absolutely barred. As a matter of fact most royal personages are almost pathetically interested in the drama and in literature. One of the Russian Grand Dukes of an older generation took rank among the great Shakespeare scholars of his time. The late Duc d'Aumale was a military historian of real value. More than one anonymous novel, almost always of the autobiographical type, has been written and published by royal penwomen. Carmen Sylva thought of herself, and spoke of herself, as a writer first, and a queen a long way afterward. But where most royal personages—and especially royal women—excel is as letter writers. This is no new thing. There exists no more brilliant and vivid picture of the court of Louis XIV than that contained in the letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, Princess Palatine, of whom Thackeray, in his "Four Georges", wrote a short, imperishable sketch. Letters to distant kindred are often the only outlet for a sorely burdened if royal heart; and it may be hoped that the day will come when

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people of our own generation will be able to read the war letters of, say, the German Empress and the Queen of the Belgians.

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The movies, it is evident, are a subject of much controversy and very pronounced opposing opinions. The article by "A Scenario Editor", "The Movies: A Colossus that Totters", which appeared in the February number of THE BOOKMAN, brought to the office of the magazine a number of letters from the opposite camp. Charles Hanson Towne's article in the March issue, "Juveniles and the Movies", has been still more provocative of replies. In addition to numerous letters disagreeing with Mr. Towne's position, several articles reacting against his opinions have been submitted to the magazine. The most entertaining of these, that by Major Rupert Hughes, "Viewing with Alarm", was published in the May BOOKMAN. Others were declined not because of lack of interest or of excellent and ponderable argument, but for the reason that a magazine whose principal field is books could not devote so considerable an amount of space to this theme and retain its perspective. Among the most interesting letters received in this controversy is the following from Los Angeles, California:

GENTLEMEN:

In the March issue of THE BOOKMAN appeared a letter written by Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, headed "Juveniles and the Movies". There are a few things in this letter which should not be allowed to pass without comment. If the motion-pictures which the child of today is to enjoy are to be all they should be, it is knowledge, and not ignorance, which will help to make them so.

It is true that pictures such as Mr. Towne describes do exist and that children do see them. However, the Better Photoplay League of America (which may be addressed at 350 N. Clark St., Chicago), is doing its best to awaken the parents to their responsibilities in this matter by showing them how they, themselves, may improve conditions, and by offering them the means of doing so.

But I cannot agree with Mr. Towne's belief that the modern motion-picture is responsible for a "perverted taste thus generally being formed" among children. Neither do I agree with his definition of the motion-picture, "these thrillers which are comparable only to the old 'penny dreadfuls' ". Such words do *not* define the picture of today while photoplays are being produced of such excellence as Mrs. Burnett's "Sara Crewe" (The Little Princess), "The Poor Little Rich Girl"—in fact, all of Miss Pickford's plays; the recent beautiful picturization of "Little Women", wherein Meg and Jo are indeed Miss Alcott's flesh and blood heroines; "Tom Sawyer", vividly brought to life by Jack Pickford.

Nor do I believe that the mother who has carefully selected a library for her children will be so ignorant as to make no discrimination in the pictures they shall see. If she is capable of exercising judgment in the one case she will do so in the other.

It is encouraging to note how the child of today *does* use his judgment—the child who must depend upon his own initiative; who at the public libraries is left free to satisfy his tastes; who at the picture theatre learns to discriminate. That Miss Pickford receives his favor—is chosen to supersede all others,—proves him a connoisseur. Little children have grown into big children, others take their places. Big children have grown into young men and women. But their allegiance to Mary Pickford remains.

It proved an interesting experiment—that which I decided to make—of choosing those books which Mr. Towne has decided have been forgotten or laid on the shelf, and of noting at the local Public Library whether they were as popular as I privately decided they were. The following list is the result. It will prove even more interesting if one remembers these three facts: a child, the very little one especially, reads a book rather slowly; each book is loaned for a period of two weeks, subject to a renewal of two additional weeks; each book mentioned was but a single copy, there being several other copies of the book in circulation.

"Little Women" in October was loaned three times, in November once, in December twice, in January once, and in February three times—a total of ten loans in five months, or an average peri-

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od of two weeks for each reader. The book was continually in use, and was only one copy out of many. "Little Men" showed a record of six loans in five months. "Tom Sawyer", fourteen loans in five months. "Huckleberry Finn", six loans in three months. "Alice's Adventures", three loans in three months. "Little Lord Fauntleroy", ten loans in five months.

Therefore, the old classics for children have not been superseded by the shadow "of the latest movie star". On the contrary, the screen has already given us masterpieces of its own, which it should be the privilege of all children to enjoy.

Very truly yours,
FLORENCE L. MUNN.

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A memorial meeting in honor of Walter Hines Page, late American Ambassador to the Court of St. James and a member of the firm of Doubleday, Page and Company, was held in New York, April 25th, in the Brick Presbyterian Church. Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president of the University of Virginia, presided and gave a sympathetic characterization of his old friend, Mr. Page. Other speakers were Lord Reading, the British Ambassador; Dr. Lyman Abbott, and William G. McAdoo, ex-Secretary of the Treasury. The Reverend Dr. William Pierson Merrill, pastor of Brick Church, delivered the invocation, and messages from President Wilson and Secretary Lansing were read.

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The Scotch novelist, Miss Sally Macnaughtan, never found in America the great popularity she obtained in England with such books as "The Lame Dog's Diary" and "The Fortune of Christina McNab". She was one of the many women of British birth who literally worked themselves to death during the war, and her posthumous book, "My War Experiences in Two Continents", is a curious document. The title is misleading, for the book consists for the most part of extracts from a very private diary kept by her in Belgium, northern France, and Russia. It is that fact which gives extraordinary value, pathos and human interest to the volume. Indeed, it may be doubted if any war book, past, present or to come, will rival in horror this woman novelist's record. Miss Macnaughtan was noted for her wit and her power of seeing life on the humorous side, and it would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the same writer's so-called "Diary of the War" and this powerful secret picture of what she really felt. In the former small volume it was the humorous, cheerful writer who described vividly and cleverly the excellent work then being done by a group of English ladies close up to the fighting lines. In her private journals Miss Macnaughtan drew a very different picture, one which should remain among the few immortal, though terrible, paintings of what modern warfare really means in mental and physical agony—not only to the combatants, but to those who tend them and refit them for the fight.

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The New York "Times Book Review" seems to have got its dates crossed. In a recent issue that interesting department, the editorial page of the literary section of the "Times", was devoted to the subject of autobiographies. Of "the three great autobiographies" — Rousseau's "Confessions", Franklin's "Autobiography", and "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini", the writer observes that Cellini's "Life" is "the fullest of adventure, the most absorbingly interesting to the general reader, and the most important viewed solely as a historical document, of the highest validity, portraying the life and manners of the period

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in which its author lived." He continues: "It has frequently been published in English, having appeared in four different versions—one by Nugent, 1771; one by Roscoe, 1822; and again in 1888 by John Addington Symonds. A fourth version, by Anne Macdonnell, was published in Everyman's Library in 1903. Of these the Symonds version is incomparably the best. But as it was published originally in two costly volumes it has hitherto been practically inaccessible to the general reader. Now, however, it has been republished by the Scribners in a one-volume edition, at a much more moderate price, with a series of sixteen admirable reproductions of Cellini's principal art works by way of illustrations."

The Gossip Shop's copy of "Cellini" corresponds in every way to the edition described as now being issued for the first time. It bears the date of 1908. Its title page says that it is the fifth edition, that it was "originally published elsewhere . . reprinted by Macmillan and Company, Ltd., 1901, 1903, 1905, 1908" and that it is "with mezzotint portrait and sixteen reproductions of Cellini's works". The imprint is: New York, Charles Scribner's Sons; London, Macmillan and Company, Ltd. Also, in addition to the four different versions of Cellini recorded by the "Times", the Gossip Shop has an impression that there appeared several years ago a handsome two-volume edition translated and edited by one Lionel Cust, which impresses at least one reviewer, that of the New York "Evening Post", as being of all versions the best.

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A clerk in the Old Corner Book Store in Boston the other day told a friend of the Gossip Shop that the sale of books mentioned by Amy Lowell in her article in the April BOOKMAN, "Casual Reflections on a Few of the Younger English Novelists", had increased a good deal since this article appeared, that people were constantly coming in and saying that they had read the article and wanted the books spoken of. One reason for this, thought this friend of the Gossip Shop, might be that, by the attitude on the part of Boston libraries, some of these books are not permitted in general circulation. He said that recently he happened to be in the "locked" room of the Boston Athenæum, hunting for material for a paper, and he found on the shelves a number of Gilbert Cannan's books, among others of this class. He told of a person officially connected with the Boston Public Library who had expressed herself as horrified by "Sylvia Scarlett", and who seemed to think that she could not recommend it for general circulation. Miss Lowell's paper, he suspected, had done something to dispel this attitude in regard to the books in question.

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Joyce Kilmer's poem, "When the Sixty-ninth Comes Back", has been set to music by Victor Herbert and is published as a musical composition by a New York music publishing firm. The poem was written in France when Sergeant Kilmer was in the Intelligence Department of the 165th Infantry. It was played officially for the first time on the occasion of the parade of the "Sixty-ninth" on April 28th.

Father Duffy, chaplain of the 165th Regiment, the old Sixty-ninth, decorated Joyce Kilmer's oldest son Kenton with the Croix de Guerre on the day of the parade of the Sixty-ninth Regiment. Joyce Kilmer was closely associated with Father Duffy from the time of his enlistment.

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Heywood Broun has assumed charge of the book review department of the New York "Tribune". Information reaches the Gossip Shop in various ways. Sometimes it comes through very exclusive channels. This particular information, however, came in the form of a large, handsome, deckle-edged "announcement" printed on what may be hand-made paper. The type is in effect like the letters on those boards for "dens" which say, "Old Wood to Smoke", "Old Friends to Burn", and all that kind of thing.

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James T. M. Moore, author of "American Business in World Markets", recently published, died suddenly on April 23rd. He had spent a large part of the day before in the office of his publishers writing letters concerning his book. Mr. Moore was a frequent and a most welcome visitor to the Gossip Shop. His book is a study of our opportunities and obligations in securing export trade, and it gives the plans and purposes of other nations. For many years the author was confidential representative in foreign lands for large American interests.

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This " . . . has been conceded to be America's most poetic period", says Louis Untermeyer in his recently published volume "The New Era in American Poetry". He then proceeds to make acknowledgments for permissions to quote from some twenty-five American poets of today whose names are familiar to all readers of poetry. It is an interesting book; John Hall Wheelock has a chapter; a chapter is given to Alfred Kreymborg and his troupe in "Others"; Joyce Kilmer (we are told, we haven't yet found it) has a line.

B. W. Huebsch—publisher of many volumes much esteemed by the Gossip Shop—whose offices were formerly in the Brunswick Building, which houses Brentano's New York store, not long ago removed to 32 West Fifty-eighth Street, same city. It is said that the new quarters are partly done in yellow and white (white woodwork and yellow hangings), and that they are on the whole much more spacious than the former ones.

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While members of the ever-widening audiences of Canadians are enjoying the recently published "Arrow of Gold", word comes from London of the dramatization of "Victory", Conrad's great novel of a few years ago.

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Amy Lowell's latest book, "Can Grande's Castle", recently went into a third edition; and her earlier books, "Men, Women and Ghosts" and "A Dome of Many-Colored Glass", have been reprinted for the fourth time.

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Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, former United States Minister to the Court of Denmark, has written an Introduction for a Danish edition of "Walking-Stick Papers". The celebrated Tristram Shandy, Gentleman, was recently lost for three days. The New York "Times" Lost and Found Department reported his name as "Christian Shandy".

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It has troubled the Gossip Shop a good deal to have to wait several months to discover the author of an article which the Gossip Shop has just enjoyed or detested. Therefore it is a relief to find that in the number of "The Unpopular Review" for April-June, Mr. Holt has given up his unique position of withholding the names of contributors until the succeeding number.

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Harry R. Spier has set to music a poem by Christopher Morley called "A Hymn for America", and it was sung by Reinald Werrenrath as, so the Gossip Shop is told, "a new patriotic aria for baritone and orchestra" at the Newark Festival, recently held at Newark, New Jersey.

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Miss Mary Noble Doran, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Doran, and Stanley Marshall Rinehart, Jr., were married on May 24th at Trinity Church, Ossining, New York. Mr. Rinehart is the eldest son of Major Stanley M. Rinehart and Mary Roberts Rinehart.

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Perley Poore Sheehan's novel of New York, published a couple of years ago, "Those Who Walk in Darkness", has been dramatized by Owen Davis, author of "Forever After", which passed its two hundredth performance at the Playhouse, New York. Production will be made by the Shubert Theatrical Company with Irene Fenwick in the rôle of Viola Swan. An early spring production will be made out of New York City, and the drama will be brought into a Broadway playhouse on Labor Day. Mr. Sheehan was coauthor of "Efficiency", with Robert H. Davis, editor of "Munsey's Magazine". "Efficiency" had a run in New York and is now on the road.

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The publication recently of the posthumous volume by Julia Ward Howe, "The Walk with God", is a reminder that among the numerous literary centenaries of 1919 is that of Mrs. Howe, whose birthday is May 27. The book contains a series of private meditations, prayers and poems, all hitherto unpublished, selected by Mrs. Howe's daughter, Laura E. Richards, from her diaries and unpublished writings.

The Gossip Shop has been much interested in looking at, without yet having had time to read, a recently published volume by Albert Bigelow Paine called "Dwellers in Arcady", with illustrations by Thomas Fogarty. Mr. Fogarty is an illustrator who happens also to be an artist. He draws with a pen not in the rather stereotyped manner of a number of those illustrators who make pen-drawing more or less of a routine business, but always with the touch of a painter. The readers of the books illustrated by him, however, have not until recently had a full opportunity to appreciate the more delicate aspect of his work, owing to the unfortunate use of paper of a very soft texture on which the drawings were printed. In "Dwellers in Arcady" and in Charles Hanson Towne's book "Autumn Loiterers", published a couple of years ago, the effect is much happier than before.

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Professor George Edward Bateman Saintsbury, the Grand Old Man of Literary Criticism at Edinburgh University, some time not long ago, it seems, narrowly escaped with his life from an automobile accident. As he explained the matter to the London "Morning Post", the motor cut his legs from under him, and he was carried along, sprawling on the bonnet and objurgating the chauffeur. When the car finally stopped, the man said very calmly: "You ought to thank God, sir", whereupon the Professor replied: "So I do; but I damn you!"

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Alexander MacFarlan, author of "Mockery", says that when he was ten he wrote a novel (of six hundred words) which he sold to his parents for six cents.

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John Galsworthy, who came to the United States to take part in the ceremonies of the Lowell centenary, and afterward made a lecture tour through the eastern part of the country, donated the net profits of his lectures, amounting to $4,000, to the fund of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. Mr. Galsworthy returned to England early in May.

Reviewers of Mr. Galsworthy's "Another Sheaf" have passed with a line of comment the charming little humorous and satirical "Grotesques" in the back of the book. In the form of conversations between the Angel Æthereal and his dragoman on an official visit to the earth in 1949, the author presents a whimsical prophecy of the development of certain tendencies, customs, and institutions of today. There are delightful take-offs on the undraped in art, the cinema, the American fox trot and revue, fashions, Russian novelists, divorce, Christian Science, the strenuous life, etc., as these have developed since the "Great Skirmish". We quote from one of these papers recently read by Mr. Galsworthy before the MacDowell Club of New York:

"I have a headache", said the Angel, letting the smoke dribble through his chiselled nostrils.

"Ah", said his dragoman, "the chronic dyspepsia of our civilization, due to the attempt to swallow every pabulum which ingenuity puts before it, is so violent that I sometimes wonder whether we shall survive your visit in 1984. . . . Consider the baby in the perambulator, absorbed in contemplating the heavens and sucking its own thumb. Existence, sir, should be like that".

"A beautiful metaphor", said the Angel.

"As it is, we do but skip upon the hearse of life. . . . Life is now one long telephone call."

"Confess", said the Angel, "that you have eaten something which has not agreed with you?"

"I have eaten of modernity, the damndest dish that was ever set to lips. . . . Look at those fellows—busy as ants from nine o'clock in the morning to seven in the evening. And look at their wives!"

"Ah, yes", said the Angel cheerily, "let us look at their wives". . . . .

## BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

*Fiction*

*Blood and Sand,* by VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ, trans. by MRS. W. A. GILLESPIE [Dutton].
A narrative of the Spanish bull-ring.

*Miss Maitland, Private Secretary,* by GERALDINE BONNER, illus. [Appleton].
A yarn in which a young woman solves a robbery and a kidnapping mystery.

*The Arrow of Gold,* by JOSEPH CONRAD [Doubleday].
A romance of Marseilles and the Spanish coast in the 'seventies.

*His Friend Miss McFarlane,* by KATE LANGLEY BOSHER [Harpers].
The story of a rich girl who befriends a poor boy.

*Crater's Gold,* by PHILIP CURTISS, illus. [Harpers].
A tale of present-day life in New England.

*Midas and Son,* by STEPHEN MCKENNA [Doran].
An English story of love and money—relating further experiences of the characters in "Sonia".

*Bourru, Soldier of France,* by JEAN DES VIGNES ROUGES, trans. by ERNEST HUNTER WRIGHT [Dutton].
The story of a French poilu's experiences.

*The Hohenzollerns in America,* by STEPHEN LEACOCK [Lane].
A picture of the Hohenzollerns as immigrants in the U. S., and other sketches.

*The Paliser Case,* by EDGAR SALTUS [Boni and Liveright].
A tale of New York society life, involving a mysterious crime.

*The Gamesters,* by H. C. BAILEY [Dutton].
The escapades of an eighteenth-century brother and sister who live by their wits.

*Two Banks of the Seine,* by FERNAND VANDEREM, trans. by GEORGE RAFFALOVICH [Dutton].
A delineation of modern life in the Latin Quarter.

*Flexible Ferdinand,* by JULIE M. LIPPMANN [Doran].
A novel tracing the life of the hero from the age of seven to manhood.

*While There's Life,* by ELINOR MORDAUNT [Holt].
The experience of a man told that he has but a few months to live.

*The Day of Glory,* by DOROTHY CANFIELD [Holt].
Stories of the war culminating in the signing of the armistice.

*The Gift,* by MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE [Dutton].
The story of a minister whose faith is renewed.

*Red of Surley,* by TOD ROBBINS [Harpers].
A study of a fisherman's son who struggles against environment.

*Lilies, White and Red,* by FRANCES WILSON HUARD [Doran].
A picture of the life of an old Frenchwoman and a little boy during the war.

*Rusty Miller,* by JOSLYN GRAY, illus. [Scribners].
The tale of a red-haired girl who achieved success in spite of obstacles.

*Nixola of Wall Street,* by FELIX GRENDON [Century].
The romance of a private secretary and her employer.

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*The Cricket,* by MARJORIE BENTON COOKE, illus. [Doubleday].
The adventures of a mischievous young woman.

*Spears of Destiny,* by ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH [Doran].
An adventure tale concerning the first capture of Constantinople.

*Judith of Blue Lake Ranch,* by JACKSON GREGORY, illus. [Scribners].
The experiences of a woman who falls heir to a cattle ranch.

*Glenmornan,* by PATRICK MACGILL [Doran].
A romance of Ireland today.

*Big Flat,* by HENRY OYEN [Doran].
A tale of out-door life in the Great Lakes region.

*Keep Off the Grass,* by GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND, illus. by the author [Small, Maynard].
Letters reflecting the humorous side of the war conservation measures.

*The Mystery of the Summer-House,* by HORACE HUTCHINSON [Doran].
A detective story of a mysterious death, involving a love affair.

*Flower O' The Lily,* by BARONESS ORCZY [Doran].
A mediæval tale of chivalry.

*Yvette and Ten Other Stories,* by GUY DE MAUPASSANT, trans. by Mrs. John Galsworthy [Knopf].
A collection comprising a novelette and ten short stories.

*The Undefeated,* by J. C. SNAITH [Appleton].
The romance of a man and a woman whose lives are touched by the war.

*The Further Adventures of Jimmie Dale,* by FRANK L. PACKARD [Doran].
The exploits of a man who is both a criminal and a rich clubman.

*Jim: The Story of a Backwoods Police Dog,* by MAJOR G. D. ROBERTS [Macmillan].
The tale of a dog who assists the deputy sheriff.

*Mildred Carver, U. S. A.,* by MARTHA BENSLEY BRUERE [Macmillan].
A novel based on the idea of universal service for men and women.

*The Rising of the Tide,* by IDA M. TARBELL [Macmillan].
The story of how the war came to a small town.

*Against the Winds,* by KATE JORDAN, illus. [Little, Brown].
The story of an unhappy marriage.

*The Thunder Bird,* by B. M. BOWER [Little, Brown].
Further adventures of the hero of "Skyrider".

*Blind Alley,* by W. L. GEORGE [Little, Brown].
The picture of an English family during the war.

*Ruth of the U. S. A.,* by EDWIN BALMER, illus. [McClurg].
The experiences of a girl who masquerades as a German secret service agent.

*Jungle Tales of Tarzan,* by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, illus. [McClurg].
New tales of the adventures of the apeman.

*Christopher and Columbus,* by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" [Doubleday].
The experiences of a man forced to chaperone a pair of lively twin girls.

*I've Come to Stay,* by MARY HEATON VORSE [Century].
A narrative of artist life in Greenwich Village.

*Civilization, Tales of the Orient,* by ELLEN N. LA MOTTE [Doran].
A group of ten Eastern stories, some of which are reprinted from magazines.

John P. Mahaffy (Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, of which he had been a pillar since 1871) died on May 1st. His "Prolegomena to Greek History" appeared in 1871, one year after Sir Richard Jebb's "Characters of Theophrastus". His "Greek Social Life from Homer to Menander" of 1874, his two-volume history of Greek literature, complimenting the reader by quotations in the original, of 1880, are still widely used. His "Greek Antiquities", published more than forty years ago, has remained a text in much of Europe, even Hungary and Russia.

As the New York "Evening Post" says: "The boast of English classicists that they stood superior to German in breadth and in human quality has found justification in such works as Mahaffy's 'What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization?' and Jebb's 'Influence of Classical Greek Poetry'. The death of these men and of Headlam still leaves English scholarship with names of old distinction—Walter Leaf, for example, whose translation of the Iliad with Lang and Myers was finished in 1882."

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A theatre for workingmen and workingwomen is the promise made by the organization known as the Workmen's Theatre, operating under the auspices of the United Labor Education Committee. The names of Richard Ordynsky, B. Iden Payne, and Emanuel Reicher appear among those on the executive committee engaged in working out the plans for the project. The United Labor Education Committee with whose work the Workmen's Theatre is closely identified, has, it is said, a membership of 200,000 men and women in New York City alone and efforts are being made first of all to win their support to

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this project. The Workmen's Theatre maintains offices on Union Square. It is the design of the undertaking to present to the public of New York, with particular reference to the working people who form the largest part of the public, the plays of such men as Galsworthy, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Shaw, Andreyev, and Hauptmann.

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With the first of the year was published, at Kansas City, Missouri, Volume One, Number One of "The Bookplate Bulletin", a periodical devoted to bookplates, published monthly. The publication contains the proceedings of the American Bookplate Society and general news concerning its subject. It is distributed free to members. Subscriptions are open to non-members, and single copies are sold. In the second number it is reported that a revival of interest in bookplates in England is very much in evidence. The initial issue of a new magazine known as "The Bookplate Magazine" comes from London, and in it appears an announcement of the formation of a new English Bookplate Society. In format "The Bookplate Magazine" is a handsome quarto, printed in large type on fine laid paper. In this first number fourteen bookplates appear, comprising a frontispiece by Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A. It is published quarterly.

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A frequent contributor to THE BOOKMAN, Isaac Goldberg, has written the introduction to Vicente Blasco Ibáñez's "Blood and Sand", recently published. He gives much interesting information concerning the famous Spanish novelist. In conclusion he says:

The renowned novelist is but fifty-two, energetic, prolific, voluminous; besides more than a score of novels thus far to his credit he has written several books of travel, a history of the world war, has traveled in both hemispheres and made countless volumes of translations. He has now a larger audience

*Poetry*

*Candles That Burn,* by ALINE KILMER (Mrs. Joyce Kilmer) [Doran].
A collection of whimsical and imaginative verse.

*Victory!* compiled by WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE [Small, Maynard].
A collection of poems by numerous writers celebrating the conclusion of fighting.

*Canteen Classics, Rhymes of the K. P.,* by ALFRED EGGERS [Gorham Press].
Reflections, in the vernacular, of soldier life.

*The Years Between,* by RUDYARD KIPLING [Doubleday].
A volume of Kipling's war poems.

*Baldur's Death and Loke's Punishment,* by CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST, illus. [Open Court].
Incidents from the Eddas interpreted in free verse.

*Ironica,* by DONALD EVANS [Nicholas L. Brown].
Poems on various themes, some reprinted from New York newspapers.

*The Lincoln Cabin,* by SAXE CHURCHILL STIMSON [pub. by the author at Milwaukee].
A collection of verses on various aspects of life.

*Heard Melodies,* by WILLOUGHBY WEAVING [Longmans].
A volume of lyrical poems.

*Comrades of the Mist,* by LIEUT.-COMDR. EUGENE E. WILSON, U. S. N. [Sully].
Rhymes on navy life in war time.

*Banners,* by BABETTE DEUTSCH [Doran].
A collection of free verse poems, many of which are reprinted from magazines.

*Rhythms II,* by CHARLES REZNIKOFF [pub. by the author at Brooklyn, N. Y.]
Brief poems in free verse on every-day themes.

*The New Morning,* by ALFRED NOYES [Stokes].
A collection of all the verse written by the poet since 1914.

*Service and Sacrifice,* by CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON [Scribners].
Verses on the war, and on well-known literary and stage people.

*Petals Blown Adrift,* by ROSE FLORENCE FREEMAN [New York: Ishill].
A volume of lyrical verse, with decorative designs.

*My Child,* by JEAN BERRY [Dutton].
Short poems reflecting a mother's love for her first child.

*History and Political Science*

*The Mastery of the Far East,* by ARTHUR JUDSON BROWN, illus. [Scribners].
The story of Korea and Japan's rise to supremacy in the Orient.

*Socialism and American Ideals,* by WILLIAM STARR MYERS, Ph.D. [Princeton].
Essays designed to show that Socialism is opposed to democracy.

*Authority in the Modern State,* by HAROLD J. LASKI [Yale].
A discussion of political obedience versus individual freedom.

*The Story of Versailles,* by FRANCIS LORING PAYNE, illus. [Moffat, Yard].
The history of the scene of the Peace Conference.

*The I. W. W., A Study of American Syndicalism,* by PAUL FREDERICK BRISSENDEN, Ph.D.; *The Religious Policy of the Bavarian Government During the Napoleonic Period,* by CHESTER PENN HIGBY, Ph.D. [Longmans].
Two volumes in the Columbia University Studies in political science.

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*Political Leaders of Provincial Pennsylvania,* by ISAAC SHARPLESS [Macmillan].
Essays on the leading Quakers in Pennsylvania up to the Revolution.

*The Round Table for March,* 1919 [Macmillan].
An issue containing articles on the practical organization of peace, Bolshevism, etc.

*Mexico under Carranza,* by THOMAS E. GIBBON [Doubleday].
An arraignment, by a lawyer, of the government in Mexico.

*The World and Democracy,* selected by LYMAN P. POWELL and CHARLES M. CURRY [Rand McNally].
Selections embodying the spirit of democracy, with explanatory notes.

*A History of the United States,* by CECIL CHESTERTON [Doran].
An interpretation of American affairs by an Englishman.

*Speech on Conciliation with America,* by EDMUND BURKE, edited by C. H. WARD [Scott, Foresman].
A collection of parliamentary speeches by Burke, Pitt, and Fox, with explanatory notes.

*Democracy: Discipline: Peace,* by WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER [Houghton].
A study of democracy in the light of the present crisis.

*A Short History of Rome,* by GUGLIELMO FERRERO AND CORRADO BARBAGALLO, Vol. II [Putnam].
A study of the period from the death of Caesar to the fall of the Western Empire.

*Modern Japan,* by AMOS S. HERSHEY AND SUSANNE W. HERSHEY [Bobbs-Merrill].
A survey of social, industrial and political conditions in Japan.

*The American's Creed and Its Meaning,* by MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, illus. [Doubleday].
A commentary on the Creed, supplemented by extracts from historic addresses.

*Literary Criticism*

*Last and First,* by JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS [Nicholas L. Brown].
Essays on "The New Spirit" and "Arthur Hugh Clough".

*The Erotic Motive in Literature,* by ALBERT MORDELL [Boni and Liveright].
A psychoanalytical interpretation of a number of works of literature.

*Shylock Not a Jew,* by MAURICE PACKARD, M.D. [Stratford].
An argument against the misconception of the Jewish character in Shakespeare's time.

*American Authorship of the Present-Day,* by T. E. RANKIN [Ann Arbor: George Wahr].
A survey of books published in the U. S. and Canada during the last quarter-century.

*Mystiques et Réalistes Anglo-Saxons,* by RÉGIS MICHAUD [Paris: Armand Colin].
A study of nine English and American writers ranging from Emerson to Shaw.

*English Literature During the Last Half Century,* by J. W. CUNLIFFE, D. Lit. [Macmillan].
A consideration of writers well known and new.

*A Program for a Psychology of Literature; The Psychology of Figures of Speech,* by JUNE E. DOWNEY.
Two papers reprinted from "The Journal of Applied Psychology".

*The Symbolist Movement in Literature,* by ARTHUR SYMONS [Dutton].
A discussion of various French symbolists, with translations from their works.

than has been vouchsafed any of his fellow novelists, and his future works will be watched for by readers the world over.

---

The interest of the general public in books of the more serious type is indicated by the quantities which publishing houses are reprinting of their so-called "heavy" books. One New York publishing house recently stated that within one week they reprinted forty-one books of a serious nature, including new editions of Mead's "Corporation Finance", Hollingsworth's "Applied Psychology", Comstock's "Insect Life", Lecky's "History of European Morals", Hall's "Nutrition and Dietetics", and Hornbeck's "Contemporary Politics in the Far East".

---

New York's Shakespeare Garden is perhaps not as widely known as it should be. It was established a few years ago under the direction of Professor Edmond Brook Southwick, then entomologist of the Park Department, and has been the model for a number of similar memorials in other parts of the United States. It is situated in Central Park opposite Eighty-first Street and covers about two acres. It is laid out on a rocky knoll, down which courses a tiny brook, and contains over two hundred herbs and wild and cultivated flowers which are mentioned in the various plays and poems of the Bard of Avon. As the summer advances the gardeners change the plants with the months. More than once in the last few years the Park Department has announced that its maintenance would be discontinued for lack of funds. This news would invariably bring a flurry of "Letters to the Editor" of the various metropolitan dailies from the lovers of the garden, and for the last two seasons it has been maintained by the generosity of individual donors.

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*Charlotte Brontë, A Centenary Memorial,* edited by BUTLER WOOD, F.R.S.L., illus. [Dutton].
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A discussion of thirty or forty prominent Englishmen of the present day.

*Marshal Ferdinand Foch,* by A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE, illus. with maps [Dodd, Mead].
A biography embracing the marshal's military theories.

*My Husband,* by MRS. VERNON CASTLE, illus. [Scribners].
A memoir of the dancer killed on the aviation field.

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A history from the discovery of America to the Sioux uprising of 1890.

*Science*

*Bulletin of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History,* Vol. XI, Article X.
A description of a collecting bottle adapted for the quantitative and qualitative determination of dissolved gases, by Edwin B. Powers, M.A., Ph.D.

*Illinois Biological Monographs,* Vol. IV, No. 2 [Univ. of Illinois].
A paper on the goldfish as a test animal in the study of toxicity, by Edwin B. Powers.

The old-world civilization is more conducive to versatility than ours. The story is told of Lord Rosebery that in his youth he aspired to three things: to win the Derby, to marry the richest woman in England, and to become Premier—and that he achieved all. The announcement of a forthcoming book by Francis Neilson—provocatively entitled "The Old Freedom"—renews interest in the varied career of this more modern Briton. At nineteen Mr. Neilson came to this country, struggled to make ends meet, and after a few years allied himself with the theatre as critic and author. With Victor Herbert he wrote "Prince Ananias"; he wrote successful plays including "A Butterfly on the Wheel", a novel, and the famous "How Diplomats Make War". When Charles Frohman took over the Duke of York's Theatre, Neilson became his London stage director. Later he managed the Royal Opera, Covent Garden; there he put in the new stage and reorganized the institution wholly. With Hans Richter he produced Wagner's "Ring". Meantime he was lecturing on economics and art, and his home became a literary and political center. He studied the problems of the workers, adopted the theories of Henry George, became president of the League for the Taxation of Land Values, was one of the founders of the Brotherhood Movement, edited "The Democratic Monthly" and, for about six years, represented the Hyde Division of Cheshire in the House of Commons, where he was leader of the Land Values Group. A few years ago Neilson returned to America and has since lectured from coast to coast, on politics, art, the drama, economics, and other topics. He is now a resident of Chicago.

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In a recent number of "Les Annales", Paris, Roland de Marès reviews a book in which the author contends that the long-contested Shakespearian works were written by William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby. An excerpt from this review, reprinted at some length in the New York "Evening Post", follows:

It is M. Abel Lefranc, the eminent professor of the College of France, who has made this discovery and who defends the thesis with all the authority to which his former works entitle him. When a man like M. Abel Lefranc decides to attach his name to a thesis of this kind the work, were it baffling, would command attention and respect.

The two volumes that he entitles "Sous le Masque de Shakespeare" are of the greatest interest. The author declares that the thing which has guided him unceasingly is the fact that there exist certain bonds between the life of a writer and his literary productions; that any work worthy of human admiration would not be able to exist unless one could recognize therein the imprint of surrounding reality as well as the reflection of the ideas, consciousness, passions, and joys of the writer.

M. Abel Lefranc states that it is not possible to conceive of a literary production breaking this rule, and that even in the works of pure imagination contact with reality reveals itself. But no resemblance appears between the biography of the author of "Hamlet" and the thirty-eight dramas, tragedies, and comedies published under his name. Shakespeare would be the one prodigious exception in all the history of literature.

---

Announcement is made of the publication on this side of the water in the fall of the volume, "George Meredith: His Life and Friends in Relation to His Work" by S. M. Ellis, a book dwelt on at considerable length by "Simon Pure" in his department "The Londoner" in the May number of THE BOOKMAN. The book is announced as presenting the personal side of Meredith, being based on the author's first-hand knowledge of the novelist, and is said to be full of family letters and other intimate material.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of The Bookman, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1919.

State of New York } ss.
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Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Doran, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the president of George H. Doran Company, publishers of The Bookman, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, George H. Doran Company, 244 Madison Avenue.

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Managing editor, None.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ———. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) GEORGE H. DORAN (President).
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY (Publishers).

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1919.

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In connection with the length of time during which popular words and phrases have been in use mention may be made of the word *cocktail*, remarks a recent number of the Bulletin of the Grosvenor Library of Buffalo, New York. The Bulletin continues:

There is a very general belief that the name is something new, as well as the thing itself, but as a matter of fact the word was used by Irving: "They lay claim to be the first inventors of those recondite beverages, cock-tail, stone-fence and sherry cobbler", says Diedrich Knickerbocker. Hawthorne writes in "The Blithedale Romance": "Being famous for nothing but gin-cocktails". Cocktails are also mentioned by Thackeray, Marryat, and Thomas Hughes in "Tom Brown".

Related to the subject is a finding made in a small volume called "The Squire's Recipes". This publication was a very successful literary hoax which may be added to the long list of mystifications of the sort. It was written by a member of a well-known club to send to his fellow members. He had it "printed from old, battered type on paper that he stained with coffee, and trampled upon to give the semblance of age". The tale was invented that a number of "these books had been discovered in grandmother's at-



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# Literary Agents and Writers' Aids

tic in Connecticut". The preface of a later edition says: "The book attracted attention at once. Libraries sent in requests for it. Newspapers printed articles about the 'find' ". In it is the fanciful account of an imaginary origin for the word "cocktail" to which is added a recipe for making one of the same and also a recipe for lime syrup.

---

"Socrates" of the Chaffing Dish of the "Evening Ledger" of Philadelphia tells us that an American in Paris had a copy of the French edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin", which appears over there in two volumes under the title "L'Oncle Tom". He took them to a binder to be rebound. When they returned the backs read thus:

L'ONCLE and L'ONCLE
TOME I TOME II

---

The recent publication of "Georges Clemenceau: The Tiger of France" introduces to the American public, in the person of Georges Lecomte, a distinguished novelist, art critic, and man of letters, officer of the Legion of Honor, and president of the "Société des Gens de Lettres".

---

Clement K. Shorter, more or less recently, in one of his weekly literary letters to "The Sphere" of London, comments on the fact that Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart., calls himself just "Gilbert Parker" on the title-page of his books. This, Mr. Shorter says, he takes as a sign of grace. He continues: "Sir James Barrie, Bart., does the same. Literature should have nothing to do with titular honors, although in a baronetcy I find a certain quality of distinction which has long ceased to be associated with a knighthood."


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In sending to his publishers the manuscript of his novel, "Blind Alley", W. L. George wrote: "I have no doubt in my mind that 'Blind Alley' is my best novel." Of his latest book, "Jimmie Higgins", Upton Sinclair writes: "'Jimmie Higgins' is the best book I have ever written." Etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

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Literary editors, reviewers, and "book reporters" have criticised publishers for the wraps or jackets in which their books have been shown in the shop and delivered to the ultimate consumer. A Boston publishing house announces that it will use on its books published this year a jacket carrying no advertisements on its back but adorned instead with the decorative device of the firm. This publisher says:

> We have been studying this matter of jackets, and have come to the conclusion that it is time for someone to get busy and change them from their present condition as advertising to an artistic part of the book itself. We shall probably continue to use on the front of the cover a line or two of text descriptive of the contents of the particular book, but we shall discontinue the practice of running the advertisement on the inner flap and on the back.

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"Menéndez Y. Pelayo once announced that in time Bogotá would become the Athens of South America, and this literary prophecy has done us much harm", writes Gonzalo París in an article, "The Young Writers of Colombia", in a recent number of "Inter-America". The author holds that the attribution of literary superiority to Colombia, his native country, has been harmful by abating national effort, while the other peoples of the South were pressing vigorously and systematically forward; nevertheless, he finds comfort in the existence of a considerable number of young journalists, magazine writers, critics, and historians who are working together seriously for self-development and self-expression and who give good promise for the future.



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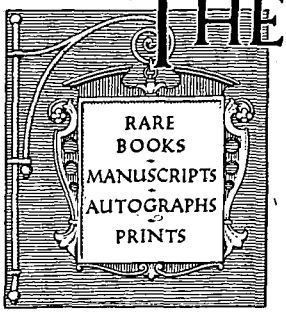


# THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE

**In this section the readers of THE BOOKMAN will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.**

A collection of ciphered documents by or relating to Samuel Pepys, the property of J. W. Freshfield, has recently been transcribed by Professor H. L. Callendar, who deciphered Pepys's "Diary" for the late Henry B. Wheatley. Several of the papers relate to the birth of the Old Pretender, who appears really to have been the child of James II and Mary of Modena, in spite of the Whig assertion that a child had been carried into the royal bedchamber in a warming-pan. A statement in Pepys's handwriting apparently made by Margaret Dawson, who attended Mary of Modena in her illness in 1688, makes the solemn assertion that "I did also see fire in the famous warming-pan, so much talked on, and I did feel the heat of it". A manuscript on the corruptions of the times cites as instances: "Mr. Boyle's lecture—Lawyers and Attorneys increased."

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According to the Dictionary of National Biography, the manuscript "History of the Life of Colonel John Hutchinson" has been lost since 1817. After the lapse of more than a hundred years this manuscript has now appeared in a London dealer's catalogue. Colonel John Hutchinson was a celebrated soldier in the Civil War in England and was one of the judges who signed the death-warrant of King Charles I. This manuscript of 477 pages was written by his wife between 1664 and 1671, intended only for the perusal of members of his family and future descendants. It is said to present a unique picture of the life of a Puritan household and the character of a Puritan gentleman. As a member of two Councils of State of the Commonwealth, and of the convention parliament after the restoration, Colonel Hutchinson's life is one of the most interesting of Civil War biographies.

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Other volumes in the Halsey sale recently mentioned in these columns included: Thomas Bailey Aldrich's copy of "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book", a manuscript on vellum designed, written out, and illuminated by Alberto Sangorski in the thirteenth century style; an original sketchbook by De Fontranes, Director of the French Mission of Colonization, dated 1795, containing several New York City views; "Hours of the Virgin Mary", a manuscript on vellum, of the fifteenth century in France, and embellished with fourteen large miniatures: "Send-Brieff", Amsterdam, 1675, one of the few tracts written by William Penn and published in Dutch.

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This is Walt Whitman's month in the "literary centenaries", although the "good gray poet" was born on May 31, 1819. There are some Whitman collectors, and Horace Traubel and Laurens Maynard once managed to make quite a stir about his manuscripts and the autographed proof-



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sheets of his poems which were turned out in wholesale quantities in Camden, New Jersey. The first-edition collector still buys the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" (Brooklyn, 1855), either with the "Press Notices" or without and pays good money for it, but Whitman is not a collector's author.

On June 20, 1819, there was born in Philadelphia one Thomas Dunn English, afterward physician, essayist, novelist, dramatist, and poet, another American writer whose work is neglected by most collectors. In the sale of Lewis J. Cist's great collection of autographs in 1886, an autograph transcript of English's "Ben Bolt" was sold for $19. Last year, in the Dick sale another copy in the author's handwriting brought $25. Possibly the literary centenary may serve to bring both of these authors into renewed prominence. But we will wait until December, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitte Southworth, who was, according to her own claims, a novelist and the inventor of the manila box envelope—before we speculate in autograph manuscripts of American authors outside of the recognized "Immortals".

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Book catalogues are good reading for collectors, and still better reading is to be found in "American Book Prices Current", which has now reached its twenty-fourth volume and makes a brave showing on the library shelves. This annual record of prices of books at auction has come to be recognized as invaluable to librarians and dealers, and, backed up by the catalogues to which reference may be made for more complete descriptions of books sold, it is a mine of information. But the neophyte in collecting is warned that he must not expect



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—because a book of which he owns a copy has been sold for a hundred dollars—he is to get that sum for his own. The expenses of the auction room are heavy; and few people realize that practically every book sold at auction is handled over more than twenty times before it reaches the purchaser, and that somebody must be paid for handling it. After taking out commissions, cataloguing and other expenses, the seller may not realize more than two-thirds or three-fourths of the price recorded. Nevertheless, "American Book Prices Current" does serve as an accurate index of relative values, and once used, the collector cannot well get along without it.

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Johan Bojer, author of "The Great Hunger", was born in Trondhjem, Norway, in 1872, the son of a poor serving-girl who was unable to take care of him. She put him in the hands of a peasant family, who reared him as their own child. He attended the village school and later, while working for a merchant, studied at the Latin School.

Denied the benefits of a formal education, he made up for it by working and living in various countries, observing life of all sorts and conditions. While still a young man he returned to his native village and attended a military school for two years and a half, devoting much of his time to reading extensively in European literature.

When he left the army he went to work with a village grocer, who discharged him shortly for leaving the plug of a petroleum barrel open, ruining thereby a cellar full of grain. He finally, having produced a successful one-act play "A Mother", gave his whole time to literature. He has a number of dramas, two volumes of short-stories, and several novels.

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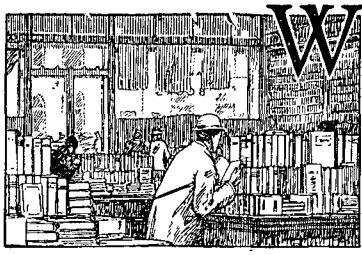

# WHERE TO BUY BOOKS

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The Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell, who died in March at the age of sixty-six, was twice elected to Parliament and was successively Under Secretary for India and for the Home Department. For some years he was an alderman of the L. C. C. He knew all the leading men of his time in literature, art, politics, society, and will be chiefly remembered for the gossipy volumes into which he gathered, from an apparently inexhaustible store, his personal recollections and the stories he had heard from and about them.

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"The Home and the World" is the title of the first long novel by Sir Rabindranath Tagore. The tale, which is said to present an intimate picture of Indian life and character, is told in the form of separate narratives by the three principal actors: a landed proprietor, his wife, and an agitator in the cause of Swadeshi. As the title implies, the plot revolves around the opposing claims upon husband and wife, of their home life, and of the world outside as represented by the political activities of the agitator.

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A new magazine has apparently appeared in London. It is called "John o' London's Weekly". Mr. John o' London, it is said, is Wilfred Whitten, who was for nine years acting editor of "T. P.'s Weekly". In fact, the new magazine is, it seems, an enlarged "T. P.'s Weekly".



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Announcement is made of the publication next fall of a book by Lieut.-Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., that will give an account of his experiences in the war, in which he served in numerous engagements from the first battle to the last, being with the first troops across the Rhine. The title of the book has not yet been determined.

An echo of a literary sensation of another decade comes in the announcement of a new edition of "The Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff", translated from the French by Mary J. Serrano. The book has been out of print for some time.

Miss Ida A. R. Wylie, author of "The Shining Heights" and "Toward Morning", is paying her first visit to America. After a short stay in New York she will go out to California, where, in an atmosphere less distracting and more restful, she will continue to work on her new novel.

The publication is announced for summer or early fall, of a new volume of short stories by Joseph Hergesheimer to be called "The Happy End". Mr. Hergesheimer's latest book, "Java Head", published last January, has passed into its third edition in America, and has just been brought out in England. His "Three Black Pennys" has gone into its fifth edition and his "Gold and Iron" into its third.

In the number of new authors constantly arriving, the names of some long known frequently drop out of general sight. Edgar Saltus, for instance, is a name much more heard and seen a good number of years ago than now. His publishers report, however, that for years there has been a persistent call for his books. They have completed arrangements for a new uniform edition of the works of Mr. Saltus which they expect to issue shortly.


## WHERE TO BUY BOOKS
*(Continued)*

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Former United States Minister to Denmark

BELGIUM. A PERSONAL NARRATIVE. By Brand Whitlock, United States Minister to Belgium and Author of "Forty Years of It." In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1919.

IN reading the other two of the great American war books—Mrs. Gerard's and Mr. Morgenthau's—in comparison with this very rich and precious record of one of the greatest works that any Extraordinary Envoy ever accomplished—one feels that the writers of the first two have done us a great injustice. If Mr. Gerard knew the language of the country to which he was accredited, he does not help us in any way to know it; he very infrequently drops into German; he does not even translate "gemüthlichkeit" for us; and, as for Mr. Morgenthau, "kismet" and "bismillah"—words that every person at all familiar with Turkish uses constantly—he seldom writes, if ever!

Looking at Mr. Brand Whitlock's luxurious pages, we discovered on each of them that he is saturated with the elegant language of the Court of Brussels. It may be remarked here, by the way, that these pages are really luxurious; no book has of late years been so perfectly printed as this. Nevertheless, although Mr. Gerard and Mr. Morgenthau have done great things, too, they do not present them in such a truly elegant manner. If these two ex-Ambassadors have what Mr. Brand Whitlock would call "*de rosserie*," Mr. F Whitlock has what he would *peu de coquetterie.*" only adds a ce of speaking, hard to one among th TIMES Boo by that look on to fee is in dom that cha "T Lusit of th Natio vary,' enoug exagge able 'st Mr. B by hi suspic this embr Gern ries for th into th "whos In F anyth dier evid it-

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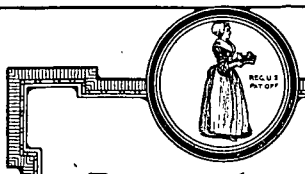

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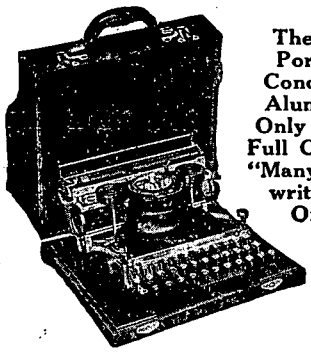

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